CHATTERBOX.

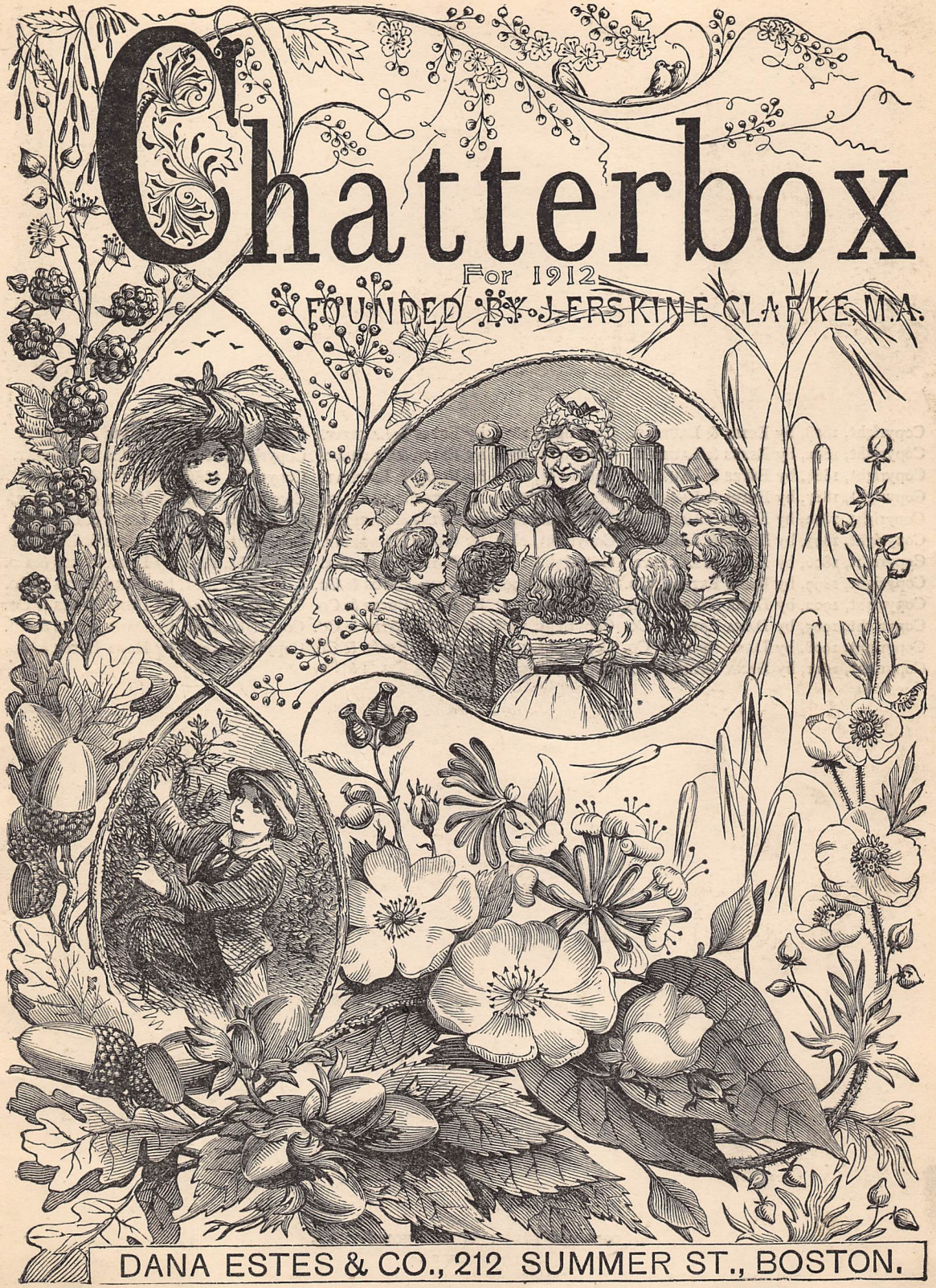
1912.

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS BOSTON, MASS.

Chatterbox

For 1912

FOUNDED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



DANA ESTES & CO., 212 SUMMER ST., BOSTON.

AN OBSTRUCTED SLIDE

1912.

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CHATTERBOX.

"He shook hands."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

By John Barnett

CHAPTER I.

GERALD WILDING stood at the lodge, under the great stone arch on which was carved the motto of Dunbury School, and watched the carriage which held his father and mother disappearing down the avenue. His father's face had been very sober as he shook hands; something wet had been left upon Gerald's cheek when his mother had kissed him for the last time. Now, as he stood, something rose in his throat and he felt horribly like crying himself, but he contrived to get the better of the feeling. He turned towards the great dark quadrangle with its glimmering points of light, and he felt very small and lonely.

He was just thirteen and not at all big for his age, and so far that had been the most exciting day of his life. But he could not help thinking it probable that there were even more thrilling and trying experiences yet to come. He had travelled down with his people in the morning to the great public school, and in company with some fifty other new boys he had done his best or worst with certain examination papers in an enormous room called Big School. It did not give Gerald much of a glow of triumph to remember those examination papers. It struck him that he had been distinctly lucky to pass into Dunbury at all! As it was, he had seen two unfortunates depart, 'plucked,' in a carriage for the station. He knew that he himself had passed, but he would not learn until the evening into which form. His people would be disappointed if he was not in Middle School, but Gerald — well, remembering those papers, he could only hope for the best! He had been too excited to do justice to himself. The other boys had engaged his attention, the presiding master had held a grim fascination for his eyes, the very size of Big School had been daunting — above all, there had been the vague future of his life at Dunbury, if he got in, stretching out in front of him! Remembering all that, Gerald considered that he had been lucky to scrape in at all.

Then with the rest he had been tried for the Choir. That had been an ordeal, and no mistake! But mercifully it had been short. Gerald was directed to sing a verse of a well-known hymn. When he had murdered one line, the master who ran the choir held up his hand with a smile, and Gerald was rejected. He had told them that he had no voice, but they would insist on hearing him sing! Then he had rejoined his people, to be introduced to his house master.

Mr. Vickers was a small, red-haired man, with an oddly jerky manner. It was a long while before Gerald realised that that manner was due to shy nervousness. At the time it would have struck him as absurd to suggest that Mr. Vickers could be nervous or shy! But his eye had a humorous twinkle at moments, and Gerald liked him somehow from the first. They lunched with him in the masters' common-room, and then he led them round the grounds and through the buildings of Dunbury.

It was difficult for Gerald to take in very much of what he saw or heard. There was a kind of nervous pain inside him, such as most people know at some time or other. You can have it in the waiting-room at a dentist's, for instance. Gerald gazed quite vaguely into the long narrow dormitory of his house, with its forty or fifty curtained compartments, and even when he was shown his own it did not convey very much to him. Somehow, nothing seemed very real. The big echoing chapel, and the workshops, and the great gymnasium, and countless form-rooms, left him quite cold. So did Hall, with its many tables, where he was informed that five hundred boys took their meals every day. It was terrifying, somehow, to think of those five hundred boys, all of them probably hostile! But he did brighten up at sight of the footer ground below the terrace. Only school matches and cock-house matches were played there, Mr. Vickers said. So far Gerald had only played Association football at his private school, and he was looking forward eagerly to Rugby. Later he was shown a huge field with many grounds and goal-posts, where he himself would have a chance of performing quite shortly. It was wonderfully exciting to think of that! And the school cricket ground and pavilion were interesting too, as were the great open-air swimming bath and the grub-shop. Not that Gerald felt like grub of any sort that day — which struck him as being curious and rather alarming. Anything quite unusual is apt to be a little frightening.

Last of all he had been introduced to the Head Master in the long, book-lined library. That, too, had been an awe-inspiring moment. Gerald carried away a confused impression of a slight, sallow-faced, tight-lipped man, whose eyes seemed to know much too much about every one whom they looked at! He had shaken hands with the great man, had received a brief, kindly word, and had been thankful to withdraw. Very soon after that he had said good-bye to his people, and had turned to face the strange new life before him.

He had no idea at first where to go or what to do next. He had been appointed to no form-room as yet, and he had a certain dread of the class-room attached to his dormitory. For the last hour old boys had been arriving in swarms, and Gerald was certain that his dormitory class-room would have about as warm a welcome for new boys as a camping-place of Red Indians for an unarmed white man in the old wild days. Nevertheless, he was making his way slowly across the quad towards his house when he had the good fortune to run into the new boy who had sat next to him during the ordeal of the entrance examination.

His name was Danvers, and he was a lanky boy, half a head taller than Gerald, although they were about the same age. Common loneliness flung them together now quite thankfully.

'Hullo, Wilding!' Danvers said. 'Where are you off to?'

'Nowhere in particular,' Gerald confessed. 'The house, I suppose. Whose house are you in?'

'Vickers's.'

'Oh, so am I. What about going to the class-room?'

'I looked in just now through the door,' Danvers said, rather gloomily. 'It was full of chaps — old boys, you know.'

'Ah!' Gerald answered. 'Better walk about a bit, hadn't we?'

'I vote we do. There'll be tea soon, in hall.'

(Continued on page 13.)

THE ICE PALACE.

THE winter of 1740 was a terribly severe one in Russia. In order to help the unemployed, the Empress Anne decreed the construction of an ice-palace.

This was built in St. Petersburg from the designs of Alexis Danilowitsch.

The palace was formed of the purest and most transparent ice, cut out in huge masses from the frozen Neva, and brought to the spot selected for the site by means of cranes and pulleys. The single blocks were worked upon and adorned very carefully; when two completed blocks were to be joined together, water was poured between them, which, in freezing, united them.

The house, properly so called, was forty-six feet long, eighteen feet broad, and twenty-one high. The front was divided by pillars into compartments, in each of which was a window. The framework of the windows was painted green; the panes of ice were smooth and transparent as ground glass; when at night they were lighted up from the inside, the whole house was illuminated with soft, pearly light.

The centre division, which looked like, but was not, an entrance, was elaborately decorated. The real entrances were at the back, and consisted of two moderate-sized openings, around which flowers and trees were grouped. On the trees were perched queer-looking birds, all made of ice and gaily painted. The roof of the house was flat, and surrounded by an ornamental balcony, which was decorated by statues, standing on low pedestals.

Around the house was fixed an ice railing, which enclosed a wide space for walking. Six guns — three on each side — stood in front of this enclosure. They, being of ice, like all the rest, were loaded with only half-a-pound, although they were of the size of four-pounders. The balls, made of pressed tow, would pierce through a board two inches thick, at a distance of sixty steps, without bursting the gun. Then there were two dolphins, which at night created two beautiful fire-fountains, by throwing up lofty jets of naphtha. At either end of the row of guns stood two pyramid-shaped erections, on each of which was painted a sundial. These buildings were lighted up at night with big paper lanterns. On the left side of the house stood a life-sized ice elephant; a man with a battle-axe was on his back, and in front were two guides in Persian costume.

Within, the house was divided into three compartments. These were a spacious ante-room, and two side rooms. One of the latter was fitted up as a bedroom, and contained some very curious and beautiful things. Upon a table supported by two figures were placed scent-bottles and caskets of every kind. A pair of candlesticks held candles which had been dipped in naphtha, and shone at night without melting. A little clock and a mirror hung on the wall. The only things in the palace which were not formed of ice were the pillows, blankets, and embroidered coverlet of the bed. Even the grate of the fireplace was filled with ice-coals, which, like the candles, had been dipped in naphtha, and glittered at night.

The other room might have been called a dining-room. The most notable ornament was a clock, through the transparent case of which the whole mechanism of the wheels could be seen. There were armchairs and sofas, and in the corners elegantly-draped figures. Back against the walls stood ice-cupboards, of glass-like transparency, wherein could be seen knives, forks, spoons, and cups, besides various kinds of food. Everything was of ice, although some of the articles were painted with the natural colours of the object represented.

This marvellous piece of work remained intact from the beginning of January until the middle of the following March, when the sun of spring undermined its supports, and the fairy-like fabric melted away.

FROM OUR READERS.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

A LADY living in the Transvaal once had some guinea-fowl's eggs given her. She was very pleased with them, for they were very scarce just then. She set them under a hen. A little while before it was time for the eggs to hatch out, she went to see the hen as usual, when she found a big snake lying in the nest, unable to move. She called her son, who came, and discovered, to his mother's great grief, that the snake had swallowed all the eggs. He said, 'Don't disturb it;' and so saying, took a straw and got some nicotine juice out of his pipe. He gave this to the snake, which made it sick and it brought them all up one by one. The lady rescued the eggs, washed them carefully, and set them under the hen. In a few days the eggs were all hatched. Freda Heslop (aged 11½).

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1. — Geographical Anagrams.

English Towns.

1. He crams ten. (A large manufacturing city.)
2. One rubs tea. (A favourite watering-place.)
3. Rugby an lost. (An ancient English borough.)
4. Sere log cut. (A cathedral city.)
5. Top fern cat. (A pleasant market town in a large county.)
6. Turkey webs. (A quaint old town where rivers join.)

C. J. B.

2. — Buried Rivers.

1. Does she skate?
2. See the industrious ants.
3. That mouse has eaten the cheese.
4. Why does he not start weeding?
5. We shall miss our ivy.
6. Let me see the calendar; lingering in doubt is horrible.

A. L.

3. — Arithmorem.

500, 2, and N A. A great country.
500, and E R. A bright colour.
500, 4, and E N E. A plant for salad.
50, 1000, and one. An acid fruit.
50, A, and ice. A woman's name.
56, and stone. A writer of stories.
Twice 500, 6, and A. An ancient king.

The initials will give the name of an island.

C. J. B.

(Answers on page 35.)

19	12	122	232	337	286	200	26	228	242	208
238	331	274	194	5	213	230	217	43	21	146
218	14	237	236	211	31	15	125	223	319	283
221	199	40	39	134	247	325	277	206	8	216
27	128	226	310	265	215	32	225	245	205	34
334	271	209	20	219	224	190	22	36	152	235
29	243	233	214	28	30	140	229	313	256	197
193	13	18	149	253	322	280	203	23	231	227
143	241	316	259	188	11	240	251	202	37	24
268	212	17	234	239	196	16	9	131	250	340
222	248	220	25	33	137	244	328	262	191	2

A Magic Square for 1912.

A MAGIC SQUARE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A MAGIC square is an arrangement of numbers so disposed that every row, every column, and either diagonal adds up to the same total. It is generally supposed that the numbers are consecutive, but as the number 1912 cannot be obtained with a magic square of consecutive numbers, we have selected such numbers as will give the required total. Of course no number is repeated.

It will be noticed that the numbers in the central cross add up 1912, and that the square begins with '19, 12' and ends with '191, 2.' W. S. J.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

I.—SOME ROOTS.

THE subject of this series may at first sight seem to you rather 'dry,' but I can assure you this is not the case. Of course I know it does not really matter whether we know much about our vegetables, but since I have been looking up their histories, I am inclined to think they are quite as interesting as any other sort of history. In many ways they are wrapped up with the history of our own lands, and of many others too, and I am astonished at the antiquity of many.

The best plan will be to begin with those vegetables which are formed at the roots, and then gradually work through all the parts of the plant, until we come to the flowers and seeds, and finally the seedlings, thus making a complete cycle of the plant-life. Now here is a list of all the best-known vegetables, the roots of which we eat: Jerusalem artichoke, beetroot, carrot, horse-radish, parsnip, potato, radish, turnip. We will call all these vegetable 'roots.' But the botanists who study the internal structure of all parts of plants, would tell you that the potato and the artichoke are developed upon a part of the stem which does not rise above the ground, and also that the carrot, parsnip, turnip, beetroot, and radish are the storehouses of the roots, but not the roots proper, they being the little hairs which grow out from these structures. That is the very strictest view, but in a rough-and-ready way all these veg-

Fig. 1.—Jerusalem Artichoke (with part of stem left out).

etables may be thought of as roots, because I do not want to go into the minute structure of these plants.

In order not to show any favouritism we will consider these roots in the alphabetical order already given, starting with the artichoke (fig. 1, part of the stem being left out). This is a plant which can very easily be mistaken for a sunflower, and it is,

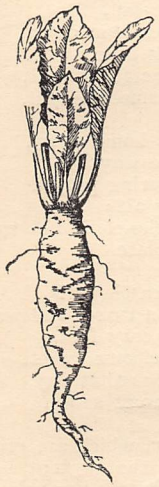


Fig. 2.—Beetroot.

Fig. 3.—Turnip-shaped Beetroot.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

in fact, a relation. It develops a very high and straight stem, with numbers of large rather hairy leaves all up it. It will grow five or six feet in height. I have seen them in flower gardens, and been told they are sunflowers, and to the casual observer the only difference is that a sunflower thickens its stem very much as it grows and the artichoke does not. I have a dried stem by me as I write, and at the thickest part (by the root) it is not more than one inch in diameter, and it is quite five feet long—the diameter at the top being about three-quarters of an inch. Now a sunflower of that height would be much thicker at the base. Then another way in which you could find out whether it was an artichoke or a sunflower would be to dig it up; you would then find that if it was a sunflower it would have a number of fibrous or thread-like roots only, but if it was an artichoke it would have longish-shaped lumps hanging to the end of the stem (B in fig. 1); these are tubers, and it is these that people eat when cooked, much as they eat potatoes. If examined these tubers would be found to be covered with a reddish skin, and on several parts to have little dents in which are tiny buds. These are known as 'eyes,' and from each of these, if the tuber were left in the ground, new plants would arise next season, and this is how they multiply. These buds, if examined with a glass, would be found to be clusters of undeveloped leaves

Fig. 6.—Carrot.

ready to form the plant of the next season. Now, the occurrence of these buds is the main reason why tubers are not considered true roots but underground stems, because leaves are never formed on true roots (A in fig. 1, the old tuber). The tubers are sometimes cut up, for each portion containing an eye will grow if planted. One does not very often meet artichokes in gardens; I am not sure why, but I think the reason given me by an old

Fig. 7.—Carrot Leaf.

gardener the other day is very likely the true one. He said, 'Well, you see, they do grow so high, and take up such a lot of room and light, that I prefer their room to their company.'

Artichokes originally came from America, where the Indians cultivated them for food. I often wonder who first thought to try eating these things. I expect they noticed that animals ate them and seemed to like them, and so thought they might be good and harmless for human beings. Artichokes have been known in England about two hundred and fifty years. We learn this by the mention of them in old books on herbs.

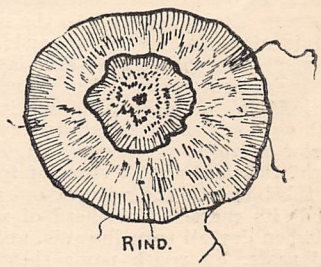


Fig. 8.—Section of Carrot.

The next root on our list is beetroot (fig. 2). This plant you know well, I am sure, for it is much grown, and is generally of a deep crimson colour all over, leaves, stems, and root. Its ancestors grew by the seashore in great quantities on our coasts, and it now grows wild in the Canary Islands. It is cultivated mainly for its roots. These are much more truly 'roots' than our artichokes, because no buds are formed on them, and the variety is known as a tap-root. The quite young roots are slender, but if the plant is able to obtain the food it likes from the soil, the root rapidly increases in size. Seeing that it originally grew by the sea, you will not be surprised to hear that it likes salt, and farmers often manure it with either common salt or even

seaweed! A cluster of shining red leaves grows direct from its top; they are large and grooved, and all face inwards. The leaf-stalks are channelled, and when rain falls on the plant it is conducted by the grooves into the mid-rib, and by the mid-rib down the channelled leaf-stalks to the root. Thus the moisture is taken direct to the part where it is most required. This root is most irregular and ugly in shape, and if the soil is not quite to its taste it often divides, or 'forks,' as the farmers say. This big, succulent root is really the storehouse of food for the later use of the plant; but man has discovered that it is good to eat, so the plant has often to give up its store for the use of man.

Illustration No. 3 represents another form of beet-root, known as the turnip-shaped beetroot. The grooved leaf-stalks are here shown, but in fig. 4 I give a plan of a stalk (the stalk is cut off, and the drawing is of it as it appears when I look down on the cut), and fig. 5 is of a little piece of the stem as it looks from the inside, showing the groove for the water to run down.

The sap of this root is very rich in sugar, and the plant was first cultivated in England for that sugar ('beet-sugar,' as it is called), and we grew it as early as 1747. It is a very ancient plant; it was known to the Greeks, who used the leaves as a vegetable; and long before the Christian era (300-400 B. C.) it was used as food for cattle in many parts of Europe, North Africa, West Asia, and India.

Next comes the carrot (fig. 6). This plant was wild in our own country originally; it is wild still, but it was only by cultivation that the roots became so good to eat. It is like the beetroot in habit — that is to say, it has a tap-root and a cluster of leaves growing directly from the top of the root; but in this case the leaves are very much divided, they are, in fact, quite feathery (fig. 7), and the tap-root is of a very regular shape and grows to a great length, becoming more and more slender as it pushes its way straight down into the earth. The carrot itself is of an orange colour, and if you cut one open (fig. 8) you will find a thick layer of this orange, and inside it a yellow core. Now, the outer layer, or 'rind,' is full of sugar, and is therefore very nourishing; seedsmen naturally try to make that rind grow as thick as possible. Here again, of course, we eat the poor plant's store of food.

This plant belongs to the natural order Umbelliferae, and has its characteristic head of white flowers. These when dry all turn inwards, and look like small birds' nests, by which name they are often known among country children. The Dutch first introduced the carrot to us as a vegetable, and it came in 1558, and was grown first in Sandwich in Kent.

Now we come to the horse-radish. This is not so very much used. The part we eat is really the root-branch. The plant is a great nuisance in a small garden, for it grows very quickly, and the least bit of root left in the ground grows. It has very large leaves like dock, but much larger, sometimes two feet long, or even more. It has tall, slender stems of flowers, which are white, and very small compared to the leaves. When it is wanted for table any bit of root is dug up, the rough skin is cut off, and then the root is scraped, and thin slices curl off. It has, as I am sure you have noticed, a very pungent smell and taste.

E. M. Barlow.

THE TWO KNIGHTS.

A KNIGHT rode out of the castle gate,
Away to the world to do something great —
To do something great, to do something grand
A helm on his head and a sword in his hand.
He rode to the north, he rode to the west,
In search of a Deed that should be the best.

A knight sat alone in the castle hall;
No sword had he, nor a helmet tall,
And his smile was sad as an autumn day;
Yet none were turned from his door away.
And his vassals loved that peaceful knight,
Though he rode not away in armour bright.

The knight that rode from his home away,
Once met a lone pilgrim on the way,
Who with hands uplifted imploring prayed
A drink of water and knightly aid;
But the knight passed on, for he could not wait
To succour the needy and desolate.

Then the pilgrim passed to a castle tall
Where the red light gleamed on turret and wall;
And within was rest for the weary feet,
And a lonely knight with a welcome sweet.
Then the pilgrim rested in peace that day,
And blessed the knight as he went away.

Now of knights like these, say, which are great —
The ones that ride or the ones that wait;
The ones that seek the whole world through
For a deed that is big enough to do,
Or those who think it worth their while
To dry a tear or to bring a smile?

M. E. Heward.

A NIGHT IN A BARN.

THE boys at Evenlode Farm were very excited, for Uncle Harry had come to visit them. Len and Charlie and Tom Arkell had other uncles, to be sure; but the quiet stay-at-home relations, who could come to tea any day, and never — as Charlie said — 'did anything particular,' were as nothing to Uncle Harry, who had been all over the world and was always doing, or at least seeing, wonderful things.

This time their uncle had just returned from British Columbia, full of praises of the shooting and fishing, and with plenty of stories to tell his nephews.

'Where did you sleep when you were in that wild country you are telling about?' asked Len, with a thoughtful face.

'Out in the open,' said Uncle Harry, 'or, when I was lucky enough, in a barn.'

'We have a barn!' cried all the boys at once.

'Well,' said Uncle Harry, 'what of it?'

But the boys were full of a new, bright idea, which struck Len first, and communicated itself, almost without words, to the others.

'Mother,' began Len, for Mrs. Arkell came into the room just then, 'if you like, if Uncle Harry likes, couldn't we all, Uncle and Charlie and Tom and I, go and sleep in the barn to-night, instead of just going to bed in the same old way we always do?'

'Of all the unreasonable children!' cried their

mother, holding up her hands. 'As though your poor uncle had not had enough of roughing it, and would not be thankful to lie in a comfortable bed once more.'

'Oh, Mother!' said the chorus of three. 'Uncle Harry's not like that. He never thinks about comfortable beds, but about being jolly and brave, and having adventures. You never can have adventures if you stay in the house all the while.'

'You boys are seldom in the house an hour together. It's only at night that I know where you are,' said the long-suffering mother.

Finding their mother unwilling, the boys turned to their uncle.

'Do, do let us, Uncle Harry! Say you would like it as much as we should. It's such a hot night; and it would be so nice just to take a blanket or two, and lie on the straw, the same as you did when you were over there.'

'Let them do it, Ellen, if they want to,' said Uncle Harry, obligingly. 'Anything to please them. I don't mind, for I can sleep anywhere.'

Mother was so glad to see her brother Harry at home that she fell in with any suggestion he made. Father never disputed anything that Mother had arranged, so the way was made clear.

At dusk the whole party went to the barn, loaded with rugs and blankets, a large lantern and a big basket containing supper. The boys had insisted on this latter feature; it would be no fun, they said, if they could not sit down and eat, like real travellers, before resting.

Never had ham sandwiches and seed-cake tasted better; never had Uncle Harry told them more wonderful stories, or been in a merrier mood. But the boys were hard to satisfy; late as it grew, they pleaded for still another treat. Sitting round on their straw beds, with the shadows in the dim corners of the barn growing deeper and deeper, they clamoured for at least one of their uncle's famous recitations, before they went to sleep.

Uncle Harry had recited on many platforms, but he took as much pains to please the three boys as ever he had done to gratify a grown-up audience.

When he had given them 'Mark Antony's Oration,' had thrilled them with 'The Defence of the Bridge,' and almost made them cry over 'The Little Boy that Died,' it was very late, and as dark as it ever is on a fine summer night.

'Time to settle down, boys,' said Uncle Harry, then, putting out the lantern, 'Good-night, good-night; say your prayers, all of you.'

And the bronzed, bearded man said his prayers too, as he had said them, many a time, in stranger places than his brother-in-law's old barn.

For a time all was quiet; then a swishing, and a scratching, and a scuttering, that seemed to be all round him, and yet to come from nowhere in particular, aroused Len from his first sleep. For two minutes he listened in silence, then called his brothers.

'Whatever is that noise? Oh, I say! we can't stand this. Let's wake Uncle Harry.'

No sooner said than done. Uncle Harry, appealed to, waited for a moment.

'Rats,' he said. 'Nothing but rats. There are nearly always rats in barns: take no notice of them, they are only after the grain.'

It was all very well to say so, and to turn over and settle down again; but Len was nervous, feared the rats might be after him, as well as after the grain; and lay quaking till a fresh alarm put the first one to flight.

A terrible shrieking, a succession of unearthly noises, that made all the boys start up with, 'What's that? What's that? Oh, Uncle Harry, do please wake again!'

'That's a fox amongst the poultry,' said their uncle, 'or else I'm very much mistaken,' and he ran to the barn-door; only just in time to see the dark form of the crafty Reynard disappearing in the moonlight with a struggling rooster in his mouth.

'Too late, no use to give chase, something must be done in the morning.' This was all Uncle Harry's comment, as for the third time he drew his travelling-rug round him, and composed himself to slumber.

The quiet was to be short-lived: Len had just dropped into a doze when a shout from Charlie woke him; for Charlie, lying broad awake in the darkness, saw suddenly outstretched above him, the head and horns of some fearful unknown monster. Len shouted too; everybody else woke; and it took several seconds to prove to the frightened boys that their 'monster' was only a harmless old cow, which, getting loose from her shed, had wandered in, because Uncle Harry had forgotten to re-fasten the barn-door.

Len was thoroughly discouraged: 'Don't you think we might take our things and all go back to the house?' he urged.

'No, no,' said Uncle Harry. 'No showing the white feather, if you please. A night in a barn you wanted, and a night in a barn you must have.'

Even Tom and Charlie had had enough of it, and began to appreciate home comforts as they had never done before; but Uncle, who appeared able to sleep at will, was in a sound slumber in two minutes.

Was there to be no end to the alarms of the weary night? It was Tom, this time, who felt sure he heard stealthy footsteps close to his own head. He stretched out a hand, and caught something, or some one, who wriggled and twisted in his grasp.

Tom had more courage than Len: he jumped up, and held faster than ever, calling upon his companions with all his might. In a moment all was confusion. Uncle Harry woke, heard a great scuffling and lit the lantern at once. Then he went to Tom's help without delay.

It was a tramp that Tom had caught: one of a dangerous band who had loafed about the neighbourhood for days, to whom several rick-fires were afterwards traced. He had come in to hide in the straw, till early dawn brought its chances of plunder or mischief; little indeed expecting to find the barn already tenanted.

But the tramp was no match for Uncle Harry, and with his capture the long night ended.

'Saved your father's ricks, anyhow,' said their uncle. 'But I believe you boys would rather have been in bed at home.'

'I'm sure I would, for one,' said Len.

'And I'—'And I,' agreed Tom and Charlie.

'Ah!' said Uncle, finally; 'there is a good deal to be said for civilisation, after all.'

C. J. Blake.

"Never had Uncle Harry told them more wonderful stories."

"One shot struck the stool from under Baskerville."

THE SEA-KINGS OF ENGLAND.

I.—THE LAST VOYAGE OF HAWKINS AND DRAKE.

WHEN Spain's great Armada was scattered and broken, the English seamen had before them a chance to seize, or at any rate to plunder, the rich provinces of the New World, from which King Philip drew his vast wealth. Many times before 1588 the English raiders, and most of all Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake, had harried the coasts of Hispaniola and Guiana, of Peru and Panama and Mexico, and had carried off treasure and precious stones; but they did so at a great risk, and often at a time when there was said to be peace between England and Spain. But after the defeat of the Armada there was open war, and England was mistress of her own seas. Her ships could set out without pretence to plunder the settlements of America, and they lost no time in doing so. 'The only way to make the Spaniard a cripple for ever was to cut his sinews of war in the West Indies.'

Yet, if the raiders were to succeed, they must still go with some secrecy, lest the Spaniards be forewarned and remove their wealth to safe places far inland. There was a constant stream of Spanish ships—treasure-fleets and their convoys—going to and fro across the Atlantic: they would speedily carry the news of any great expedition being fitted out in the English ports, for the preparation of a fleet is not a thing that can be done unseen. Now secrecy was what was wanting to the great expedition that Queen Elizabeth ordered to be made ready in 1594—secrecy and singleness of purpose. It was to be strong and well armed: six ships of war and a score of smaller boats were fitted out, and manned by two thousand five hundred men and boys. But the plans were unsettled and there were long delays: the fleet was not ready till late in the summer of 1595, and by then Spain and Spain's provinces in America knew all that was to be known of it. There was not one commander, but two: the two greatest English seamen of the time, men wholly different in temper and method—Drake, a bold, impetuous leader; Hawkins, crafty and cautious—and both were now well on in years.

It was the 28th of August, 1595, when the fleet at last sailed, and on September 1st they saw the Land's End north-west by north, and left the shores of England, many of them never to return. The next day Hawkins solemnly announced, 'in hearing of the basest mariner,' their destination—the New World. But it was well known to them already: many of them had joined the fleet for the sake of the treasure they hoped to win, being persuaded by Drake's and Hawkins' 'glorious speeches of an hundred places that they knew to make us rich.'

Nearly a month later they sighted the Canaries, and hoped to plunder the chief towns of the islands. But Drake, against Hawkins' advice, spent so long a time in looking for the fittest place to land that the inhabitants had time to make preparations against him, and he accomplished nothing, to the disappointment of his men, who looked upon it as a bad beginning. A captain and three or four men who landed were cut off and slain, and a surgeon taken prisoner: this man was forced to give what information he could about the fleet, and the Viceroy of the islands at once sent off a swift vessel to America to warn the Spanish settlers.

It was another month before the fleet reached the West Indies. They touched at an island near Hispaniola, and had traffic with the natives, giving them a yellow flannel waistcoat and a handkerchief in exchange for fresh fruit. Then they went on to Guadeloupe, and anchored on the south-east side of the island, watered and provisioned, careened their ships, and put together the pinnaces or small boats which they had brought with them in sections. Here the sternmost vessel of Hawkins' half of the fleet, the Francis, a boat of thirty-five tons, was cut out and chased and captured by five Spanish frigates, ships of two hundred tons apiece. The loss went to Hawkins' heart, and he fell into a low state of health, which presently ended in a fever. It was clear from the very first that the Spaniards were alert and ready for the invaders, who would not be able to surprise undefended towns, as they had when Drake and Hawkins first sailed those seas.

They sailed from Guadeloupe on November 5th, Hawkins being then 'sickly.' At the Virgin Islands, 'his sickness increased,' and a week later, as they arrived off Porto Rico, on November 12th, 1595, at three o'clock in the afternoon, 'Sir John Hawkins departed this life.' He was a man of infinite craft and skill, as well as a fine seaman. His age was sixty-three, and more than half his life he had spent at sea in adventure and war. He had done much to put the fleet of England in good trim and to care for her sailors; he had given his money and his time willingly in her cause; and he died fittingly in those waters where he, no less than his friend and pupil, Francis Drake, had made his country's name feared and respected. He was buried at sea.

Sir Thomas Baskerville succeeded to Hawkins' command, and the fleet anchored off the town of San Juan de Porto Rico. But there was no booty for them there. As the fleet lay at anchor, the Spaniards opened fire from their forts. One shot struck the Defiance, Baskerville's ship, through the mizzen mast, and another came bounding into the cabin, where Baskerville and his officers were at supper. It struck the stool from under Baskerville, and left him unhurt; but it wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford and Captain Browne, who both died of their wounds. Once again it was clear that the Spaniards had been warned.

Drake held a council, and with the boast that 'I will bring you to twenty places far more wealthy and easier to be taken,' persuaded his captains to sail on. They voyaged through Mona Passage towards the mainland of what is now Venezuela, past Oruba and Rio de la Hacha, which they found deserted; but they searched the woods round the town and discovered some little treasure. They burnt the town, and a few days later burnt Santa Marta also. 'In the town nothing was left but the houses swept clean.' On December 27th, after putting in at various small places, they reached Nombre de Dios, where twenty years before Drake had showed his men 'the treasure of the world.' To his dismay, Nombre de Dios also had been almost stripped of riches; they got little from it but twenty lumps of silver, two bars of gold, and a little money.

Drake now resolved on a fresh plan: he would no longer cruise vainly, since all the ports were pre-

pared for him. He sent Baskerville and seven hundred and fifty fighting men along the road to Panama, which he himself had travelled long before: they were to sack the rich city. They set out on December 29th. 'The second of January Sir Thomas returned with his soldiers both weary and hungry, having marched more than half the way to the South Sea. The march was so sore as never Englishmen marched before. The provision of meat was seven or eight cakes of biscuit and rusk for a man, which was either by wet spoiled, or by their greediness devoured, so that [in two days] there remained for few one day's bread, to most none at all. This march had made many swear that they would never venture to buy gold at such a price again.' The Spaniards had cut down trees to block the narrow, muddy track, and had built forts along it.

Another council was held at once. Many men were becoming discontented. To please them, Drake proposed that they should go by sea to the cities of Nicaragua, and attack them: he asserted that they were rich, though as a matter of fact they were both unhealthy and comparatively poor. They set fire to Nombre de Dios, and sailed on January 5th. On the 10th they landed at the island of Escudo, 'where there was no relief but a few tortoises for such as could catch them.' On the 15th Drake began to keep to his cabin. He was stricken by dysentery.

In those last days one of his seamen, Thomas Maynarde, had much private speech with him, and found him in sore distress: 'since our return from Panama he never carried mirth nor joy in his face.' Maynarde asked him why he had come hither: 'he answered me with grief, protesting that he never thought any place could be so changed: the weather was so stormy and blusterous as he never saw it before; yet, in the greatness of his mind, he would, in the end, conclude with these words, "It matters not, man; God hath many things in store for us, and I know many means to do her Majesty good service and to make us rich, for we must have gold before we see England."'

They sighted Porto Bello on January 28th, 1596. At four o'clock in the morning, Drake 'departed this life. He spoke a little before his death, rising and dressing himself, but being brought to bed again he died within an hour.' They gave him solemn burial at sea. They took his drum to England, where still it is kept by his family at Buckland Abbey in Devon. They say that on his deathbed he vowed, if that drum were sounded at a time of England's need, to rise from death itself against the enemy, and 'drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'

So died Queen Elizabeth's greatest sea-king, in the waters where he had first won an undying fame. In all the story of the sea, Nelson's name alone stands above Sir Francis Drake's. He was a great leader of men and a great seaman, 'more skilful in all points of navigation than any that ever was before, in his time, or since his death; of a perfect memory, great observation, eloquent by nature, skilful in artillery; chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness. He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it.'

The rest of the expedition's story is soon told. Sir Thomas Baskerville took command. They landed and captured Porto Bello, but found nothing in it. Then they resolved to sail for England, after careening and refitting. A muster of men showed that out of the original two thousand five hundred, they had two thousand left, 'sick and whole.' They departed on February 8th. Off Cuba they fell in with a great Spanish fleet of twenty sail, and fought them for two hours without very serious loss. On March 10th they passed the southernmost reefs of Florida, but soon after came into a great gale, and lost two ships. Nearly a month later they reached the Azores, and again met with bad weather. In the beginning of May they ended their journey at Plymouth.

REVENGE IN ANIMALS.

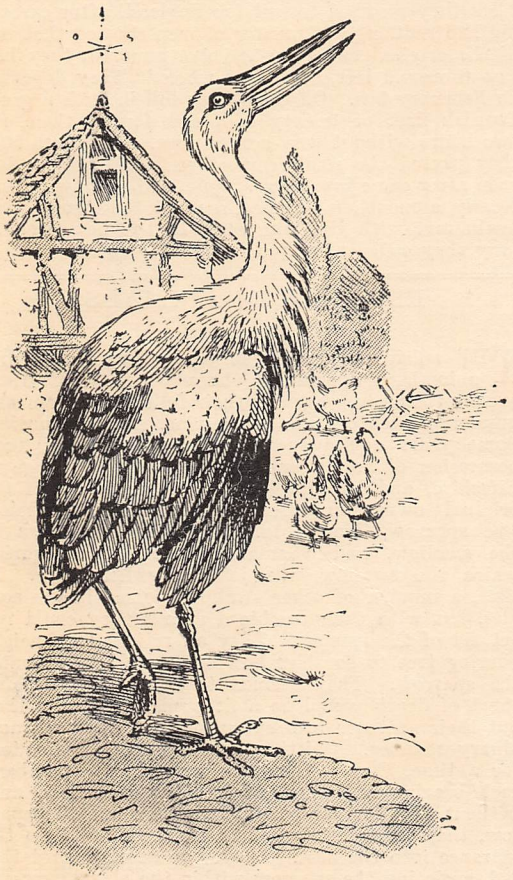
Some True Anecdotes.

THE spirit of revenge is to be found in many animals, and some of the ways in which they avenge themselves against their fellow-creatures and human persecutors are interesting, if not amusing. Some years ago a sparrow, early in spring, took possession of an old swallow's nest in a village in Fifeshire, and had laid some eggs in it, when the original owner appeared and claimed possession. The sparrow, firmly seated, resisted the claim of the swallow, and a smart battle ensued, during which the swallow was joined by her mate. In time, a number of other swallows joined in the conflict, but with their combined efforts they could not get rid of the usurper. They all retired to a neighbouring tree to consider how they could best punish the sparrow. They seemed to agree that nothing short of death would be a fit punishment, and they put their sentence into execution in a very extraordinary manner. Quitting the scene of the contest for a time, they returned in much larger numbers, each bearing a beakful of building materials, and, without any further attempt to turn out the sparrow, they immediately set to work to build up the entrance into the nest. They soon accomplished this end, enclosing the sparrow within the clay tenement, and leaving her to perish in the garrison she had so bravely defended.

In the park at Wonersh, near Guildford, a fawn, while drinking one day, was suddenly pounced upon by one of the swans, which pulled the animal into the water, and held it under until quite drowned. This action was observed by another deer in the park, and did not long go unrevenged, for shortly after, this very swan, which had never before been molested by the deer, was singled out when on land and furiously attacked by a herd, which surrounded and presently killed the offender.

One day a farmer, living near Hamburg, brought a wild stork into his poultry-yard to be the companion of a tame one which he kept there. The tame bird, however, disliking the rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so severely that he was forced to take wing, and with some difficulty escaped. Some months afterwards, however, he returned to the poultry-yard, recovered from his wounds, and attended by three other storks. As soon as the three birds alighted, they fell upon the tame one and killed him.

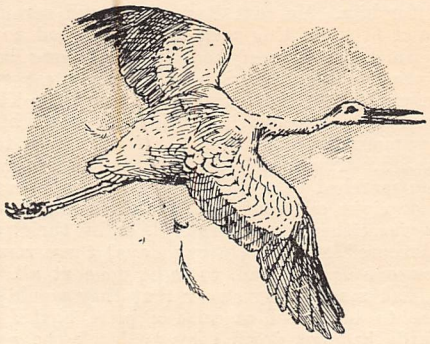
Another story of revenge in storks comes from Smyrna, where they are to be found in great numbers. The inhabitants often amuse themselves at the expense of the birds by putting hen's eggs into the stork's nest, and when the young are hatched,



the cock, on seeing them of a different form from his own species, make a hideous noise, which brings a crowd of other storks about the nest, who, in order to revenge the disgrace which they imagine has fallen upon their race, often peck the hen-stork to death.

A gentleman living in London was one day going on a short visit, taking with him a favourite Newfoundland dog named Caesar. When he had gone some little distance he recollected that he had a key which would be wanted at home during his absence. As the dog was used to carrying things, he sent him back with the key. The animal executed his commission, but when he came back his master saw that he had been fighting, as he was much scratched about the head. On his return to town, his master discovered the cause of the trouble. Caesar, while passing with the key, was attacked by a butcher's dog, against whom he made no resistance, but tore himself away without losing his charge. After delivering the key at home, he returned the same way, and, on reaching the butcher's shop, he stopped and searched for his antagonist, which presently sallied forth. Caesar attacked him with fury, and was not satisfied until he had disabled the butcher's dog.

A cat was once very fond of molesting a pair of crows who had made their nest in a tree in the garden, and sometimes the sights to be witnessed were very amusing. One morning, however, the battle raged more fiercely than usual, till at last the cat gave in and took shelter under a hedge. The crows continued for a short time to make a threatening



"The stranger was forced to take wing.

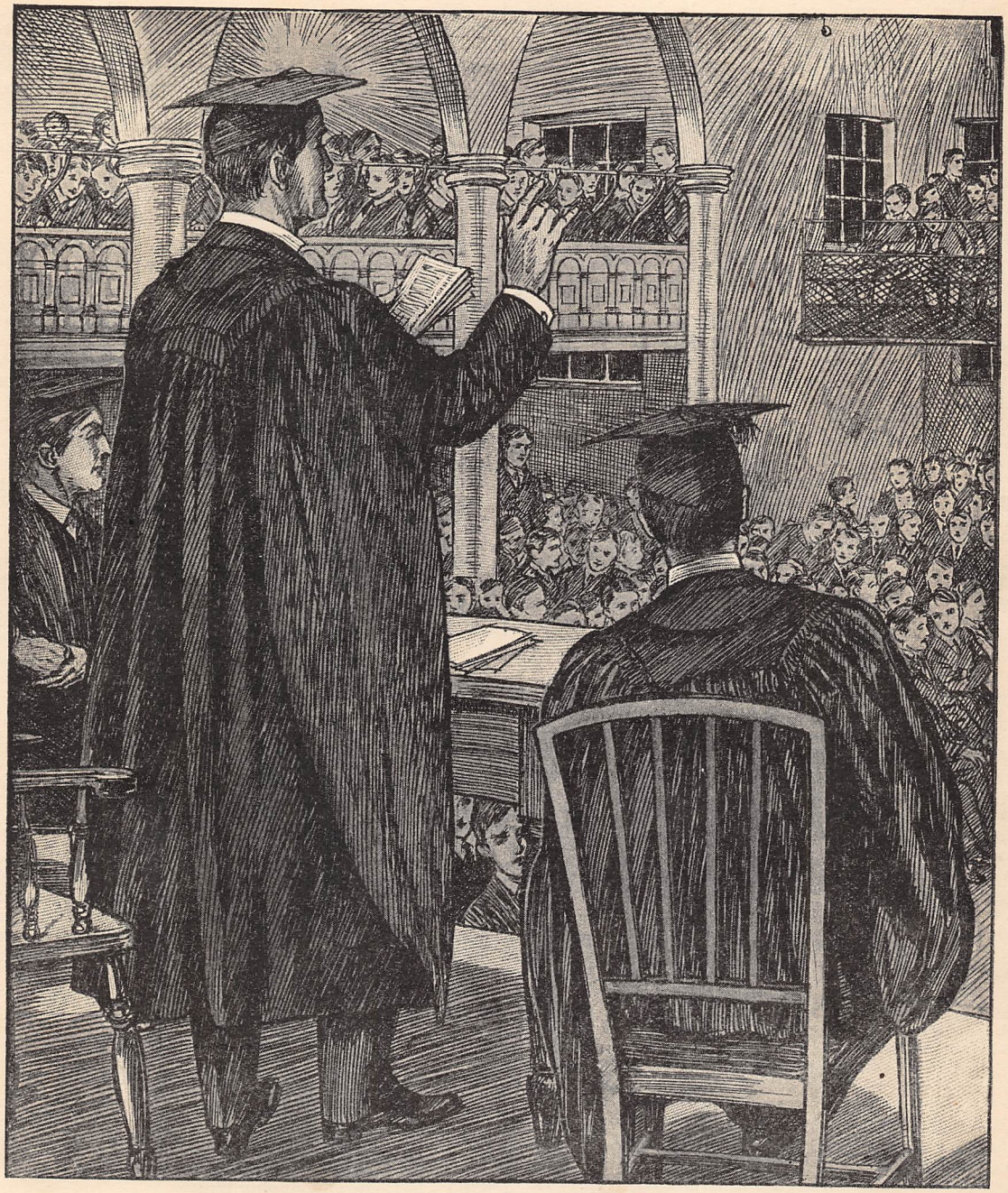
noise, but, not seeing the cat anywhere, one of them lifted a stone from the middle of the garden and perched with it on a tree. Presently the cat emerged from her hiding-place, and happened to pass under the tree upon which the crow had perched, and the crow flew from branch to branch until the cat settled on the ground, when he let the stone drop on to her back. This habit of stone-dropping is very common with crows.

A. E. D.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 2.)

DANVERS and Wilding began to stroll side by side along the paths of the great quad. They were careful to keep off the grass, for the school porter had already warned them of the fine that awaited that offence. 'You'll get your weekly allowance stopped if I, or one of the beaks, sees you on the grass!' 'Tom' had stated in his genial way. Gerald was thinking of the words now.



"The Head Master held up his hand."

'Who do you suppose Tom meant by beaks?' he asked.

'Masters, of course!' Danvers answered, pleased at knowing more than his companion. He began to talk in a rather superior way of the games at the private school which he had just left. According to his own account he seemed to have been an enormous person at that school. But Gerald noticed that Danvers seemed just as grateful as himself for the friendly darkness of the quad! Even as it was they kept passing groups of old boys who appeared able to detect unerringly something that stamped

them as 'new guv'nors' even in the dark. 'What's your name?' they were asked until they wearied of the question. They passed two long rows of lighted windows, and in their middle a flight of stone steps crowded with lounging boys.

'Those are the studies,' remarked Danvers, who seemed to have picked up no end of information in some mysterious way.

'When do you get a study?' Gerald asked wistfully. He was feeling at the moment rather like a lost and homeless dog.

'Not till you're high up in the Middle School. Then you share one with three other men.'

The phrase 'men' as applied to his fellow-boys was still strange to Gerald, but Danvers seemed to use it as to the manner born.

'When you're in the Sixth you get one to yourself,' he went on. 'Hope I get into a four study soon!'

'What form do you think you passed into?' Gerald asked with some envy.

'Oh, I don't know, but a pretty high one, I hope. I thought the papers were rank easy!'

'I did awfully badly, I'm certain,' Gerald said.

'Then it'll be a long while before you get into a study! I'm looking forward to the footer awfully! We played Rugger at our school, of course. That will be a great pull for me ——'

'Hullo, what's that bell?' Gerald asked. He was glad to turn the conversation. He was not sure that he was not beginning rather to dislike Danvers! He seemed to know too much about everything and to be too well pleased with himself.

'That means tea, I expect,' Danvers answered. 'Yes, all those men seem to be making for Hall. Come along!'

One of the busy men-servants directed them to the gallery of Hall, and they took their places at a long table with some timidity. The tables had filled very swiftly, and from below and all around them a steady roar of talk went up. Suddenly there was the clang of a hammer downstairs and the humming roar died away as though by magic. Until it stopped so abruptly, Gerald had not realised what a noise was being made. Every one stood up, an unseen master below said grace rapidly, and as the wooden benches received their occupants once more the talk crashed out again. The men-servants, called 'tobies,' to their own disgust, were rushing backwards and forwards, carrying cups of tea and baskets filled with rolls of bread. Gerald and Danvers found themselves supplied with plates of cold meat and contrived to make an excellent meal. They had other new guv'nors around them, and no one else seemed to be taking any notice of them at all, which was a great comfort.

Gerald wondered what came next as they followed a rush down the stairs from the gallery into the choked passage that led from hall to the quad. He would not ask Danvers. It struck him that too many questions might be bad for Danvers! He seemed to enjoy answering them so much.

And for once Danvers himself seemed at a loss. 'I wonder where we go?' he began. He and Gerald and the rest of the new guv'nors were following the streaming, chattering crowd like sheep.

Gerald noticed that the men in front had turned under the cloisters. 'I believe they're going into Chapel,' he said. 'Yes, they are.'

They followed the stream, and a fidgety, short-tempered master directed them to pews. The service that followed was very short and simple; indeed, all was over in about ten minutes, but it left a vivid impression on Gerald's mind. He was very tired and excited, and in a mood when trifles left a mark. He never forgot the first hymn he heard at Dunbury. It was the custom for every one to sing that particular hymn —

'Lord, receive us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here' —

with tremendous swing and vigour. And the effect was like the roar of a gale through pine-trees. The energy of that singing was only excelled by the corresponding hymn sung upon the last day of term. Gerald found himself again in the open air — half deafened for the time.

'This way to Big School!' one of the new guv'nors said quite proudly. 'The head beak's going to read out the names for forms!'

Big School was brightly lighted by many flickering gas-jets. From one of the galleries Gerald looked down upon countless heads and faces. On the dais at one end of the great room many masters in cap and gown were seated in a half-circle, and alone in the middle stood the slight, tight-lipped man with whom Gerald had shaken hands in the library. He had the trick of pushing back his gown from his shoulders with one hand as he stood, and his keen, dark eyes seemed to glance at every face in turn. That, of course, was only an illusion, but Gerald could not help wriggling a little as those eyes flashed in his direction, and even Danvers at his side seemed rather less cocksure about everything. But Danvers was looking forward excitedly to hear how high a place he had secured at the examination. Gerald on the other hand rather wished that he could put off hearing.

The Head Master held up one hand, and the buzzing murmur died away at once. He made a little speech of which every word carried clearly. He used short, direct sentences, flinging them out as though they had been pebbles. When he smiled his face was oddly pleasant, Gerald thought. It seemed rather wonderful that a man like that could smile! He ended his short speech of welcome with the announcement that the Roman Road would be out of bounds until further notice. And then a strange thing happened.

(Continued on page 19.)

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

I. — JANUARY.

MANY are the songs we hear
From the birds throughout the year;
Let us listen, watch, and learn
Every songster to discern.

Is there any singing bird
Who may even now be heard?
Surely all their songs are still
In the January chill!

No! The thrush on brighter days
Cheers us with his song of praise —
Boldly prophesies of Spring,
Perched where all may see him sing.

ALETTE AND THE BEAR.

A True Story from Norway.

ONE bright morning in summer, a party of merry children set off to spend a long day in the woods. Each carried a small basket and a tiny tin cup.

Fritz, the eldest boy, walked in front, followed by Thora, Elsie, Olaf, and Anton; behind them came the eldest sister, Erna, holding little Alette by the hand. Alette was only four years old, but her tongue moved as fast as her small, pattering feet.

'I'm going to find hundreds of blueberries, and I shall gather a lot of flowers to make a wreath for you, Erna dear, and one for each of the others. I shall make two wreaths for Mother, because she had to stay at home with Baby, and I must make a great big one for Father, because he has such a large head!'

So prattled the little tongue, until the children reached the wood, where Fritz made them all sit down on the grass round a big, moss-covered stone. There they ate the nice buns and cakes which they had brought for their luncheon, and Fritz filled their cups with milk from the wicker-cased bottle slung over his shoulder.

'Now I shall blow my trumpet!' said Anton boisterously: and blow it he did, with such violence that all the sparrows in the neighbourhood flew away in a great fright. This blast was the signal for the berry-picking to begin.

'Do come here!' exclaimed one; 'the bushes are blue with berries!'

'No, not there!' cried another. 'Over here are thousands of blueberries, and I have found strawberries too — such beauties!'

'I shall stay with Erna,' said little Alette.

'Let us put the large basket under this tree,' suggested another, 'then, as we fill our little baskets we will empty them into it.'

So all set to work upon the berries.

By-and-by when both the large basket and the little baskets were quite full of fruit, the four girls seated themselves in a circle. Erna took from her bag a ball of string, and they began to weave garlands of wild flowers, which in Norway, during the brief summer, are larger and brighter than those which grow in England. But Alette soon became tired, and, lying down beside Erna, fell asleep. The other little girls, leaving their wreaths and baskets, ran after their brothers, guided by the sound of Anton's noisy trumpet.

Presently Erna rose also, thinking that she would go in search of more flowers for a garland. With this she would crown the golden head of her sleeping darling. Soon she came to a brook, on whose banks bloomed many flowers of brilliant hues, and, eagerly gathering the freshest and brightest, she went gradually up the stream, without noticing that she was going farther and farther away from her little sister.

Now, as you know, it is very pleasant to play in the woods on a summer day, but in Norway it is not always safe to do so. For in the fir-woods bears are sometimes found, and though they are fond of berries and wild fruits, they eat also sheep, cows, horses, and even human beings, when they can get them, if they are very hungry. Had the children known that a big brown bear lived in that wood, of course they would never have ventured into it; but of this they were ignorant.

Alette was awakened by a deep growl in the bushes close by. Up she jumped, and called to the other children; but they were too far off to hear her. Although she felt rather frightened, she did not cry, and, comforting herself with the thought that they would soon come back, she began to eat some of the berries in her basket.

But whatever was that crashing in the bushes? Nearer and nearer came the sound; then two big eyes looked out from the underwood. A huge, shaggy bear appeared, and came, growling, towards the little girl. Alette was too frightened to cry, and almost too frightened to speak; but as soon as she could get out the words, she said:

'Oh, please don't hurt me, Mr. Bear! I am a good girl, indeed I am! I know who you are, because you are in my picture-book. Please don't bite me, and I will give you all my nice berries. Here they are, good bear!'

She held out her own little basket. The bear poked in his great paw, and the berries rolled out upon the grass. In an instant he licked them up; then he began to sniff at Alette's frock.

'Dear kind bear! you will not hurt me, will you?' pleaded the trembling child. 'See, here is another basket of blueberries for you.'

The bear quickly knocked down the basket and gobbled up the fruit. Alette, no longer afraid, made haste to offer him more, but, catching sight of the big basket under the tree (which contained not blueberries only, but also some splendid strawberries), the bear put his nose into it instead.

'No, no, Mr. Bear!' said Alette, 'that is naughty! You really must not eat all those berries! They are not mine, so I can't give them to you; besides, if you eat so many you will be ill!'

Putting her little hands on the creature's shaggy neck, she tried with all her might to push him away, but in vain.

'Very well, naughty bear!' she said, 'when Fritz comes he will beat you with his stick.'

The bear looked up at her, then quietly went on eating. A new idea came to Alette.

'Now I am going to make you pretty,' she told the bear.

She hung one of the floral wreaths around his neck, and placed a smaller one on his head. As she stood contentedly watching the decorated bear, she heard the sound of Anton's trumpet, and, looking up, saw the children descending the hill. The bear turned, and went back into the dark forest.

Alette told her brothers and sisters what had happened, and begged them not to scold her for letting the bear have the fruit. You can easily imagine how startled they were. Erna snatched up her little sister, and they all hurried out of the wood, leaving behind wreaths and baskets in their terror.

How their mother wept as the children told the tale! How tightly she clasped Alette in her arms, as if the bear was still present! Her husband put his arms round both mother and child, and kissed his little girl many times. Then he went away into his study, and I think we can guess what he did there.

When, late in the autumn, some one shot the big bear, the withered remains of Alette's wreath were still round his neck.

"The bear quickly gobbled up the fruit."

"Mucius thrust his right hand into a fire."

ENDURANCE.

The Story of Mucius Scaevola.

FOR ordinary people, one of the hardest things in the world is to learn how to bear bodily pain without complaint. We cannot read of the deaths of martyrs without marvelling at the courage with which they met their end. Human nature is very sensitive to pain, and has become increasingly so with the advance of civilisation, and it is interesting to notice how the progress of mankind through the centuries has been marked by an increase in the knowledge and use of means by which physical suffering can be, to a great extent, lessened and overcome.

In the early days of Roman history, however, anæsthetics were not known, and the story of Caius Mucius, a noble Roman youth, is an example showing that one of the most prominent of Roman virtues was endurance.

About 500 B. C., the story runs, the city of Rome was being besieged very closely by King Porsena, and the inhabitants were in danger of starvation. At this crisis, Caius Mucius announced to the Senate that he proposed to kill the king of the besieging army. He went out of the city one night with a dagger hidden beneath his cloak, and approached the place where Porsena was sitting. At the side of Porsena was seated a secretary, dressed nearly in the same style as the king himself. Mistaking the secretary for the king, Mucius came nigh and stabbed him to death. He was seized and brought before the king for judgment. Being threatened with torture unless he would answer all the king's questions, Mucius thrust his right hand into a fire which was already lighted close by for a sacrifice, and held it there without flinching until it was partly consumed. Porsena was amazed at his firmness and sent the young man away, saying, 'Return to Rome free and unhurt, since thou hast done thyself the greater injury.'

For this deed Mucius was called Scaevola, or 'the left-handed,' and the State rewarded him for his courage with a grant of land. P. W. M.

PEMMICAN.

MANY travellers have remarked how varying and uncertain are the means of subsistence among savages, and how much this uncertainty checks their progress towards a better kind of life. A tribe, for instance, which lives by the seashore, may have abundance of fish to eat at certain times of the year, when shoals are passing along the coast, while at another time, when scarcely any fish are to be caught, the poor people may be reduced almost to starvation, having nothing but wild berries, roots, and tubers to live upon. So, too, those who live by hunting some kind of animal, which migrates in herds from place to place, may have at one time more food than they can eat, while at another, they may not be able to find, for months at a time, a single animal which they can hunt. How often must such people, when they are enduring the pangs of extreme hunger, long for a little of that abundance which they enjoyed a few weeks or months before; and how often they must wish that some means might be found of storing up food, when it is abundant, in readiness for those times when it is scarce.

The North American Indians, when they roamed over the greater part of the territory which is now the United States, were just such a people as I have described. They lived chiefly upon the flesh of the buffaloes which they hunted, and they knew little or nothing about cultivating corn, vegetables, or fruit. The buffaloes at that time wandered over the prairies in large herds, numbering many hundreds or even thousands of animals. When such a herd came within sight of a village or a camp, the men turned out for a general hunt, in the course of which scores or even hundreds of buffaloes were killed. But there were often occasions when, for weeks at a time, no herd would come near the camp.

The condition of these Indians would have been much worse, but for the fact that they had discovered various ways of preserving the flesh which they could not immediately eat. One of these ways was to dry the flesh quickly and thoroughly in the sun. Some tribes cut it up into long, thin strips, about half an inch in thickness, and these were hung up on poles arranged like the goal-posts of a football field, so that they might be out of the way of wolves or of the dogs of the camp. The strips of meat remained thus suspended for several days in the burning heat of the sun, until they became quite dry and hard. In this condition the meat would keep for a very long time, and might be carried from place to place. This method of preserving meat was adopted by the Indians in nearly all parts of North America, and by some of the Indians of South America. The meat thus dried is sometimes called 'jerked' meat by English people, a curious word which comes from the Peruvian name for beef dried in this or a very similar manner. It is only, however, in certain climates, where the air is exceptionally pure and dry, that meat can be dried in this way; and it would be quite useless to try such a method in our country.

The North American Indians very often pounded their hard-dried meat in wooden mortars, until it was reduced to a dust as fine as sawdust. This dust was packed in bladders or skin bags, and carried by the Indians wherever they went. It was their staple food, eaten at every meal, as we eat bread, and many a European traveller has been glad to take with him a supply of the Indians' pemmican, as they called it, when he was about to make a journey into some unexplored country. A few of the northern tribes, which catch large quantities of fish, still make a pemmican of dried fish pounded and mixed with sturgeon's oil.

Another very common way of preserving meat is to dry it slowly over a fire. As this can hardly be done without smoking it, the meat is usually described as smoked. Some of the North American Indians practise this method, but it seems to be more commonly adopted in South America. The Indians of Brazil set up four posts round a fire, lay a network of branches across the top of the posts, and placing their game or fish upon the top of all, slowly smoke and dry it. The flesh smoked in this way will keep fresh for a long time. The natives of Brazil call the frame upon which they smoke the joints a boucan; and because the West Indian pirates of former days were men who 'boucanned' for a living before they took to piracy, they were called boucaniers or buccaneers.

Although the Indians adopt these methods with every success, yet, if we were to ask them how it is

that meat can be preserved by such means, they would not be able to give us a satisfactory answer. Only a modern scientist, who is able to use a microscope, and experiment with chemicals and scientific apparatus, could make the matter a little clearer. He would tell us that numbers of tiny living organisms, or germs, far too small to be seen by the unaided eye, are floating in the air, and when they fall upon the surface of a piece of meat, they begin to grow at the expense of the meat, spreading somewhat like a patch of moss on a wall. As they grow, they break up the meat in a peculiar way, which we describe by saying that it is going bad. These tiny organisms will only grow in certain conditions. They requre warmth and moisture, for instance. If, therefore, the meat can be quickly dried in a pure air and dry climate, as the Indians do it, the germs cannot develop, and the meat remains wholesome. If, on the other hand, it can be frozen, as it usually is in Arctic countries, the same result will be obtained. And lastly, if the meat may be preserved in some vessel from which the air and the germs which it contains may be excluded, the meat will undergo no change. This is the method which is adopted when meats are canned, and it is the most scientific and perfect of them all.

W. A. Atkinson.

WEIGHING WORDS.

WEIGH your words before you speak them,
Or most surely you will find
That the weight you mean to give them
Has been somehow left behind.

Swiftly spoken — soon unheeded;
Ill considered — worthless quite,
For the meaning that they needed,
Half expressed has left them light.

Reason holds the scale to weigh them,
Tests their value as she ought;
Then, by all means, ere we say them,
Let's throw in some golden thought.

John Lea.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 14.)

A VOICE came apparently from the far end of Big School. 'Why out of bounds?' it asked. 'Why out of bounds?' It was an odd, unnatural, high-pitched voice. Gerald had heard just such a voice before. He puzzled his wits to remember where. Then it came to him that a professional ventriloquist whom he had heard at an entertainment spoke just like that!

The Head Master had stiffened, and was looking keenly in the direction from which the words had come. 'Who asked that question?' he demanded sharply. 'Let the boy stand up at once!'

The only response was a repetition of the question, but now it seemed to come from the other side of Big School under Gerald's gallery. The Head Master looked puzzled, but only for a moment. His sallow cheeks seemed to have flushed a trifle, and his eyes were brighter than ever. 'This performance will have to be paid for!' he said grimly. 'It will be best for the performer to ——'

'Why out of bounds? Why out of bounds?' came the wailing voice promptly, but now apparently from the very dais itself! Gerald could see the semicircle of seated masters whispering together. Some of them were smiling, others looked furiously angry. The benches in the galleries and body of Big School were no longer silent. Their occupants had broken out into laughter and murmurs of talk. It was a startling change from the quiet discipline that had reigned before. Gerald heard an old stager behind him mutter, 'It's Berthold, of course! It's bound to be him, I bet!' 'Yes,' answered another voice, 'no one else would have the cheek!'

Gerald heard the name Berthold from other whisperers around him. It seemed to be murmured with a certain almost reverent admiration. He himself was too much puzzled and surprised to be amused. He could only stare at the Head Master with a kind of fascination.

The Head was the very man to take charge of such a situation. If a weaker man had been standing upon the dais, the school might easily have got altogether out of hand. But that slim, dark man raised one long finger very coolly, and instantly there was silence. He possessed what is known as personal magnetism.

'Kindly remember that I wish for silence,' he said quietly. 'Unless the boy who is responsible for these questions stands up instantly, to-morrow, instead of being a half-holiday as usual, will be a whole-school day!'

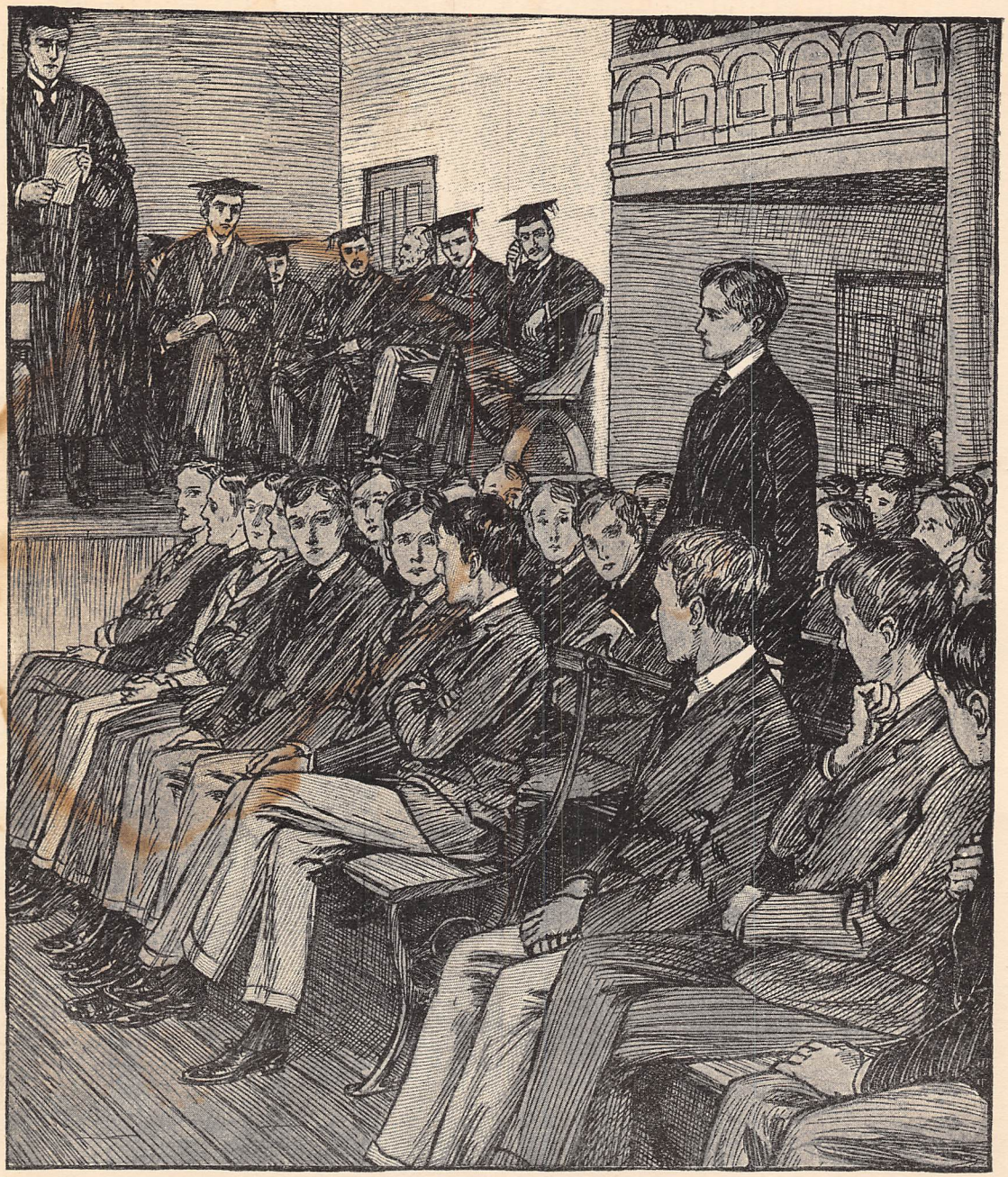
There was a hushed pause of perhaps a full minute, and then a boy stood up in the utter silence.

From the gallery Gerald could see him clearly. He was a tall, slight boy with a face oddly pale and quiet. He seemed utterly indifferent as to his position at that moment. His wide mouth was pulled a little down at the corners, as though he was bored or tired, and his eyes looked very listlessly at the Head Master. They were rather strange, greenish eyes, as Gerald learned later. So the boy stood for a moment, the centre of five hundred pairs of eyes, most of them admiring. For his own part he seemed to be thinking of something else.

'Berthold will wait and speak to me when the school is dismissed,' the Head said calmly. 'I shall now read out the list.'

Gerald took no interest at all in the names of the Sixth Form, nor even of the Fifth. Danvers appeared to think that the Lower Fifth might possibly contain his own name, but he was not seriously disappointed when it was missing. He whispered as much to Gerald. The names went on, through the Upper Middle and Lower Middle Forms, and still Wilding and Danvers were not mentioned. Gerald was grimly resigned, he had expected nothing else, but Danvers began to be restless. 'Some mistake's been made,' he hissed to Gerald. 'They must have left me out!' Gerald hinted with the point of his elbow that he would prefer silence at the moment from Danvers.

The Head Master was dealing now with the names of the Lower School. The Remove, the Fourth, and the Third were read out in turn, and at last there remained only the Second, the lowest form of all. Danvers was excitedly indignant by now, Gerald still only resigned. Ah, at last! 'Wilding, Danvers,' and then no other names! They had scraped in together at the very bottom of the school!



"A boy stood up."

As they clattered out with the rest, Danvers was babbling quite foolishly about 'mistakes, and writing home!' but Gerald was not even thinking about his place in the school. He was wondering what would happen to the tall, pale boy with the tired, careless eyes, whom they were leaving behind to face the Head. Somehow he could not get that boy out of his mind even when he had thankfully drawn the curtain of his compartment and had snuggled into his small bed. It was the last thing he thought of before he fell asleep. Perhaps this was fitting. For that boy was to be by far the most important figure in Gerald's first term.

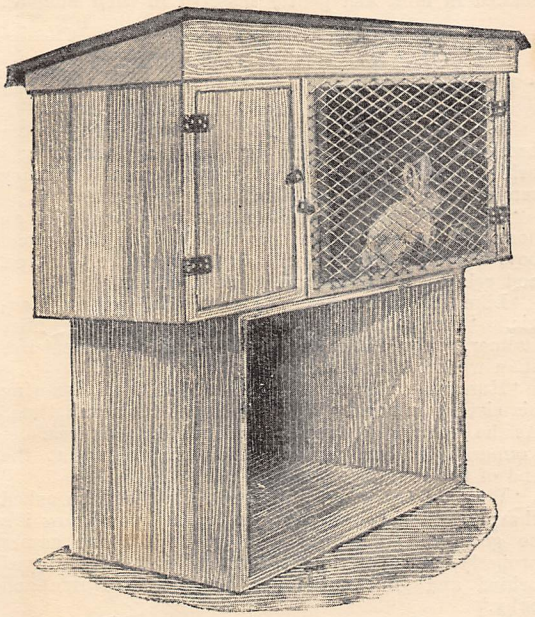
(Continued on page 30.)

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

I. — RABBITS.

FANCY rabbits were originally brought to this country from the East, from Tartary, Persia, and Asia Minor; they were not developed, as people sometimes wrongly imagine, from our own brown country rabbits.

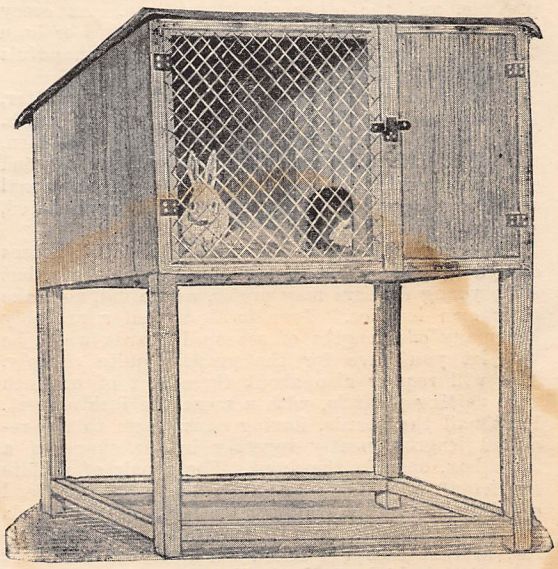
There are many different breeds, the chief being the Angoras, Belgian Hares, Dutch, Flemish, Lopps, and Silver-Greys. All these kinds are distinct in appearance and characteristics, and the easiest way to compare them is to visit a cage-bird and rabbit show, where you can study the best specimens of each breed in its own class. Personally I should advise the young fancier to start with either Dutch or Angora rabbits: both are easily tamed, and, when kindly treated, make gentle, affectionate pets; also, they require rather less care and attention than some of the others mentioned, being naturally hardy.



Rabbit Hutch with Sloping Roof.

Angoras are particularly pretty rabbits, usually white, with pink eyes and long silky hair. They grow to a great size, and if the hair is gently brushed and combed every day, their coat surpasses any other kind for its silky gloss and beauty. Dutch rabbits are in shape more like the common wild ones, with short, smooth fur; they are either fawn and white, black and white, or blue and white, and the more regular the markings, the more valuable is the rabbit.

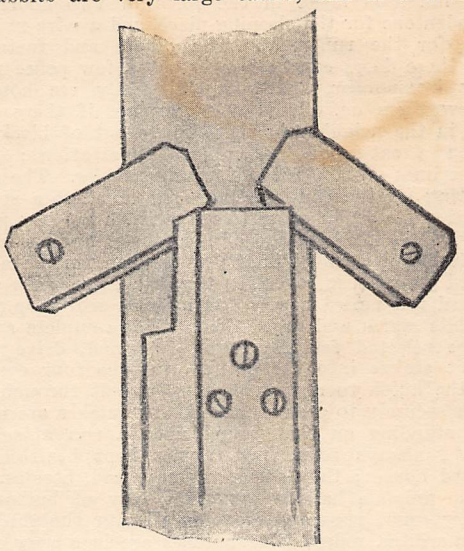
In a natural state rabbits take a lot of exercise, scampering up and down their tunnel-like burrows, or hopping about the pastures that surround their wild homes. So if you have a grass-field or lawn you can give your pets much pleasure by enclosing a small piece of it in a few yards of wire netting, every now and then, and putting the rabbits inside the enclosure for about an hour at a time. As children, after we had tamed our rabbits sufficiently, we used to let them have a run on the lawn quite unrestricted, just taking it in turns to see that they did not wander off on to the flower-beds. It was



Rabbit Hutch on Stand

very pleasant to see how much they enjoyed the treat, frisking and chasing each other all over the grass, too happy to stop for more than a nibble of clover or plantain.

Rabbits are very large eaters, and in a natural



Cat-proof Button.

state feed on a great variety of vegetable foods; so to keep them healthy you must vary their diet as much as possible. Here is a list of safe vegetables for your pets: lettuce, cabbage, parsley, carrots and their green tops, clover, dandelion leaves,

turnip-tops, green corn, cow-parsley and the finer grasses; also, in winter, turnips, Jerusalem artichokes, potatoes, and dry peas. They require two meals in the day, one as early in the morning as possible, and the other about sundown. At every meal give a saucerful of either crushed oats or bran to each full-grown rabbit, and two large handfuls of dry greenstuff.

If the food is left and trampled among the litter, it is a sure sign that they are getting too much. It is better to give a little water now and then, though rabbits are small drinkers and usually find sufficient moisture in the green food; an occasional saucer of bread and milk, too, is much appreciated, especially in winter-time.

There are many different kinds of rabbit-houses offered for sale, from fifteen shillings upwards, but some young fanciers may prefer, as we did, to make their own hutches. Your local carpenter probably has many odd lengths of seasoned boards which he will let you have for the purpose quite cheaply. You will require also about three feet of one-inch wire netting (that is, with a mesh one inch across). First nail the boards, having sawn them to the required lengths, neatly together in the shape of a large box, open in the front. For a pair of rabbits the length should be four feet, the width two and a half feet, and the height three feet. If your tools and skill suffice for a sloping roof so much the better, in that case the hutch need only be two feet seven inches high at the back. Every hutch should have two compartments, as rabbits like a dark private place to sleep and make their nest in. So divide off eighteen inches of the box for this with thin boards, leaving an opening nine inches square for the rabbit to go in and out by. The front of the hutch is made in the form of two doors; a wooden one for the sleeping-place, and a wire netting one for the run part. The hinges and fasteners for these doors can be bought for a few pence from any ironmonger, and you will easily see how to screw them on. It is a good plan, if there is a cat in the neighbourhood, to make out of blocks of wood a cat-proof button (see illustration); cats sometimes get too fond of young rabbits. The wire netting for the run door must be nailed to a strong wooden frame, in order to make it fit the box properly. The disadvantage of home-built hutches being their liability to let in the wet, when you have finished your house cover the top, back, and sides with tarred felt nailed neatly down. This will keep your rabbits warm and dry. When all is complete and a place selected for the hutch to stand, drive four stout stakes into the ground, for the four corners of the hutch to rest upon, then nail it through the floor securely to each stake. Many hutches are made for standing on the ground with a run attached; but I always found my rabbits kept healthier in raised houses; they are less damp, and, besides, the little animals have a provoking way of burrowing underground runs and escaping all over the garden.

In winter, unless your hutches are in a very sheltered spot, they should be moved under a shed or outhouse, for rabbits are very susceptible to cold winds. The bedding, which should be clean dry straw, not hay, must be changed every week to avoid bad odours, and the floor carefully scraped and a little fine earth sprinkled over it before the fresh litter is put in.

When there is a family of baby rabbits, the doe, (female) makes a nest, for which she strips off much of her own soft fur; directly she begins to do this, the buck (male) must be put in a separate hutch, or otherwise he may kill the young. You must be very careful, too, not to disturb the mother rabbit in any way while her little ones are in the nest, or she may destroy and even eat them all. See that she has plenty of food all day long, and do not change the bedding until the young have left the nest for good. The little rabbits are born quite blind and helpless, and are covered only with soft velvety down. After five days they open their eyes, and then soon begin to come outside the nest. At a month they feed themselves, but they should be left with the mother until they are six weeks old.

Should the doe happen to die when her babies are still helpless, it is quite possible to bring them up by hand. They must be put in a flannel-lined basket near a fire, and fed by means of a tiny bit of flannel soaked in milk and gently inserted in their mouths.

I. E. N.

CHARLIE'S ADVENTURE.

'WE will walk over to Denton Wood and then start out from there to seek adventures.'

So announced Cyril Russell to his four younger brothers and sisters, as the garden door banged behind them, and a distant voice from the nursery reminded them to 'run about and keep warm.'

'Yes, and we will only allow ourselves half an hour for the expedition this time,' added the second boy, George, 'then we will all meet at the oak-tree, and relate our adventures to each other.'

'Like The Canterbury Tales people,' put in Maggie. 'I'm learning about them now with Miss Palmer, only they had more exciting adventures than we do, somehow.'

'Hurry up, all of you,' commanded Cyril, ignoring his sister's remark. 'We haven't got too much time.' As he spoke he caught sight of his six-year-old youngest brother, who was loitering along at the end of the little procession.

'Why on earth did you come, Charlie?' he asked sharply. 'I never meant you to, and you know it's no good your coming. You can't play our games properly, and you might just as well have stayed behind and gone out for a walk with Nurse and baby.'

Charlie's face fell, and he only retorted feebly that he 'wanted to come.'

'I'm sure Charlie will be good and enjoy it,' put in Maggie, hastily trying to avert a storm.

'He's certain to do something annoying,' grumbled George. 'Last time he fell into the pond, and the time before he got lost for hours, and gave us all a jolly good fright.'

'Yes, and another time he let all those horses out of the field by leaving the gate open,' continued Cyril, 'and a fine row there was.'

Little Charlie's lips quivered as these reminiscences were dragged to light. His brothers were great heroes in his eyes, and he hated being thought babyish and a nuisance. Maggie was thankful that at this moment they reached their destination, for she understood how easily Charlie's sensitive feelings were wounded. Certainly all that Cyril had said was true. The little boy had an unhappy knack of getting them into scrapes and difficulties.

The little party collected round their rallying-place, an old oak-tree at the edge of Denton Wood; and Cyril, as leader, gave them their orders.

'We meet again at half-past three, on this spot,' he announced. 'George, you take the path past the pond; Maggie, round to the left; Doris, you must walk straight on past the old barn; and I'm going down this path to the heart of the wood. Charlie, it's no good your going out to seek adventures, it isn't really. We simply can't have another fuss with Nurse, like last week. It'll only mean that we shall all be stopped going out alone. Can't you stay just round about here and pick bluebells?'

'Mayn't he come with me?' put in Maggie.

'No, no, of course not,' replied Cyril. 'You know it is the most special rule of the game that we go singly. Charlie will be all right here getting bluebells to decorate the schoolroom, won't you, old boy?'

'Oh, yes,' agreed Charlie, bravely concealing his disappointment. 'I shall be quite all right, and I will pick heaps of bluebells.'

'That's all right,' said George. 'You can't get into mischief here, at any rate.'

'Quick march,' commanded Cyril, and the four started out in their different directions.

Charlie watched them all vanish into the distance with a heavy heart. How hopeless it was to be so young! How he longed to be eleven like Cyril, or even a year younger — the age that George had attained. However, he sensibly decided to make the best of a bad job, and picked laboriously at the bluebells that grew in thousands about his feet.

It was very dull work, and, when he had gathered two large bunches of the flowers, Charlie flung himself on the ground at the foot of the oak-tree, and decided that he had picked quite enough, and was not going to bother about getting any more. A rustle in the branches above made him look up, and, to his great delight, he caught sight of a bright-eyed little squirrel skipping from branch to branch. In a minute Charlie was on his feet, and scrambling up the thick trunk of the tree. He climbed up to the first branch, and then on to the second; but the lively little animal had darted away meanwhile, so his quest was fruitless. However, the big branch afforded a comfortable seat, and Charlie thought he would wait there till his brothers and sisters returned.

He had not been on his perch for more than two minutes when he heard quick footsteps approaching, and he leaned forward to see which of the party had returned first. To his surprise, he saw a dark, burly figure emerge from the glade and throw himself on the ground immediately under the tree in which he, Charlie, was concealed.

A full five minutes passed; then again Charlie heard quick footsteps coming towards him. How he hoped it was Cyril or George! He leaned forward breathlessly once more, and then a gruff voice beneath him made him start back.

'Well, here you are at last; and you have kept me waiting well nigh on ten minutes. Done any good?'

It was his undesirable companion who spoke, and as he did so he lowered his voice and looked round.

'Yes; I've found out everything,' returned the newcomer. 'Family all dining out to-night — cook and housemaid left in charge. Can get in by the conservatory, and the plate's all in the dining-room. Easy as winking.'

'And where's the big Cup kept?' demanded the first man gruffly.

'Oh! not so easy. That's upstairs in the old man's dressing-room. Still, it's an easy lock, and we're safe to get it.'

'Well, we had best be off now,' rejoined his companion. 'You go back by the wood, and don't be late again to-night — eight o'clock sharp, remember, corner of Forest Road.'

Without further discussion they parted. Charlie waited breathlessly until they were out of sight; then he slid down from the tree on to the ground, and, without hesitating for a minute, scampered off towards the village. His heart beat quickly with excitement, and he ran faster than he had ever run in his life before. What an adventure! Now Cyril would no longer be able to despise him because he was too young to play at 'seeking adventures.' This was quite the most exciting one they had ever had; and to think that he, Charlie, would be the means of saving the Doctor's house from being burgled! He knew that it was the Doctor's house that the men had spoken of, for the 'big cup' was certainly the Rifle Club Challenge Cup that had just been won by the Doctor.

At last the police-station was reached, and Charlie was telling his story to a stern-looking official, who asked a great many questions, and wrote down the answers in a big note-book. When he had finished he told Charlie that he was a sharp little chap, and he was much obliged to him.

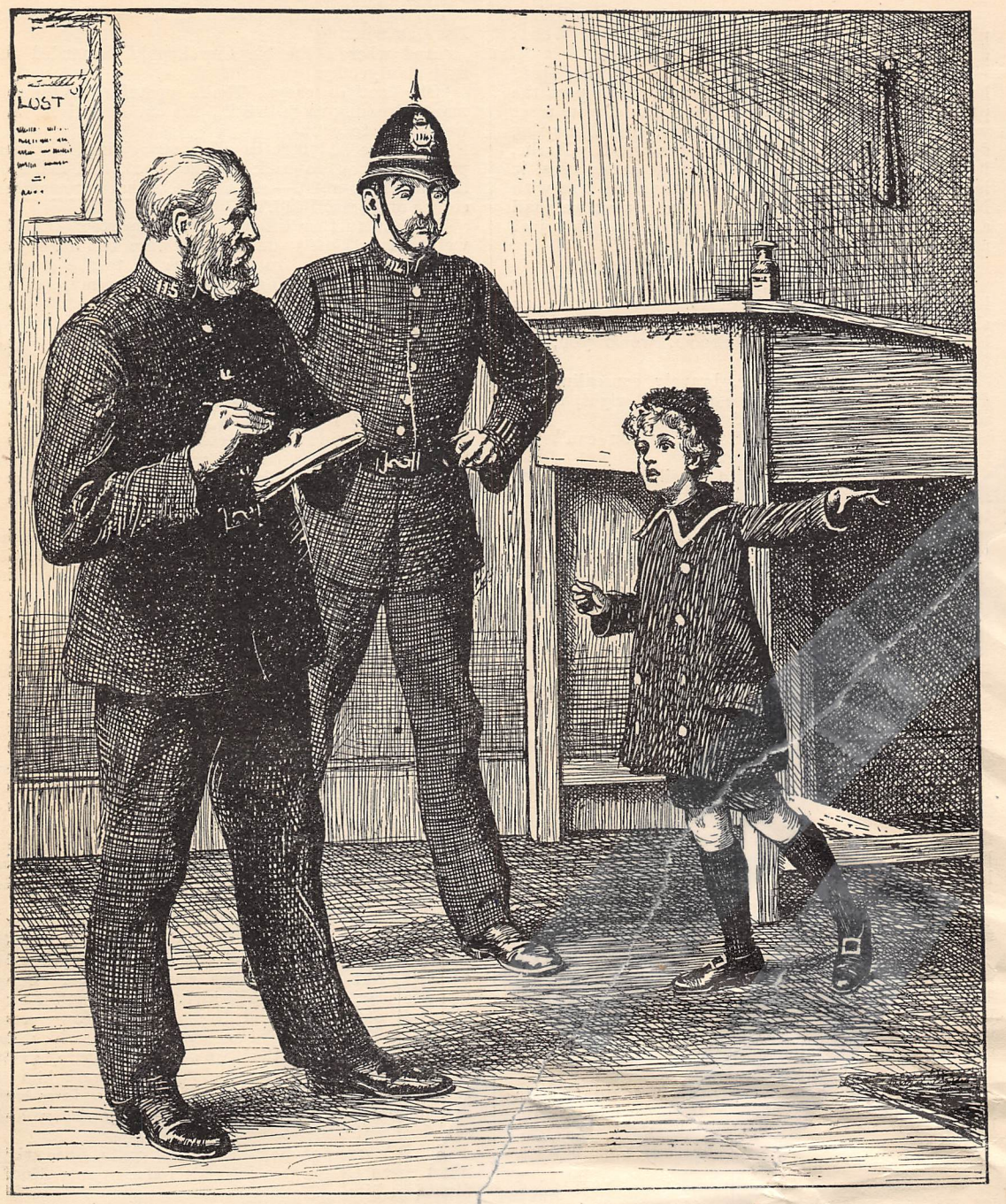
It did not take the 'sharp little chap' many minutes to run home from the police-station. The moment of real happiness was yet in store for him — the relating of his adventure to his brothers and sisters, and the joy of hearing Cyril's surprise and praise when he should hear all about it. When he reached home he found everybody searching the house and garden for him, all in a great state of mind at his being missing. But the excitement there was when he told them the whole story of his adventure! His brothers and sisters listened in speechless amazement, and his mother and nurse were delighted. Altogether Charlie was the hero of the evening.

'It's rather funny that you are the only one of us who had a real adventure,' remarked Maggie later in the evening; 'and you weren't playing the game at all. We had such a stupid time. Doris lost her way, and got back awfully late; and I tore my coat on a gate, and Nurse is dreadfully cross about it. Cyril found a grass-snake, which he brought back; but that isn't an adventure, as it didn't bite him, and it wouldn't have hurt him if it had; and George had a fight with a farm-boy, and his father came out, and was very angry, and said he'd write and tell Father.'

Charlie's cup of happiness was quite filled that night when Cyril came into his room to say 'Good-night' to him.

'It was jolly sporting of you to go straight off to the police like that,' he said. Then, after a pause, he added awkwardly, 'You will have to join in our games now, Charlie. I'm sorry I was unkind about it this afternoon. You see, I didn't know what a sportsman you were; but you got jolly well ahead of us to-day. Good-night.'

V. M. Smith.



"Charlie was telling his story to a stern-looking official."

The Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia.

EMPIRES AND EMPERORS.

I.—MENELEK OF ETHIOPIA.

MENELEK, Emperor of Abyssinia, calls himself by the proud title of 'King of Kings,' and claims to be a direct descendant of King Solomon.

The Abyssinians are Christians: they were converted about the year 600 A. D. by some monks from Egypt, and though the Mohammedans have for centuries made fierce attacks and tried their utmost to force the Abyssinians to adopt their religion, it has been in vain. Abyssinia has been well described as 'a Christian island set in the midst of a stormy Moslem sea,' for all the surrounding nations are followers of Mahomet.

Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, is a very mountainous country, in the heart of which lie the sources of the Blue Nile, and from its fertile valleys and hill-sides the tropical rain washes down that red loam which is carried by the Nile and Atbara through many miles of desert, till it fertilises the whole of Egypt.

There is no architecture worth mentioning in the country: the villages are perched like eagles' nests on the top of the steepest hills, this position being chosen partly with a view of avoiding surprise by a warlike enemy, and partly as a defence against lions, &c.

Wild animals abound: besides lions there are numerous hordes of elephants, panthers, hippos, giraffes, antelopes, buffaloes, and many others, adding much to the joy of the hunter and the danger of the traveller.

The climate varies: in the valleys it is intensely hot. To avoid the danger of sunstroke it is quite usual for an Abyssinian to fix a bit of mutton fat at the back of his head-dress, so that the fierce sun, whilst beating down on him, melts the fat, which runs down over the back of his neck, and keeps his skin soft and moist.

As you climb the hills the climate gets gradually cooler: sugar-cane, cotton, bananas, &c., which flourish in the hot valleys, now give place to the vine and peach-trees, and maize and wheat can be grown; and above nine thousand feet are excellent pastures.

Whether or no the Emperor Menelek be really descended from Solomon cannot now be proved; but he has at any rate some of the wisdom of his reputed forefather, as the following anecdote will prove.

Menelek was sitting one day in patriarchal style to try such difficult cases as were beyond the power of the local chiefs, when two men were brought before him—one accusing the other of having caused the death of his brother. It seemed that the 'defendant,' as we should call him, had been gathering figs, and in shaking the branches had accidentally fallen on a man standing under the tree and killed him.

His brother now demanded the life of the defendant, and was not to be pacified with the offer of 'blood-money' which the other was willing to pay.

'I want his life! he took my brother's life!' said the man, with flashing revengeful eyes. 'What is money? I want his life. It is the law of Moses.'

'But this was an accident,' said the Emperor; 'it is not as if he had meant to kill your brother.'

'It is the law! An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' said the man, sullenly.

The Emperor nodded. 'You shall have the law,' he said, calmly; 'the man shall die, but he must die in the same way as your brother did. You must go up the same fig-tree and fall on him, as he did on your brother. Thus shall the law be fulfilled!'

The revengeful man was not, however, prepared to 'fulfil the law' in his own person, and the matter was allowed to drop.

Sometimes, however, things would not end so quietly, for Menelek's stern face was not given him for nothing. A refractory chief was summoned before him, and received from the Emperor's own hands a sound thrashing, administered with a stout cane. This was to punish him for raiding his neighbour's territory, and he was sternly bidden to 'Go home, and cultivate your land.'

At one time agriculture and industry of any sort was much despised by the chiefs, but of late years matters are improving in this respect, and Menelek sets them a good example. His hobby is machinery: he has a truly mechanical mind, and takes the deepest interest in every modern invention, having a special engine-room in his palace fitted up with all the latest devices. He visits this room daily, and is able himself to manage the most intricate machines. One result of this is that the rivers in his kingdom are gradually being spanned by bridges as good as those in any European State.

Menelek is a popular monarch, and though some of his methods may seem to us a little drastic, there is no doubt he rules his people in the way that suits them.

E. A. B.

GLUED CLOTHES.

IN Korea needle and thread are uncommon; the tailor uses instead a fine, strong glue, which is made from fish. Thus he does not (as an English tailor would do) bring the edges of his cloth together, and then slowly unite them by means of stitches. He slightly overlaps the edges, brushes on a little glue, then puts the garment aside to dry.

COWARDY-CUSTARD'S PLUCK.

'AM I a very big coward, Ronnie?'

Ronnie laughed. 'Of course you're not a big anything—you're about as small as you can be. You're a little coward, though.'

'If I walked over the plank across the stream should I be quite brave?'

'No, because you're not afraid to.'

'Must you do something you're afraid to do before you can be brave?'

'Yes.' Ron spoke with great decision. 'And the more afraid you are, the braver you are when you do it.'

His little brother thought this over for several minutes in silence.

'It's dreadfully hard,' he said at last.

'Awfully hard! You would be a mighty hero if ever you did it, Custard,' said Ronnie carelessly, lying on his back, watching the swallows skim overhead.

They were picnicking on the downs by themselves on a glorious summer afternoon.

The two, though brothers, were absolutely opposite in character. Ron, bold and fearless, would do anything, dare anything, while Georgie or Custard ('Cowardy Custard,' as he was sometimes called) was shrinking and timid, reverently admiring all Ron did, but not daring to follow him; yet, as is

often the case, his great longing was to be as brave as he thought his brother.

'See me make those sheep run!' said Ronald after a while, jumping up; lying still was not much in his line, and mischief was.

No one was in sight to stop them. To throw up their arms and shout, and then watch the silly sheep scampering away, crowding and jostling each other in their efforts to get out of the way, proved rare fun. But the tables were soon turned when an old man with shaggy grey whiskers and a terrible voice rose from behind a heap of stones. What was worse, he was accompanied by a large fierce-looking dog, which growled at the strangers, and he carried a big stick.

He roared out something they could not hear properly. Ron turned and fled, dragging his young brother with him, for a man with a stick is not to be trifled with.

'Ronnie,' gasped Custard as they tore alone, 'why don't you stop and tell him it was only play?'

'He wouldn't understand; I can't talk their lingo,' returned the elder brother, privately doubting if the man would think it being 'only play' any excuse.

'But it would be braver than running away,' persisted the little boy.

'You muff!' cried Ron, 'he would most likely have set the dog on us.'

'Would you have been frightened then?'

'Oh! shut up, Custard!' exclaimed the elder boy, adding as an afterthought, 'folk have to run sometimes. There's Mother — cut along and meet her.'

'Mother,' said Custard that night when he was going to bed, 'is the old man on the downs a shepherd?' He was a very thorough little boy and liked to get to the bottom of things.

'Yes, dear, he lives quite alone in a little hut up there and minds his sheep; he very seldom comes down, hardly ever, in fact, but once a week they take him up his supplies of food. He is rather a queer old man, I think.'

'He's got a dreadful dog.'

'Yes, I believe his dog is very fierce and will obey no one but his master,' answered Mother, putting out the light.

After that the boys often saw the old shepherd in the distance, but they took care to keep well away from him and his flock of sheep.

One evening towards the end of the summer, when the nights were beginning to get cold and there had been a great deal of rain, Mother and Ronnie went away to London for a whole day; they were going to meet Father and bring him back, but as they would be very late Custard was not to sit up; so he went to bed at the usual time. But he was much too excited to sleep. Instead, he lay with wide-open eyes watching the stars come out in the still, blue sky, and listening to the ticking of the clock.

It seemed very quiet downstairs; the little boy would have been frightened had he known that Betsy, the maid, had run out at the back for a few moments' gossip with a neighbour.

He lay listening, and presently he heard an odd noise, like a dog scratching at the front door and whining.

'I expect it's Ponto — he often comes up from the village. I think I'd better let him in, Betsy can't hear him,' said Custard to himself, getting out of bed. 'I expect I'd better put my dressing-gown on,' he went on, 'and my slippers. How quiet it is downstairs!'

It was, very quiet, and the little boy was rather scared as he went down, but the thought of the neighbour's friendly dog outside was very comforting, and Custard never hesitated as he opened the front door.

What was his dismay to find it was not the friendly Ponto whining and scratching, but the fierce, big dog of the old shepherd!

Poor little Custard shrieked with fright as the creature bounded upon him and rolled him over on the soft matting. He sat up, a yell half-way, when he stopped suddenly and looked at the dog. It was standing looking at him, swishing its great tail to and fro. As soon as he scrambled to his feet again, it came close, and taking a fold of his dressing-gown in its mouth, began to pull him towards the door.

'What do you want, Doggie?' said Custard timidly, reaching out his hand to pat the shaggy head.

The dog dropped his gown and bounded to the garden gate, then stopped and looked back.

'Come along!' it seemed to say, 'do come along!' and down the path went Custard.

The dog went on a little way up the road, then stopped again to see if he was following.

'I oughtn't to come, Doggie,' said Custard, pattering after him, 'but there's no one else.'

So they went on up over the road that led to the downs and on to the grass. The little boy was glad when they got to the grass; it was nice and soft to walk on and the dog kept close, only going a short distance in front all the time. On they went until presently Custard heard a groan, and the dog seemed to jump into a ditch; Custard trotted to the edge and looked down, and there, in a deep ditch, lay the poor old shepherd, while his dog stood by him, looking up trustingly at the little boy.

'Are you hurt, old man?' asked Custard.

''Tis my rheumatism, sir; it be awful bad, and I was took sudden and just toppled over, and I can't get up.'

'I can't help you,' said the little boy almost in tears. 'I'm too small.'

'If you take this lantern and wave it and shout, perhaps some one would come,' said the old man with many groans.

So Custard scrambled down into the ditch and took the lantern from the old man's waist, lighted it, and waving it in the air, shouted with all his baby strength. How very tiny his voice sounded out on those great downs! It seemed that no one ever would hear him.

Custard's arms ached, for the lantern was heavy, and his call was getting very pitiful when he saw lights suddenly begin dancing up the road from the village. Then he did not remember much more till Ronnie's voice cried, 'Here he is, Father, and — oh, I say!'

He was lifted in a pair of strong arms, and there were lots of lights and talking, and then he went to sleep again and never woke until the sun shone brightly in at his window the next day.

Sitting at breakfast on his father's knee Custard told them all about it; then Ron must have his say.

'They have taken the old shepherd down to the hospital and put another man in his place till he's better, and the old dog came down with him, but he's so fierce no one will go near him even to feed

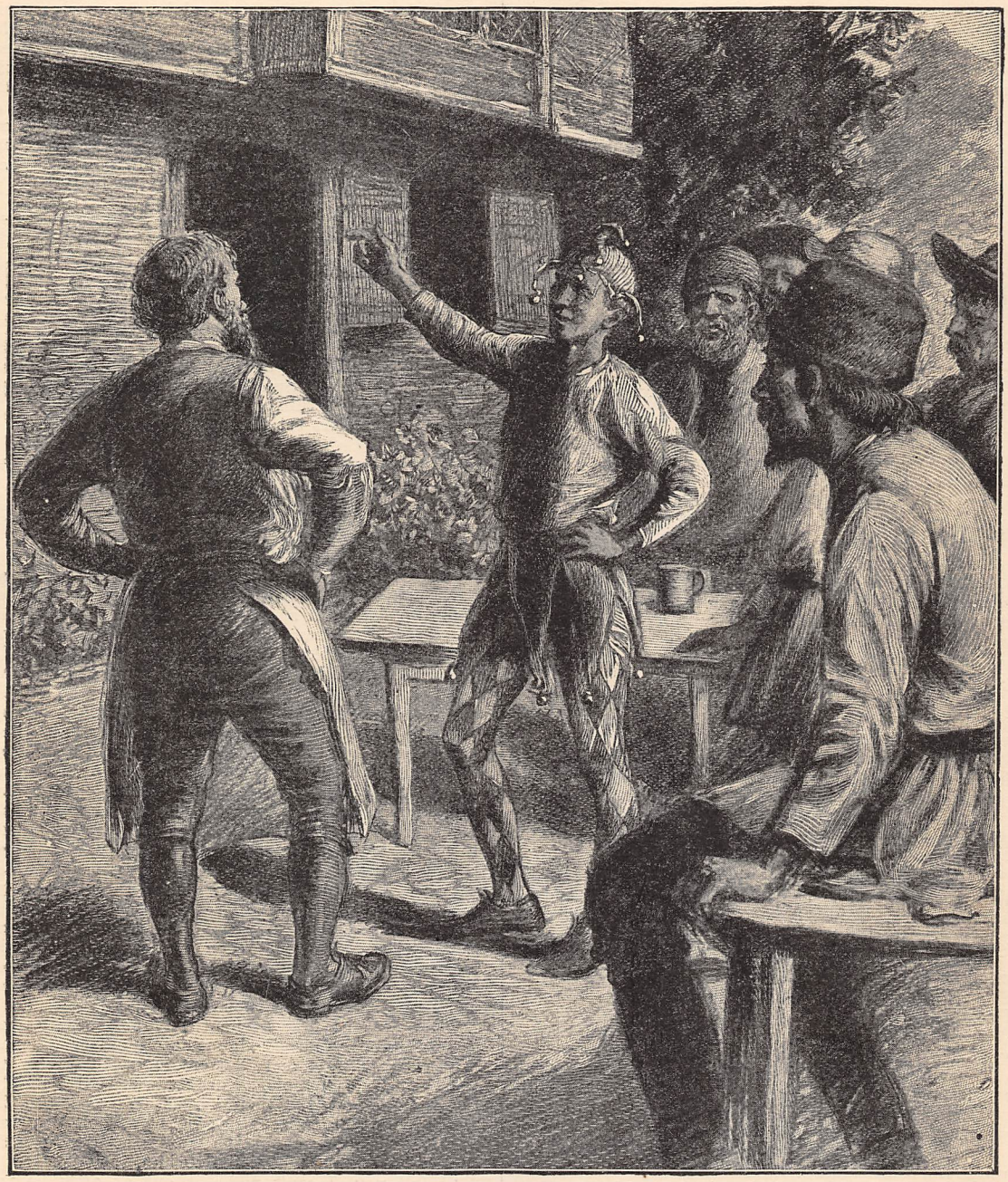
"The dog was standing looking at him."

him, and they want you to go and see if you can do it, Custard.'

'Of course I will — he's a nice dog,' declared the little boy. 'Father,' he added, 'I was frightened.'

'Poor little man, I expect you were, but I think we must change your name, and call you, not Cowardy-Custard, but St. George and the Dragon!'

M. E. Heward.



"'I undertake to jump higher than your house.'"

THE JUMPING HOST.

An Austrian Legend.

NOT far from the town of Efferding, in Upper Austria, a fine old inn is still to be seen, which was known for many years as the 'Springerwirt,' or 'Jumping Host' Inn. Besides the customary wreath of fir branches hanging on a pole, a large, gaily-coloured sign-board attracted the attention of the wayfarer. The chief figure on the board was a harlequin, in the act of leaping in the air, and holding his cap, covered with bells, in his hand. The inn received its title in the following manner: —

Many years ago, on a warm afternoon in summer,

a party of peasants might have been seen sitting at the tables before the house dozing after the labours of the week. A drowsy stillness pervaded the air, and even the most talkative members of the party had gradually lapsed into silence.

Then the old watch-dog pricked up his ears, and the peasants opened their sleepy eyes; for the notes of a rollicking song, sung by a fresh young voice, sounded in the distance. A few minutes later, a wandering harlequin appeared in sight and sauntered up to the inn without breaking off his song.

'Hallo, landlord! Give me a good meal,' cried the new-comer, taking a vacant seat.

'By your leave,' said the landlord after serving his customer, 'may I ask who you are, and whither you are bound?'

'I am a travelling harlequin. My name is Rothard, and my equal is not to be found in the length and breadth of the land. You may judge of my skill when I tell you that during the last few weeks I have exhibited my art before kings and princes.'

'Then give us an example of your skill.'

'Good! suppose we make a wager on it? I undertake to jump higher than your house.'

'Higher than my house?' cried the landlord in amazement, 'from the ground, and without any special preparation?'

'Simply as I walk and stand here.'

'That is impossible.'

'I offer to make a wager with you. If I spring higher than the house, the house shall be mine. Should I lose, I will pay for fifty pints of your best wine.'

'You are a fool,' cried the landlord, laughingly; 'but I agree to the terms.'

The stranger smiled, stripped off his coat and prepared to jump, while the peasants stood in a circle about him with open eyes and mouths.

'Done!' exclaimed Rothard, as he made a spring from the ground; but the soles of his feet scarcely reached the level of the top of the table.

'You are wiling away the time,' said the host, good-humouredly; 'well, you will have to pay dearly enough for your tricks.'

'Not at all,' laughed the young man. 'I wagered that I would spring higher than your house, and I have done so. Now let the house jump. If it can over-reach my jump, the bet is yours.'

A roar of laughter greeted these words. 'That was not what I meant,' screamed the landlord.

'Perhaps not,' answered Rothard, 'but it is what I meant.'

'I will never give up my house to a rascal like you.'

'Then we shall go to law about it,' was the cool answer.

'Come to terms with him,' advised one of the bystanders, a grey-haired old farmer.

'I am quite willing to do so,' said Rothard; 'I am neither obstinate nor grasping, and'—here he turned to the angry landlord—'I am ready to offer you my hand in friendship. I have had enough of a wandering life, and I long to live peaceably under an honest roof. Take me as your assistant. I am sure neither of us will ever have cause to regret it; and your customers are certain to like my jokes and tricks.'

The landlord eagerly accepted this solution of the difficulty. Rothard proved himself to be thoroughly capable, shrewd, and witty, and he was such a universal favourite that visitors came from all parts to the country inn. Some years later a plague ravaged the country-side, and swept away the jovial Rothard, who had become part-owner of the flourishing inn. The landlord mourned his loss sincerely, and as a token of his gratitude to the founder of his good fortune, he changed the name of his inn, and had a sign-board painted, on which Rothard was depicted in the act of making his famous jump.

C. M.

THE TULIPS.

BY garden walks the tulips grow
In many a long and stately row:
Red coats and gold on either hand,
In martial glory see them stand.

For soon in royal raiment drest
The gracious Spring will be earth's guest;
And so we think the tulips gay
Are soldiers set to guard her way.

N. M. Cook.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 20.)

CHAPTER II.

GERALD overslept himself his first morning at Dunbury. When he was finally awake and had made up his mind as to where he really was, amid these strange surroundings, he became aware of the distressing fact that he had exactly nine minutes in which to make his toilet and reach Chapel before the bell stopped ringing! It had to be done and he did it. Not that he was alone in the position. Many other youths were hastily washing themselves when he emerged from his compartment for his ablutions. With his hair unbrushed and his tie discreditable, he joined the last jostling rush down the stone staircase, and a desperate sprint across the great quad landed him in the cloisters upon the last stroke of the bell. He was aware of some dozen unfortunates behind him whose names were taken as he made his way gaspingly into Chapel. That run, unhappily, was to be no novelty to Gerald in the future. He was always a slothful riser; and he was to learn that Vickers, his red-haired house master, considered lateness for Chapel to be rather a serious crime. He had the bad taste to resort to his cane upon a third repetition of the offence.

There was no first lesson that first morning, and so breakfast followed immediately after Chapel. Afterwards Gerald and Danvers found their way to the Second Form room. Danvers was still gloomily indignant about the mistake, as he considered it, which had placed him so low in the school. He was prepared to speak about the matter at great length to any one who would listen to him.

'I tell you, I can't make it out at all!' he remarked to Gerald as they crossed the quad.

'You'll just have to make the best of it,' Gerald suggested.

'I answered every question in all the papers, every one of them!' Danvers went on.

'I suppose you must have answered most of them wrong,' Gerald said, thoughtfully.

Danvers stopped abruptly and faced round upon

him. 'Do you want me to punch your head, Wilding?' he asked fiercely.

'No, not a bit,' Gerald answered mildly. 'But if you do I shall certainly punch yours back.'

Danvers appeared to reflect. 'I'm not sure that fighting is allowed in the quad,' he observed cautiously.

'I don't suppose it is,' Gerald answered promptly.

They moved on again, both of them welcoming the suggestion. Neither really wished to come to blows. After all, friends, even acquaintances, were dreadfully scarce in that big, strange world.

'But you might be sorry for a chap who's had such a facer!' Danvers grumbled.

'I'm in the Second too,' Gerald pointed out sensibly. 'We have both had the facer. And, anyway, you might try to talk about something else for a change!'

They walked on in a chilly silence.

It was rather an ordeal entering the Second Form room. They slipped in as quietly as possible, but failed to escape notice. About twenty boys were already gathered in the room. Three or four of them were noticeably biggish fellows. In this, the bottom form at Dunbury, as in the bottom form of most big schools, were collected the brainless, hopeless boys, those upon whom a master's efforts were entirely wasted. The very look upon the faces of those four big boys proved their cases to be beyond hope. They were almost entirely without intelligence. Sooner or later they must be superannuated. Meanwhile their lives were far from unhappy. At least one of them was fairly useful at footer, and they ruled the Second Form room, by right of muscle, like four kings. Page, Smith, Dickyns, and Kirby, were their names. For the most part they were good-natured louts. It was not often that their tyranny was cruel. Their appetites were the strongest part of them. Any small boy with money or grub could purchase their goodwill.

The great four were seated magnificently before the fire. The rest were scattered about the dingy room. Every one looked up as Danvers and Wilding entered.

'Hullo!' Kirby exclaimed. 'Our new guv'nors!'

'Come here, you two kids!' Dickyns commanded lazily.

Danvers and Gerald obeyed the mighty man's order.

'What are your names?' he asked.

They told him.

'Any good at footer? Ever played Rugby?' he went on.

They had discovered from the cap upon Dickyns's head that he too was in Vickers's house. He had a good-tempered fat face, and his great arms and legs were inclined to podginess. All the same, he had won his house badge at footer, and was considered a useful forward. Football was the saving of Dickyns. The game and grub were his sole enthusiasms.

'I have played a lot!' Danvers answered eagerly. 'Three-quarters is my place.'

'Ah!' commented Dickyns. 'Why three-quarters?'

'Well, I'm pretty fast,' Danvers answered, complacently but unwisely.

Dickyns grinned. 'Fast, are you?' he said. 'We'll soon see. Run twice round the room as hard as you can lick!'

Danvers stared doubtfully, regretting his boastfulness.

'Buck up, kid!' Dickyns commanded.

And Danvers, feeling very much of an ass, had to obey. But before he had made the round once, Dickyns pulled him up.

'I said — as hard as you can lick!' he remarked woodenly. 'I don't want to have to really buck you up.'

Danvers took the gentle hint, and by the time he had sprinted twice round the room at his best pace, colliding with forms and benches, and avoiding outthrust legs as best he might, he had learned at least one wholesome lesson: boasting by new guv'nors was not encouraged at Dunbury.

'And now what about you, kid?' Dickyns inquired, turning to Gerald.

'I've only played soccer,' Gerald answered.

Dickyns shook his great head sadly. 'Bad, rotten bad!' he remarked. 'But you'll have to buck up and learn. We're keen on footer in Vickers's.'

Kirby, who was no good at either games or work, was moved to amusement. 'Yes, you're wonders in Vickers's!' he guffawed. 'You go in for ventriloquism as well as footer!'

'Good old Berthold!' Smith chimed in. 'What did the Head do to him last night, Dicky? Did he say in the house?'

Dickyns tried, quite vainly, to convey the impression that he was on intimate terms with Berthold. But, as Gerald thought privately, it was something even to belong to the same house as that pale-faced boy who had dared to 'rag' the Head Master.

'He wouldn't say a word!' Dickyns answered regretfully. 'He shut up Proctor pretty sharply when he tried to ask questions. I heard him.'

'What'll happen?' Page asked. 'I suppose he will be birched at least?'

'I shouldn't wonder,' Dickyns agreed. 'But they do say that the head beak likes old Berthold.'

'I wonder he does,' Page said stupidly. 'He's always up to some game or other.'

'There's no one like him!' Dickyns exclaimed, with wonderful enthusiasm for him. 'My word, there's nothing he can't do. Sketch and act and sing! He will get his Eleven next year, as sure as a house, and as for his footer ——'

'Oh, shut up about footer, Dicky!' Kirby grumbled. 'You're mad about the silly game!'

'Shut up yourself!' Dickyns retorted. 'I've never seen a half to touch old Berthold! I shouldn't wonder if he made us cock-house this term.'

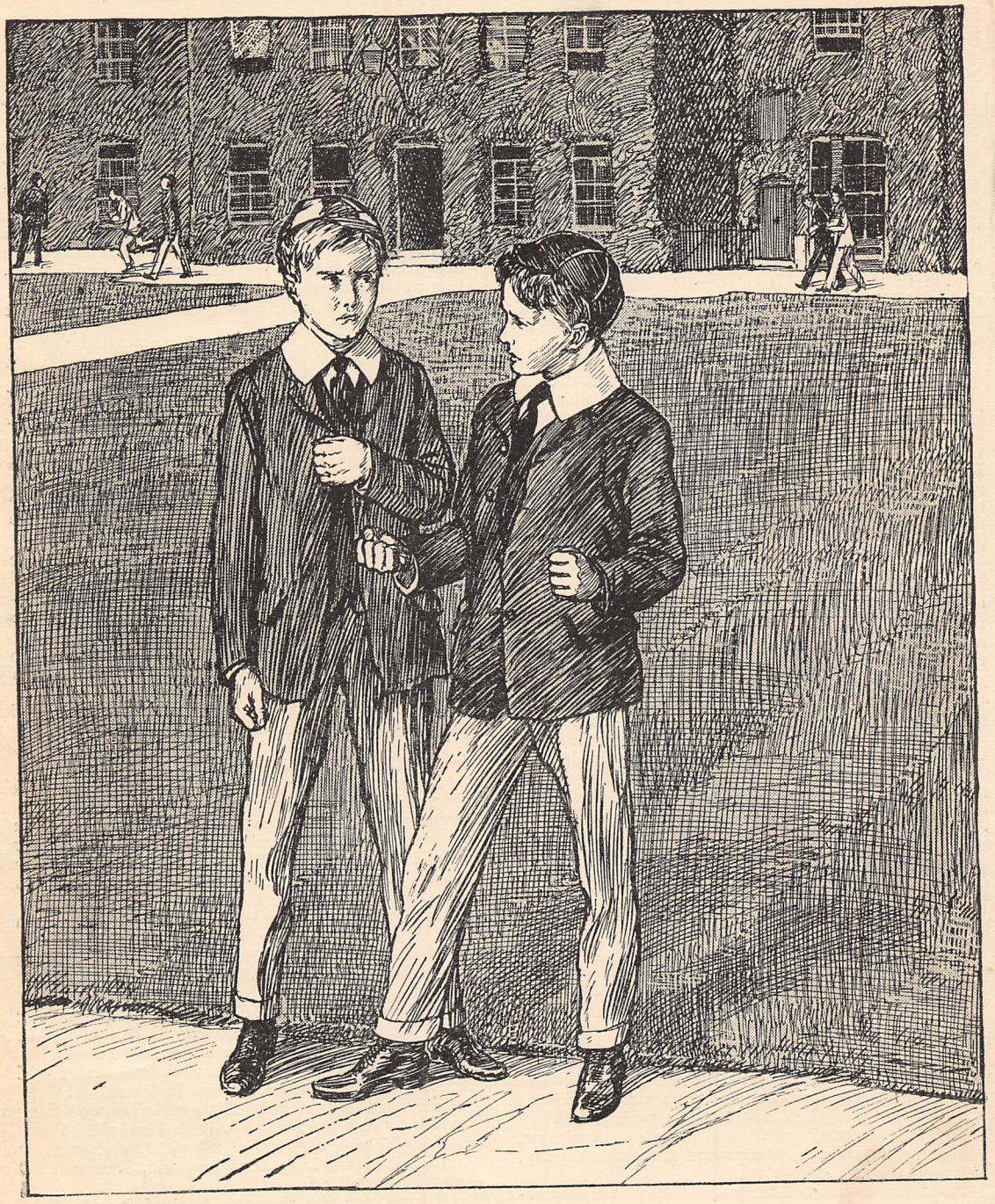
Gerald and the panting Danvers pricked up their ears at this. It was something to belong to Vickers's! But Kirby and the rest began to scoff.

'Cock-house! Why, you haven't got a single Fifteen man. And there are three in Thomas's!'

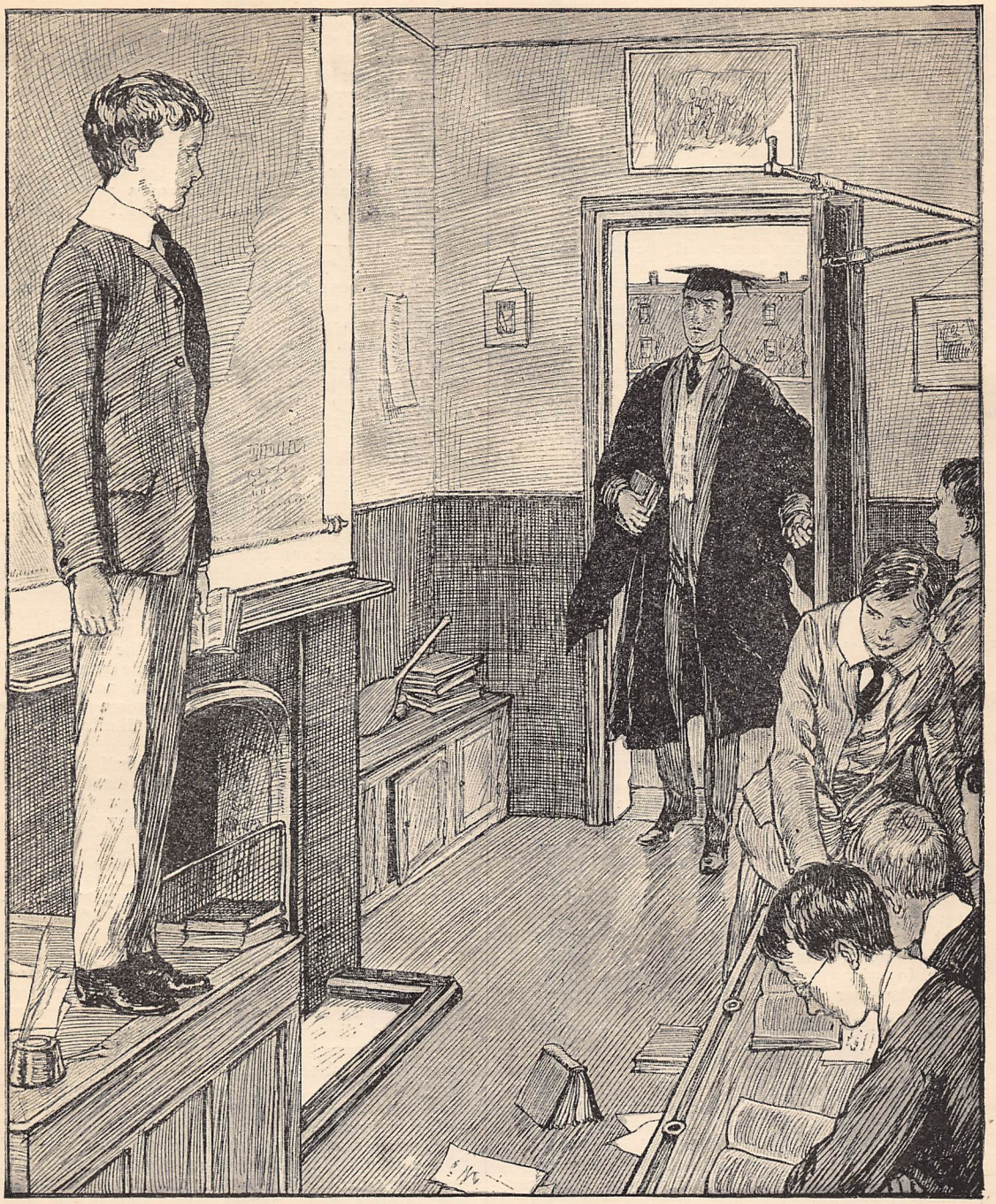
Dickyns was unmoved. His great face was always wooden. 'Never mind. We have Berthold. He will get his Fifteen this term, all right, and soon too. And besides, we have that new kid, Danvers! We know he's pretty fast!'

Danvers, for the moment deceived by the speaker's solemn face, really felt greatly pleased with himself. Then much laughter from admirers signified the fact that Dickyns — great man! — had been pleased to make a joke; and Danvers wished for the moment that he had never been born.

(Continued on Page 34.)



"'Do you want me to punch your head, Wilding?'"



"'What is your name?' he asked."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 31.)

SMITH turned his attention to Gerald. 'If you can't play footer, kid, what can you do?' he asked. 'Can you sing?'

And then Gerald in his turn wished that he might sink through the floor. He had been dreading this question since his arrival at Dunbury. In all the school-books that he had read new boys were invariably asked if they could sing; and he knew well that he could not sing a note, and he did not know the words of any song, and the very thought of the ordeal of singing before that form-room made him shiver.

'No, I can't,' he answered miserably.

'All the better!' answered the illogical Page. 'Hand me that song-book, Dicky. Now, kid, stand on that desk!' He pointed to the desk and wooden chair upon a small dais, whence the master of the Second Form struggled to instil knowledge into his wooden-headed flock. Gerald looked round him desperately, and perceived the hopelessness of resistance. The whole form were expectant. None of them were especially cruel. Most of them were simply too stupid and thoughtless to realise what such a performance meant to a sensitive boy.

Gerald stepped slowly on to the dais and thence climbed from the chair to the desk. He felt horribly lonely up there. Page handed him the song-book, which he had opened at random.

'There you are, kid!' he said. 'Sing "In happy moments!"'

Even then the irony of the title struck Gerald forcibly. This was a happy moment and no mistake!

'But I don't know the tune!' he faltered.

'Neither do I! Never mind the tune!' Page roared. 'Sing it to any old tune — to "God save the King," if you like!'

And then, just as Gerald, crimson-faced and wretched, was struggling to find what had become of his voice in his throat, and to strike up, he had an enormous stroke of good fortune. The clock clanged the quarter in the quad, there was a crisp step on the stairs outside, and an instant rush for the desks in the form-room.

'Get down, kid, get down!' Dickyns hissed good-naturedly. 'Billy's coming!'

But Gerald had the horrid feeling that one has in a nightmare, of being transfixed to the ground and unable to stir. He stood where he was upon the desk. The door opened, and a tall young man in cap and gown entered the room.

He had a pair of very keen eyes and a mouth that curved curiously at the corners. As a matter of fact, only Mr. Williams's strong sense of humour enabled him to struggle with the Second Form term after term and yet retain his sanity. His eyes flashed instantly to Gerald's figure, and then turned rather grimly to the faces watching from the desks. Apparently his survey of those sheepishly grinning faces told him that this performance was not planned in advance.

'What is your name?' he asked of Gerald.

Gerald was quite used to that question by now. 'Wilding, sir!' he answered.

Mr. Williams nodded. 'Ah, yes, a new boy in Mr. Vickers's house. I should get down from there, if I were you, Wilding,' he said quietly.

Gerald turned to scramble down, but he was so confused and miserable that he might have fallen if Mr. Williams had not stretched out a kindly hand.

'Go and sit down, Wilding,' he said.

Gerald obeyed, and 'Billy' took his seat slowly at his own desk. His mouth was set in a tight line, but he was a young man of experience and intuition. He knew that new boys did not play such tricks of their own wish; on the other hand, he had no desire to make the lot of a new boy hard or difficult by a general punishment of the real offenders.

'I shall say no more about this foolishness,' he said quietly. 'Next time the whole form will suffer, if the new boys are made to play the fool. I shall now read the list of names.'

Gerald was filled with a deep gratitude towards Mr. Williams. He had had enough experience of masters to know that things might easily have been made very unpleasant for him. 'Billy' apparently could keep up his dignity and authority, and yet afford to be lenient.

The lesson proceeded quietly enough. Gerald discovered to his joy that the form were studying an elementary book of Latin stories with which he had wrestled at his private school. He would thus be spared much painful fatigue of brain. All the same, he had every intention of working. It would be as well to get out of this bottom form as soon as possible, in spite of his liking for 'Billy.' As the work went on, Gerald, although having no high opinion of his own intellect, could not help being amazed by the density shown by Dickyns, Kirby, Smith, and Page. They seemed incapable of the simplest correct answer. Their spelling of simple English words would have been funny if it had not been sad. 'Billy' dealt with them with an unconquerable patience. He seemed to know their limitations only too well.

As a quarter to eleven struck, the bell at the lodge began to clang and the class was dismissed. Mr. Williams detained the two new boys for a brief, friendly word of advice, and then they followed the rest into the quad.

'What happens now?' Gerald asked.

'They call this the quarter,' Danvers answered. 'Every one seems to be going the same way. Yes, it's to the grub-shop! I vote we go too!'

'It sounds rather sound,' Gerald agreed. 'Come on!'

The grub-shop was a seething, fighting crowd. Within the doors of the small building a huge footer scrum seemed to be taking place. It was necessary to fight a slow way to the counter. From behind the rails perspiring attendants handed over red-hot puffs, called 'three-corners,' hot buns, and doughy scones. Every one seemed to be changing large coins. From behind the counter came a perpetual scream — 'Sov 'ere! 'Oo's sov? 'Oo's sov?' It seemed a miracle that mistakes were not made. Those who had achieved their purpose fought their way back and devoured their purchases in the open air. Gerald and Danvers, being small and rather timid, were late in being served. As they gained the doorway, puffs in hand, they found the crowd dissolving.

Danvers looked at his watch. 'Only two minutes more to get our books and find the form-room for mathematics! We shall be late!' he exclaimed.

'I mean to eat this puff!' Gerald answered very firmly. He had gone through much to get it.

'And so do I,' agreed Danvers with equal earnestness.

It meant another sprint across the quad. (Gerald was beginning to look upon the quad as a place only meant for sprinting across.) And when they had secured their books they had no notion where Mr. Baker's form-room, to which they had been told to go, might be. Long after the clock had struck they were wandering about the quad disconsolately, and when Tom the porter had at last led them to their destination, they made acquaintance with a master less merciful than Mr. Williams.

Mr. Baker was a lean, dark man, with a thin, lined face. He had a curious stutter when he tried to speak quickly, and he always seemed to be in a bad temper. From his desk he beckoned Danvers and Gerald towards him.

'Your names?' he inquired.

'Danvers and Wilding,' they told him.

'Danvers and Wilding!' he repeated fiercely. 'Why late, why late?'

'We couldn't find the form-room, sir,' Danvers explained. 'We're new boys.'

'Ah!' remarked Mr. Baker. 'New, are you? How long have you been looking for this room?'

They were silent. As a matter of fact, they had devoted some fifteen hasty seconds to the search before the clock struck. Mr. Baker appeared to possess an unholy instinct.

'Were you or were you not loafing about the grub-shop most of the quarter?' he inquired quite savagely, and some of his form tittered.

'Yes, we were there,' Gerald admitted unwillingly.

'Danvers and Wilding will stand up now, and will afterwards come to me for lines for being late,' snapped Mr. Baker, and then lifted his eyes with quite startling suddenness towards a distant bench. 'Dickyns will come to me at once and explain his reasons for imitating a hyena!' he added.

And as Dickyns shambled unwillingly up to the dais, Gerald and Danvers took their stand where Mr. Baker's lean finger had indicated; and in the hearts of both of them there was warm dislike for the mathematical master.

The lesson ended at half-past twelve, and the hour of leisure that followed was engaged in scribbling Mr. Baker's lines. Then came dinner in Hall, at which meal Gerald was amazed by the display of pickles, the private property of most of the diners, and afterwards Danvers had a suggestion to make.

'There's a Big-side game of footer on the terrace,' he said. 'Let's go and watch it. It's time you learned the rules of the game. Berthold will be playing.'

Gerald assented eagerly.

(Continued on page 46.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—Anagram Heroines of Fiction.

1. A barm story.
2. Lame Pa.
3. Eye comb, or N fled.
4. He let Wen come.
5. Near eye J.
6. Tell lentil.

C. J. B.

5. Puzzle.

Supply the blanks with names of newspapers—past or present.

The —— were hard; the feet of the —— man sounded on the frozen roadway, and the —— rose-trees in the gardens were leafless. The —— wires formed a perch for half-starved birds, and the —— showed like a —— of fire in the sky. To the —— it seemed a hard, cold ——, and, to tell the ——, it was so.

A train went by at —— speed, bearing the —— of letters from the country together with the —— from a great town. A —— description of the scene was written in ——, for those who live a ——, and do not hear the ——.

C. J. B.

(Answers on page 75.)

Answers to Puzzles on Page 3.

1.—1. Manchester. 2. Eastbourne. 3. Glastonbury. 4. Gloucester. 5. Pontefract. 6. Tewkesbury.

2.—1. Esk. 2. Indus. 3. Ouse. 4. Tweed. 5. Missouri. 6. Darling.

3.—Ireland.

India. Red. Endive. Lemon. Alice. Novelist. David. (The figures are Roman numerals.)

REARING A CUCKOO.

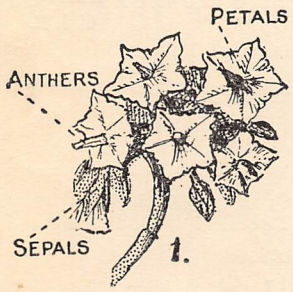
A LADY tells the readers of Nature Notes that she had the pleasure of nursing up a young cuckoo, which is not a common feat, except for the foster-mother, as the cuckoo makes no nest herself, but places her eggs in the nests of other birds. One July day her little puppy brought her a bird in its mouth, with its right wing injured; somebody at first thought it was a young hawk, another person said it was an owl, but at last it proved to be a cuckoo, thrown out of the nest perhaps. It was placed in a basket and fed every two hours with hard-boiled egg and prepared meal. After a few days the bird recovered and flew about the room. Then they patched up an old aviary, putting some boughs in it for him to rest upon. At first he seemed very happy there, but after a while he moped and would not eat. His kind keeper tried giving the poor bird lettuce and bits of soft fruit; still he got thinner, so it was decided to give him liberty. One morning he was taken on to the lawn. At first he did not seem in a hurry to move; however, he flew off and settled high up on a fir-tree. No more was seen of him that day, but the next, about two o'clock, he came down to the front of the house and chirped loudly. With a little coaxing he settled and fed out of the lady's hand, evidently having had nothing to eat since the morning before. His hunger satisfied, he went off, and he began coming four times in a day to be fed, calling till somebody attended to his wants. So tame was he in a fortnight, that he would sit on the hand and eat out of a spoon. One evening, after a heavy fall of rain, he arrived drenched and miserable, being thankful to be wrapped in flannel till dry and warm. When other showers followed he again came to be dried and made comfortable. At last, on an August evening, he had a tremendous feed about six o'clock and then disappeared.

Cris.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IS IT WE EAT?

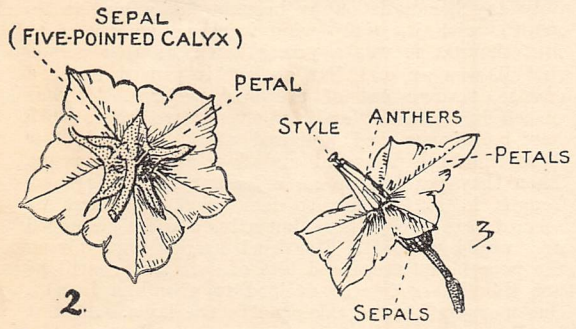
II. — ROOTS: THE POTATO.

HAVING considered the artichoke, beetroot, carrot, horse-radish, and parsnip, we come this time to that best known of all, the potato. Now I expect all my readers will at once say, 'Well, I know Sir Walter Raleigh brought that to England from America.' Yes, that I feel sure is an established fact; of course, when you make that statement you must not think that Sir Walter Raleigh came home from America bringing a number of potatoes in his pocket or in his personal luggage, but he caused them to be brought by his people, as he was much interested in them and believed they would prove of great worth in this country, in which idea he was undoubtedly right.



Potato Flowers.

To go right back in its history, the potato was certainly a native of America, but it is not exactly known in what part it first appeared. It is found wild now in the Andes. We first hear of it from Chili, and it was introduced into North America by the Spaniards, and brought from there to England in the sixteenth century and tried first in Ireland, where it has ever since been popular. Some people say it was taken to Ireland by Spaniards before Sir Walter Raleigh ever saw it; but I think we will let our old hero still have the honour of this introduction.

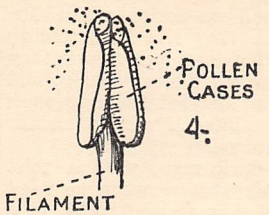


Potato Flower, from back.

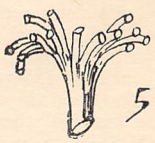
Flower, showing parts in detail.

The plant belongs to the natural order Solanaceae, and its proper name (by which I fear few of us would recognise it) is Solanum tuberosum! I am sure when you see that second word you will at once realise that that part of its name refers to its so-called 'root.' It has several very well-known relations — viz., woody-nightshade or bitter-sweet, tomato, henbane, and a very pretty climbing plant with clusters of white flowers called solanum. When you have examined the flower of the potato you will easily recognise the relatives, because the likeness is so striking.

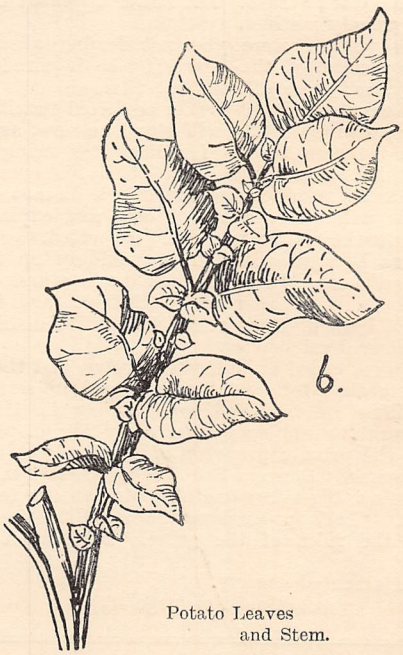
Now, in my garden, in fact in my rock garden, some time ago I saw a potato plant make its appearance. I was about to root it up when I remembered I should be writing this article soon, so although the potato had no business there I let it remain; for, thought I to myself, when I write that article I will go and dig it up and draw it just as it is, and by having it before me I shall be sure to tell of everything as it is. My plant is not what a farmer would call very well grown. There is only one main stem (one 'arm' as the farmers say), but it will answer my purpose all right. I will start to describe from the top and as I fear the flowers will fall when I dig it, I will speak of them first. I have a beautiful cluster (fig. 1); they are mauve in colour and have yellow centres. One of the peculiarities of potato plants is that you can never be sure whether the flowers will be white or mauve — you often see both in a field of the same variety. The top flower blooms first. They have five sharply pointed sepals and the five petals occur between the sepals (fig. 2, back view of the flower). The petals are first of all joined into a short tube (as also are



Potato Anther.

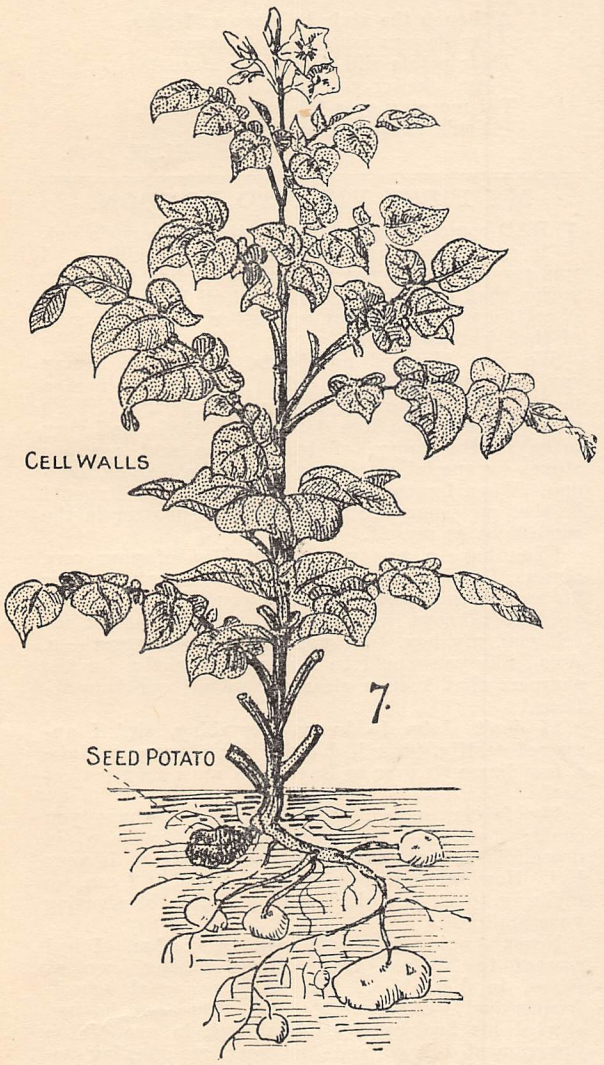


Base of Stalk after Flowers have fallen.



Potato Leaves and Stem.

the sepals), and then divide and spread out flat. In the throat of the tube are five stamens with short, thick filaments, and large yellow anthers. These anthers stand bolt upright round the pistil (fig. 3) and they let the pollen out by means of little holes at the top of the anthers (fig. 4, enlarged anther). The style (the stalk part of the pistil) is long, thin, and green, and its stigma is flat, green,

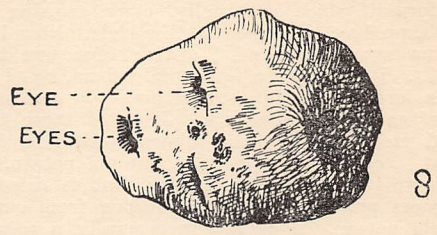


Potato Plant in Bloom, showing root and tubers.

and sticky. The style sits on a small green berry. There is no honey in these flowers, so they are seldom visited by insects. If the flowers are fertilised (that is, if the pollen reaches the stigma), then the petals and stamens fall off and leave the pistil and calyx.

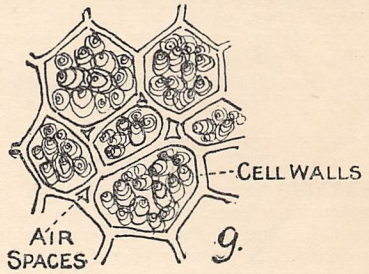
The berry grows to be about as large as a small marble (fig. 11), and when opened is found to contain a large number of seeds. Potatoes can be grown from these seeds, but it takes four years to grow potatoes of any use from seeds, so they are only grown thus when new varieties are sought.

Now, if the flowers are not fertilised, very soon



A Full-grown Potato.

they drop right off complete, taking a little piece of the stalk with them. This fact is interesting, and if you examine a flower you will notice that there is a distinct little joint about a quarter of an inch below each flower; very often that little piece is slightly red in colour (the same thing is seen in sweet peas). The whole cluster of flowers is carried



Structure of a Potato as seen under the microscope

on a rather long hairy stem, and thus the flowers are always held up well above the leaves and are very noticeable. The leaves occur singly at the joints. They are compound and have a double set of leaflets, a set of large ones and sets of little ones between the larger (fig. 6). This is a curious feature and well worth notice. The stem is soft, juicy, and

Starch grains in a Potato, highly magnified.

Potato Fruit.

easily bruised. It is winged, too, little wing-like portions standing out from it where the leaves spring, and running down the stem to the next leaf on that side of the stem (fig. 6). The leaves are dark green in colour and oval in shape, with sharp points at the ends. The stem is of a rather paler green.

Now we come to the most important part, the underground stem and tubers. Here, as in the artichoke, it is not the true roots we eat, but tubers. The part of the stem that is covered by the earth

quickly becomes white and only scale leaves are formed. Farmers 'bank up' their rows of potatoes to cause this. From behind these scale leaves shoots are formed which eventually, after growing some length, produce the tubers at the ends. Now I have dug up my potato and I draw it for you to see (fig. 7). It has only a few small tubers, but I draw also a larger one (fig. 8), and here you can see the 'eyes' as in the artichoke. Each of these 'eyes' would produce a plant if allowed — that is, if not eaten! You see in fig. 7 that the old potato, from which this plant grew, remains, but is dried up; the roots proper can be seen arising from close to the old potato. A potato is generally a round or oval structure, and it is mainly composed of cells packed with starch grains and water: the starch grains under a microscope appear as in figs. 9 and 10, and always look to me like tiny mussel-shells.

The skin of the potato is of a kind of cork, which prevents the moisture from evaporating when exposed to the air.

Either whole potatoes or parts (if each has an 'eye') can be used as 'seed' potatoes, but medium-sized whole ones, called by farmers by the quaint name 'big-littles,' are chiefly used, because there is much risk of pieces drying up when they have not the protection of the cork-skin; and when this happens the 'eye' may not develop into a plant.

E. M. Barlow.

THE LYRE-BIRD.

AUSTRALIA is a land that is rich in beautiful and curious birds, though it has not many that are musical. One of its most remarkable species is the lyre-bird. It is very shy in its habits, being fond of hiding amongst the bushes and long grasses that abound in its haunts. For fifty years, therefore, after the bird was discovered, very little was known about its ways, but in spite of its shyness the attention of people who may be near is drawn by its loud and distinctive cry. Besides this call-note, the lyre-bird has a low murmuring song, only heard when you are a few yards off. It will also imitate the notes or cries of other birds in its neighbourhood.

The name was given because of the singular tail of the male bird, which is like the old musical instrument called the lyre. When the bird chooses to raise this long tail, with its sixteen webbed feathers, it is a very conspicuous object. The tail is, however, not so showy as the peacock's, being blackish brown in front and silver grey behind. The plume generally is brown, touched with some grey and red.

By means of its strong legs the bird runs easily up the sides of steep hills, and down into the valleys amongst the brushwood, often scratching the ground busily in pursuit of insects. But the lyre-bird cannot manage any exploits in flying; it is more feeble on the wing than our English pheasant, and seldom perches upon trees; nor is it of social habits — a party of the birds is quite an unusual sight. Its nest is large, and is usually placed on or near the earth. It rather resembles that of the magpie, being built up of sticks and twigs, curiously lined with soft bark of trees and root-fibres. Only two eggs are laid by the hen (a smaller bird than her companion); they are white and red spotted. The young birds soon understand how to provide for themselves.

J. R. S. C.

THE HOLLYHOCK TO THE ELF.

WEE messenger of elfin queen,
The sun is in the west —
'Tis time to stay your hurried flight
Come now, and be my guest,
For I can offer pleasant rooms
Where you may take your rest.

Although the stair be steep and high,
My flowers are soft and warm;
Their petals will enfold you close
And shelter you from harm;
Till morning opes the crimson doors,
You'll sleep in fragrant calm.

N. M. Cook.

MY FIRST VISIT TO LONDON.

I HAD come to the conclusion that fathers do not, in some cases, appreciate their sons' abilities. I was seventeen, and having left school, had a distinct notion that I knew the world and all its ways; and it nettled me to find that my father was not so sure of that fact as myself.

We were diamond merchants. I suppose I may say 'we,' as I had been taken into the business a month previous to our conversation. My father's offices were in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, and very often in the course of business he sent precious stones by special messenger to Hatton Garden, London. When I proposed on one occasion that I should be that messenger, he did not see the matter in the same light as myself.

'You have a pretty confident idea of your own powers, Gerald,' said my father, looking at me over his spectacles; 'and I dare say you think that what you don't know isn't worth knowing; but let me tell you, my boy, that you don't know everything. A lad like you would be a very easy victim for the sharpers that keep a close eye on all our transactions.'

'I don't claim to know everything, sir,' I answered testily, 'but if I could not manage to take a few diamonds over to England, I must be a perfect ass.'

My father smiled. 'Well, Gerald, perhaps you could; but don't be too cocksure. Confidence in oneself is a good thing, but over-confidence is very bad. However, I will think it over, and if I can see my way to it, you shall have a chance of showing your ability.'

I was longing to pay a visit to London. I had crossed to England many times, having been at school in Yorkshire. One of my special school-friends had written me to the effect that he had started his business career as clerk in one of the Government offices, and had sent me glowing accounts of London life. I looked forward very much to the prospect of spending a few days with him.

About a month later my father called me into his office. 'Gerald,' he said, 'I now have the opportunity to keep my promise to you. I have to send some very valuable diamonds for a lady's inspection.' And he opened a small case he held in his hand.

'What beauties!' I exclaimed. I had seen many precious stones, but none so sparkling and brilliant.

'Yes,' my father answered. 'I cannot tell you their value; for their size they are priceless. So

you see the confidence I am placing in you. I shall put them in a little leather bag, and secure it round your neck with a steel chain. You must not on any account remove the chain till you arrive at Hatton Garden. On your reaching Victoria take a taxi, and drive straight there. After your business is done, find your friend, and if pleasurable to yourselves, you may stay a couple of days, and see the sights of London. Here is the money for your expenses.' And he handed me a well-filled purse. 'Get ready at once, as you must leave by the four train.'

My father accompanied me to the St. Lazare Station. 'Now, my boy, I hope you will justify the confidence I have placed in you. Take my advice: have nothing to do with any one on your journey, and be sure you keep your business to yourself.'

'Thank you very much, sir,' I answered. 'Do not be afraid. It would take a very sharp man to get over me.' The idea of being taken in seemed perfectly preposterous.

'Very good,' said he, and the train started.

'How very cautious and suspicious middle-aged people seem to be,' I thought. 'They seem so doubtful of the powers of men younger than themselves.'

The evening was bright and fine when I stepped on board the steamer at Calais. My thoughts were running on the pleasures in store for me rather than my mission. I amused myself watching the passengers. I had studied 'Sherlock Holmes,' and tried in my imagination to read the different characters of those around me. I saw no one I could fix on with suspicion, and smiled at my father's fears of my being watched.

After a little while I sat down. There was a gentleman in the seat beside me making notes in a small pocketbook. On my accidentally touching his arm, he turned round sharply, and suddenly a smile come over his face.

'Why, I believe,' he said, peering at me through his eye-glasses, 'it is Gerald Bourne! How are you, my boy? I am an old friend of your father's: you don't remember me. I saw him at the station, but had not time to speak. I expect he was seeing you off? I suppose you are going back to school? Dear me! I wish I were a schoolboy again!'

I saw no harm in acknowledging myself, so I informed him that I had left school, and was going to London on business. He told me several adventures he had had with my father, which I knew had happened; and when he recalled the time when I as a little chap had fallen off one of the bridges into the Seine, the slight suspicion I had of him vanished.

He had travelled a great deal, and told me some very interesting adventures. I, in return, told him of my friend, and the good time I hoped to spend.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'good-bye. Remember me to your father. And if you don't catch your friend, come on to the Hotel Cecil in the Strand. You will find me there, and I will show you round.'

I was sorry to part, and it was with great pleasure that I recognised him standing at the end of the gangway, as I was leaving the boat at Dover.

'I have been thinking it was very selfish of me not to offer you a seat in my carriage,' he said. 'I always have one reserved for me when I take this journey; it enables me to get a little sleep before starting the day.'

I thanked him, and accepted his kind offer, for I felt very tired and cold. It was with appreciative eyes that I saw he had provided a well-filled tea-basket. The hot coffee and rolls were most acceptable, and made me feel very warm and comfortable.

Once more thanking my kind companion, I rolled myself in my rugs, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

It seemed several hours later when I was awakened by a loud shout — 'Tickets! All tickets ready!'

I started up. For a few minutes I could not collect my thoughts, and I seemed to have a splitting headache. Then I gave the man my ticket. 'Where are we?' I inquired.

'Grosvenor Road, sir. Next station Victoria.'

I looked round for my companion. He had vanished! My hand flew to my breast where the bag should have been. It was gone! The diamonds were stolen!

What should I do? The bearded stranger must have drugged and then robbed me!

Seeing something lying on the seat, I picked it up, to find that it was a black wig and beard. So my companion had been disguised; there was less chance than ever of catching the thief!

On arriving at Victoria I knew that it would be of little use to make inquiries, as I could not tell the man's appearance now that he had thrown away his disguise; so I decided that the best thing to do was to send to my father, and ask his advice. I sent a long telegram, and waited in the station for a reply. In about two hours it came: 'Return at once.'

I arrived at my father's offices in the early evening. My confidence had left me. How would he receive me?

'Well, Gerald,' he said, looking at me over his spectacles, 'what have you to say for yourself?'

I did not answer.

'Sit down and tell me everything that has happened.'

I did so, and I saw a satirical smile pass over his face.

'Touch the bell,' he said, when I had finished; 'I must consult my old and valued messenger, Mr. Bradley.'

Mr. Bradley — a tall man wearing eye-glasses — entered the office.

'Well, Bradley,' said my father, 'my son seems to have made a nice mess of this business. These are what he has brought me in the place of the diamonds entrusted to his charge.' And he held up the wig and beard I had taken from my bag.

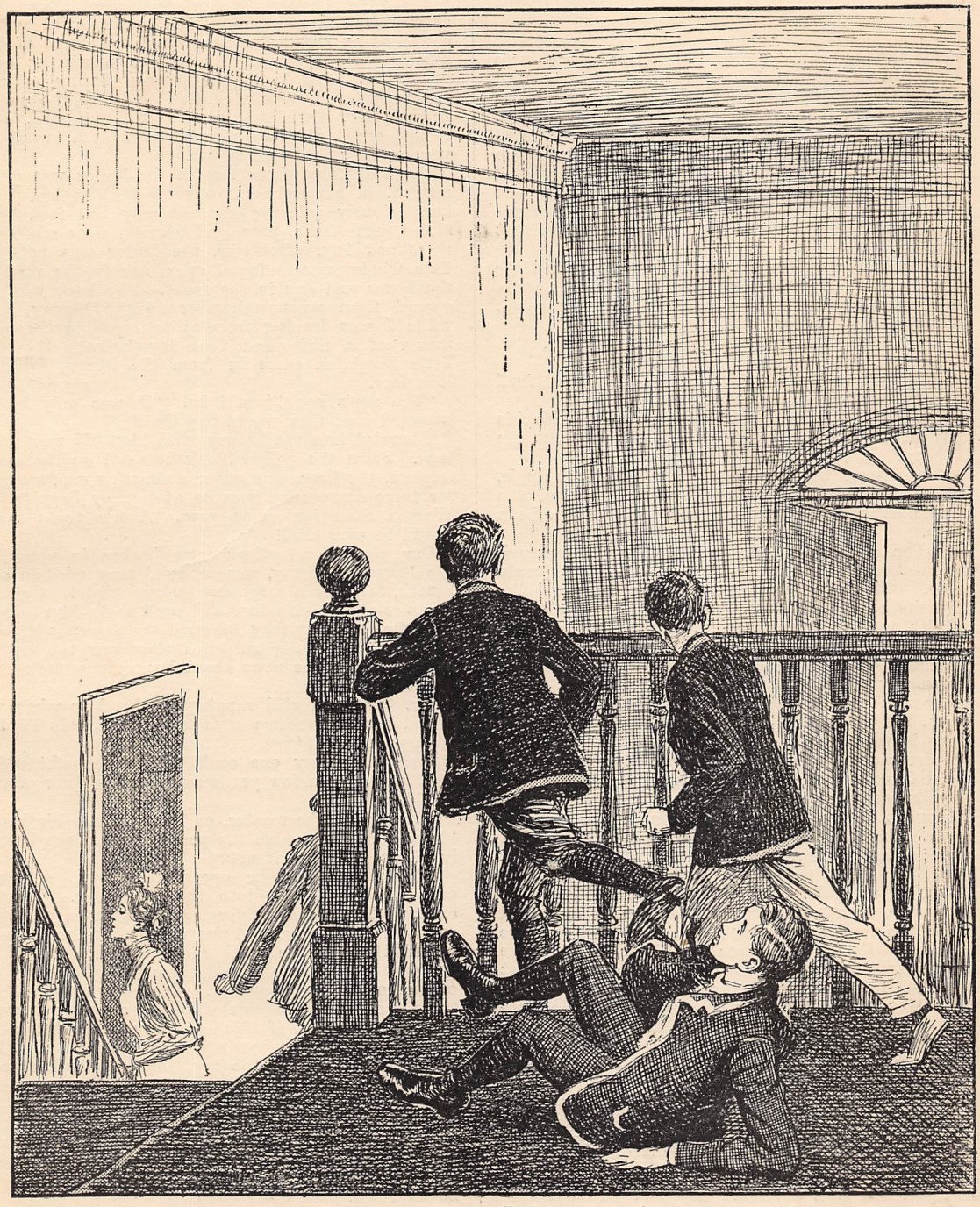
I saw a smile of amusement pass over their faces. Mr. Bradley took the things from my father's hands, slipped them over his own head, and fastened them.

I could barely credit my own eyes! There before me stood my travelling companion!

They both burst out laughing. Seeing my discomfiture, my father explained: 'I was determined my boy, to show you that self-confidence can be carried too far. I knew all the talking in the world would do you no good, so we laid this little plot to teach you by experience. Mr. Bradley had the real diamonds, which he delivered safely. Only a few worthless stones were in your case. Mr. Bradley returned by the same train and boat as yourself; but, you see, you were not even sharp enough to recognise him.'

E. Howell.

"The bearded stranger robbed me."



"I was out in a jiffy."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PARDOE.

I.

WHEN the summer break-up came there were five of us left behind at Warton School to muddle through the holidays as best we could. The place was well situated for a variety of games, being near the sea, and backed by an endless stretch of moorland. Yet with all this playground we were often at our wits' end for entertainment.

Besides myself there were 'little Singleton,' the brothers Brown, and Pardoe, a quiet boy whom nobody seemed to know much about. It was his first term at Warton.

One morning (when the holidays were near their close), we four had wandered down to the sea when we came upon Pardoe, pitching pebbles at the waves.

'Awful sell, having nothing to do!' said I.

'Ever done any scouting?' was his response.

'No, and I don't want to,' said I.

'Well, according to all I hear, it's jolly good fun,' he cried, tossing another stone at the sea.

'Perhaps,' said I; 'but surely a chap with his wits about him could manage as well without the training.'

The Brown brothers, squatting on the shingle, backed me up, and little Singleton ventured the opinion that he expected he was too small to be a scout.

'When a chap has got more wits than enough for one,' said Pardoe, 'he need not trouble to train them. But tell me when you find him; I should like to make his acquaintance.'

With that he turned away, leaving us to settle the point among ourselves.

'That's one for you, Turner,' chuckled one of the Browns, tossing a pebble at me. 'We are not likely to have a chance in this dull hole of playing the scout, but I shouldn't be surprised if there is something in what Pardoe says.'

I declined to argue. The weary day dragged on. We did not see Pardoe again till nearly bedtime, and then he seemed even less inclined for our society. I thought I caught him glancing more than once in my direction while at supper, with a superior sort of look, but preferred to think it was fancy on my part.

Meals were taken in company with an assistant-master, a Mr. Goss, who, to oblige the Head, had come into residence during the last fortnight of the holidays. Except for these periodical meetings he did not trouble us much with his society, nor suggest anything for our entertainment.

Bedtime was a welcome change, and at the close of the day in question, we slunk away to our various quarters with little reluctance. But we awoke the next morning in a different mood. Before I could scramble into my clothes, rumour had made it known that during the night Warton School had been burgled.

'Hurry up, Turner!' cried one of the Browns, popping his head in at my door. 'There's no end of a rumpus downstairs. Goss will be here in a minute, and you will miss the fun.'

I was out in a jiffy. Down in the entrance-hall we found a cluster of excited servants. Some were examining the door-fastenings, others came and went between adjoining rooms to report various evidences of the unwelcome visitor.

When Mr. Goss put in an appearance it was discovered that first suspicions had been aroused by the cook finding the larder door open, and some of the school stores missing. An inspection was at once made. Singleton, I, and the Browns (Pardoe had not yet turned up) were permitted to be of the party. Indeed, Mr. Goss seemed a bit bewildered, and turned once or twice to us chaps with a 'what do you make of it?' kind of air.

The condition of matters in the larder was quite enough, in our opinion, to show that it had been burglariously entered; for not only had food been stolen, but dishes, pots, and utensils were scattered right and left. However, the larder was not all. Two windows were found open, one in the rear of the house and one in the front. The back window opened from an antechamber to the library, and while I was leaning from it to examine the soft mould of a flower-bed that lay beneath the sill, little Singleton came in from the library with a long face.

'The cup's gone!' said he. 'It was only to be expected that they would bag that.'

I hurried into the library with him. It was quite true. From the polished oak pedestal on the mantelpiece, the handsome silver swimming cup, secured for three consecutive seasons at Bemley Regatta by Warton champions, was gone. A fine to-do there would be over that!

Our gloomy reflections were broken in upon by the Browns. 'I say, you fellows,' they cried in one breath, 'this is a most mysterious affair! Goss is upstairs at Pardoe's door and can't make him hear!'

While speaking they followed the direction of our gaze, and gave a start when they saw the empty pedestal. But the news about Pardoe now took first place.

Mr. Goss was still rapping at the door when we joined him. 'It seems strange,' said he. 'Is Pardoe a heavy sleeper?'

But before any one could reply, I caught sight of a key lying a few yards away on the floor of the corridor.

'Ah!' cried the master, as I put it into his hand. 'That looks as though the poor boy has been locked in his room—does it not?'

With the words he opened the door, and we crowded behind him into the dormitory. It was empty. The bed-coverings were thrown on one side as though in haste, and for a moment I quite expected that on the further side, concealed by the hanging drapery, we should come upon the body of our schoolmate. Brown I. whispered to me that there were unmistakable signs of a tussle having taken place. But if this had been so, and Pardoe had suffered at the hands of the house-breaker, he had also been carried away, for a careful search through the room and its cupboards failed to reveal any trace of him. Mr. Goss was disturbed.

'If you fellows have any suggestions to make,' said he, 'don't be shy about them; or if you know something of Pardoe's movements which may throw light upon his disappearance, I should be glad to be informed.'

Whereupon Brown II. ventured to say it seemed pretty clear that Pardoe had been surprised by the burglar; but the question was what had been done with him afterwards.

'My dear boy!' cried the master, turning sharply

upon him, 'you surely don't imply that there has been foul play!'

'I don't know, sir,' said Brown II. dubiously.

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' sighed Mr. Goss. 'It was my hope that possibly Pardoe had risen early, and gone out. Does he not do so at times?'

We certainly could recall such an occurrence more than once.

'Then too,' went on Mr. Goss, 'the key being outside the door would seem to confirm this view. Let us hope that he will turn up at breakfast presently, and meantime, leaving all things as they are, we will take a hasty meal ourselves.'

While at table, a thought occurred to me. 'It's a little strange, sir,' said I, 'that if Pardoe went out of his own accord, he should trouble to lock the dormitory door behind him!'

The master's face fell. 'Indeed, it would seem so,' he said thoughtfully. Then he asked us if in going round we had yet discovered that any school property was missing, and we told him about the swimming cup. This, of course, upset him greatly, and, breakfast over, with no appearance of Pardoe, he asked us to make an inspection of the library with him. Singleton led the way, as he had been the first to discover the loss, and, opening the door, pointed to the mantelpiece. But his hand dropped at his side and he stood speechless. For there, in its usual place on the shining oak pedestal, stood the silver cup glittering brightly in the September sunshine.

Positively this discovery was a greater shock to us than the loss had been.

'Tell the parlour-maid to come here!' said Mr. Goss, still standing in the doorway.

Singleton did so, and when she came she was asked if she had yet been into the library.

'Yes, sir,' said the maid.

'Was that silver cup in its place when you began to dust?'

'No, sir. It was standing on a chair behind the fire-screen, and I thought it had been left there by one of the young gentlemen.'

But we denied ever having touched it, and Brown II., the best of our party for jumping to conclusions, pointed out that clearly enough the burglar had been surprised when on the point of securing it.

As the parlour-maid left us Mr. Goss told her to inquire if Pardoe had come in yet. She came back a moment later to say he had not.

(Concluded on page 54.)

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

II. — FEBRUARY.

NOW on sunny days we hear
Blackbird's whistle, sweet and clear —
How he makes our pulses thrill
With that wondrous yellow bill!

Often can we hear him now,
Singing from the leafless bough;
Or, if startled, how he cries,
As away he quickly flies

Can we, if we love his song,
Grudge him fruit when days are long?
Surely we a tithe can spare —
Well he pays us for his share.

THE TRIAL OF ABAUSIT.

FIRMIN ABAUSIT was a wise man who once lived in Geneva. While he was still a little child, his family had emigrated from France to Switzerland upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. As Abausit grew up, he became a diligent student, visited England and Holland, and made the acquaintance of several distinguished men, amongst whom was Sir Isaac Newton. William the Third, then King of England, tried to induce him to remain in our country, but his affection for his mother drew him back to Geneva. On his return thither, he was appointed to the post of city librarian; he also found time to write books himself.

Abausit not only taught good things. His life was an illustration of his teaching. One of the good things which he taught in his writings was the duty of Patience, and a little story which is told of him shows us how well in this respect he practised what he preached.

Abausit's beloved mother, we may suppose, had long since passed away, for he was now living alone with a good old housekeeper named Jeanneton. Hearing of his extreme gentleness of temper, two foreigners visiting Geneva, who had apparently nothing better to do, thought to amuse themselves by making him angry. They went to his housekeeper, and got her to tell them something of her master's habits. Jeanneton informed them that she had been in his service for thirty years, and that during the whole of that time she had never known him to lose his temper. Whenever, she said, he had any fault to find with her, he told her of it in the gentlest manner, speaking rather more gravely than usual, and addressing her as 'Jeanne' instead of 'Jeanneton.' The shortening of her name seemed to the woman a dreadful punishment, and it always had the desired effect.

When the two mischievous foreigners heard this, they tried to bribe the old servant to aid them in their attempt to anger Abausit. At first, Jeanneton flatly refused to join in such a plot against the best master in the world, but the men persisted until at length, tempted by the money-reward which they offered, she agreed to help them in their design.

The strangers asked a number of questions, the answers to which, from their point of view, were distinctly unsatisfactory. Jeanneton, however, said that her master was rather particular about the making of his bed; he liked it to be quite soft and easy. This, then, thought the plotters, is his weak point, and they told Jeanneton to make his bed badly.

That night there were two uneasy sleepers in Abausit's house, for if he could not rest on account of his hard, ill-made bed, the housekeeper, tormented by her conscience, was even more uncomfortable than her master.

Abausit rose earlier than usual, glad to quit his uneasy couch. 'Jeanne,' he said quietly to his servant, 'my bed was not properly made yesterday.' Then he went out, as usual, for an early walk.

While he was out, the two foreigners called to hear the result of the experiment. When they learned of its failure, they insisted that Jeanneton should try again.

'The battle is already half won,' they said to her; 'your master spoke to you about the bed; he

will certainly be downright angry to-morrow if you play him this trick a second time.'

Again Jeanneton gave in to their stronger wills, and that night Abausit's bed was more uncomfortable than it had been the night before. The culprit trembled when she met her master the next morning, but, to her surprise, he spoke to her very gently and affectionately.

'My poor Jeanneton!' he said, 'I have been forgetting that you are growing old. I know that you would not neglect my bed unless you felt too feeble and ill to attend to it. Well, don't trouble about it any more; the inconvenience is a small one, and I can easily put up with it.'

At this, Jeanneton, quite overcome, fell at her master's feet, and made a full confession of her share in the plot against him; telling him, too, the amount of the sum promised to her in the event of success.

Abausit put out his hand, and assisted her to rise. Instead of scolding her, he thanked her for giving him an opportunity of overcoming what he called his 'tendency to self-indulgence,' and he actually almost apologised for having prevented her from gaining the reward.

Jeanneton, we may be sure, expressed her sorrow not only in word but also in deed. That day she gave special care to her master's bed, which ever after was soft and comfortable as bed could be!

E. D.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

NAPOLEON'S RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

FRANCE gave Napoleon, when he started from Germany in June, 1812, for the conquest of Russia, what has been called 'the most splendid army ever marshalled by man.' It was composed of soldiers of the many European nations he had conquered. There were in the ranks French, Dutch, Italians, Germans, Spanish, Polish, and others, 'making such a medley of languages,' said a spectator, 'as had not been heard since the Tower of Babel.'

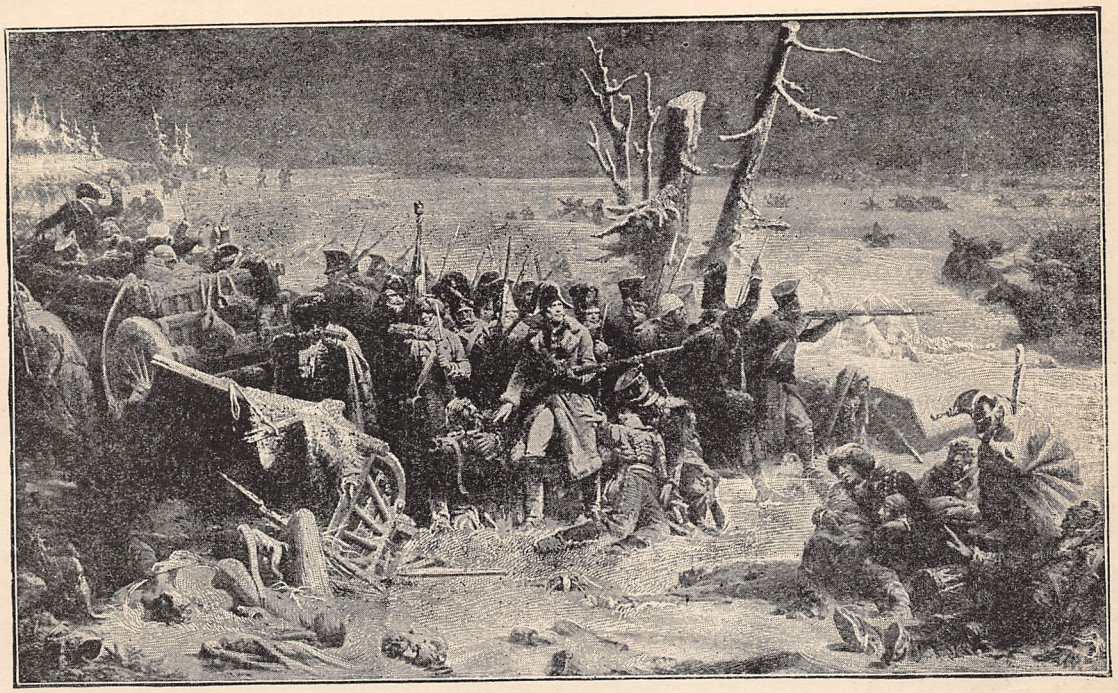
But when, in September, this 'Grand Army,' as it was proudly named, stood at last outside Moscow, more than half those men who had started so confident of victory had left their bones on the road. Some had died in battle — the battles of Vilna, Smolensk, and Borodino had accounted for many thousands — but thousands more had died of disease and fatigue caused by marching across the great plains of Russia in the sultry heat of midsummer.

But the army — or at least half of it — had at last reached Moscow, the object of their ambition, and Napoleon waited for some hours on a hill outside the city, fully expecting a deputation to come forth and sue for peace. Instead, a messenger ar-

Photo. Richgitz.]

Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow, 1812.

(*From the painting by Meissonier.*)



Photo, Richgits.] The Rearguard of the Grand Army, 1812.

(*From the painting at Versailles by Adolphe Yvon.*)

rived hastily from the front with the startling announcement, 'Moscow is deserted!'

It seemed incredible, but it was nevertheless a fact, and when Napoleon made his triumphal entry into the city there was no Russian to be seen in the streets. Then fires broke out in different parts of the city; these at first were thought to be accidental, and a search was made for the fire-engines, but when these were found broken and useless, Napoleon was forced to realise that the Russians had set fire to their sacred city so that it should not fall into the hands of the invader. Before the fires could be extinguished by the soldiers five-sixths of Moscow was a heap of ashes!

The soldiers, however, found plenty of wine in the cellars and dainties of all sorts were to be had for the seeking, so that there was plundering on all sides which the officers were powerless to check — some, indeed, took part in it themselves — and for five weeks or more all discipline seems to have been utterly at a standstill.

Napoleon, meanwhile, was making proposals to the Russians, to which, however, he received no answer whatever, and at last, with winter approaching, it was necessary to face the fact that a retreat from Moscow must be made, for there was by this time no food in the city and no shelter for the troops against the terrors of a Russian winter.

At first Napoleon had no intention of 'retreating,' but merely meant to go south and drive the Russians from that quarter, where they were strongly posted. The Russians, however, refused to be beaten, and they so completely blocked the road to the south that no other course was before the 'Grand Army' but to return home by the same route by which they had come to Moscow.

By the same route! That meant that the huge host was to return in winter across vast plains, which had been swept absolutely clear of food, both for man and horse, but a few weeks before!

However, it had to be done; and at first the weather was so wonderfully mild that the soldiers said Napoleon's 'star' was still favouring him. But ere long the Russian winter set in with all its severity. Dense fogs, cold winds, and thick flakes of snow which covered up the earth, and hid the ditches and bogs into which the soldiers floundered and sank, to be quickly hidden from sight by the ever-falling snow. The men had no tents; they slept on the frozen ground, or in such shelters as they might build for themselves. All food had given out, and the flesh of the dying horses was all there was to eat. By November most of the men had lost or thrown away their arms, and it was not an army but a rabble which straggled hopelessly along. When they reached a village it was only to find a heap of ruins, for it was the policy of the Russians to leave neither shelter nor food for their retiring foe, and to harass the retreating Frenchmen by frequent swift attacks and quick retreats.

The search for food and fuel now became furious. A sergeant of the Imperial Guard, who lived to write an account of those awful days, says, 'If I could meet any one with a loaf I would make him give

me half — nay, I would kill him, so as to get the whole.' The horrors of the situation made many a man sink to the level of a wolf!

Disaster after disaster befell the grand army. Harassed on all sides by the Cossacks, famished, frozen, all but despairing, a remnant at last reached the Beresina River, which must be crossed. There was but one frail bridge available for the whole army, and this was soon swept by Russian cannon.

Napoleon was got across in safety with a small force, but an indescribable scene of confusion now followed — infantry, cavalry, waggons, and camp-followers struggling and writhing to get across, till at last the bridge was piled breast-high with the dead and wounded. Some stout swimmers cast themselves into the river, but were caught by the ice-floes, or numbed by the icy water, and none reached the opposite bank. At last the French, to cover their retreat, fired the bridge; and the result of that was not fully known until the following spring, when the waters subsided, and some forty thousand corpses lay strewn on the banks of that fatal Beresina River.

The remnant of the army struggled on, meeting each day with fresh privations; and each night saw many tired men lie down never to rise again. Of the six hundred thousand men, who in June had so gaily and proudly crossed the Russian frontier, but twenty thousand 'famished, frost-bitten, unarmed spectres' reached their homes in December — the rest of that grand army were either prisoners in Russia, or lying under Nature's winding-sheet of snow.

A French colonel, in describing the closing scenes of the retreat from Moscow, said, tersely, 'The truth is best expressed by saying that the army is dead.'

E. A. B.

DISOBEDIENT JACK.

A True Story of a Jackdaw.

WE found him in the chimney! He was sooty, scared, and croaking dismally. Evidently he was a young jackdaw, enterprising and venturesome, but he had bought his taste for adventure dearly, and judging by his subdued air when we got him out into the light again, I don't think he would be in a very great hurry to repeat his unfortunate experiences. Poor Jack!

But his troubles were not ended yet. He had wandered wilfully away from the protection of Father and Mother Jackdaw, and for that deed of disobedience punishment dire and dreadful was yet to come. We took him out in the fresh air and let him loose on the lawn. He looked down at his sooty coat, shook himself, preened his wings, looked down again, then glanced fearfully towards the trees on the left, as though afraid of being seen. A moment of suspense, then a flutter of black wings, and Mother and Father Jackdaw flew out of these same trees, alighted on the lawn, and stalked majestically towards their son with righteous anger in their eye. Slowly they came up to the guilty Jack, examined him minutely all over, and when they saw the soot upon his feathers they raised their wings and thrashed him, thrashed him, thrashed him for his wickedness in exploring one of those dangerous chimney-tops when they had expressly warned him against so doing! But the thrashing not only punished him — it cleaned him, and the soot came out in clouds as his parents beat him with their wings! By-and-by the punishment stopped, and he went back with them into their favourite beech-tree, a wiser and sadder, and very much cleaner, little jackdaw.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER III.

THAT was Gerald's first sight of the finest game in the world. It made a great impression on him. Until that day he had considered Soccer to be pretty well all that one could want in the way of football; that afternoon he knew that he would never be contented until he himself had been allowed to play Rugby. He was to play it to his heart's content in the future, but he was never to look back upon Soccer with regret.

It was only a practice game that afternoon, of course, between 'Whites' and 'Colours.' And yet it was thrilling enough to Gerald and the other new guv'nors behind the ropes. Even Danvers was thrilled, although he tried to conceal the fact. As usual, Danvers had picked up quite a wonderful amount of information. Where and how he got it all puzzled Gerald always.

'They're going to kick off in a minute,' Danvers said fussily. 'Do you see that big man with the ball in his hands?'

Gerald was still only slowly learning that all boys were men at Dunbury.

'Where?' he said. 'Oh, yes, the one in the white jersey with the purple and white rings on his stockings.'

'Those are School Fifteen stockings,' Danvers said in a slightly awed voice. 'And that man is Melton, the skipper of the Fifteen!'

'By Jove!' Gerald said, immensely interested, and there was a kind of solemn murmur from the other new boys.

'Looks pretty hefty, doesn't he?' Danvers went on. 'Look at his shoulders and his calves!'

'He does, by Jove!' Gerald agreed fervently. 'Where does he play?'

'Forward. They say he's one of the best forwards we've had at Dunbury for years. He will get his Blue for a cert. when he goes up to Oxford.'

They all gazed in silence at the great man for a little while. Danvers was enjoying himself immensely. He always loved to give information. He generally gave some, even if it had to be pure guesswork.

'Shall we have a good Fifteen this term?' Gerald asked at last.

'Very useful, I believe,' Danvers answered. 'We're playing Tedford School here this year, and we haven't beaten them for three years. But we rather hope to bring it off this time!'

Gerald looked at Danvers with real wonder and respect. So did the other new boys. Danvers spoke as though Melton had just asked him for his opinion on the prospects of the Fifteen!

'We've only got four old colours,' Danvers went

on, swelling slightly. 'But there are a lot of very promising men from last year's Thirty.'

'Which are the old colours?' Gerald asked.

'You can tell them by their stockings. There are Ingram and Diggle, standing together! They're both forwards. And, ah, yes — there's Simpson!'

Danvers pointed out a clean-built boy who moved with a kind of spring in his step.

'Where does he play?'

'Wing three-quarter. And my word, he can travel, they say! He won the Hundred and the Quarter here last spring, and the Public Schools' Quarter-mile Championship!'

Gerald stared at Simpson's rather good-looking face, and wondered what it felt like to have won such fame. And then he glanced at another figure standing alone beyond Simpson.

'There's Berthold!' he said eagerly.

'So he is. Good old Berthold!' Danvers said quite patronisingly. 'The Head let him off light, they say! I heard at dinner. He only gave him about a million lines and a most awful jawing. It looks as though the Head does like Berthold!'

'I suppose he's awfully good at footer?'

'Yes, when he chooses to buck up, they say he's the best half we have. But you can never tell with Berthold, I'm told. If he's sick about something he may simply play the goat!'

Gerald, staring at Berthold with all his eyes, fancied that he did not look very pleased with himself at the present moment. He was strolling slowly with his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers. His head was bent forward a little, and his eyes, Gerald thought, looked very tired.

'I hope he chooses to buck up to-day,' Danvers was saying. 'It's the first match next Saturday, and they will choose the team on to-day's form. Ah, there's Melton going to kick off.'

That might be only a practice game, but it seemed to Gerald that it was played with sufficient fury. As a matter of fact, with eleven places in the Fifteen to be filled, there was bound to be desperate keenness. It all looked confused to Gerald at first, but under Danvers's guidance he soon began to pick up the rudiments of the game.

'What's the chap standing alone this end?' he asked.

'The full back. He's got to be able to kick and tackle well. A beastly job, standing all alone like that! And then in front of him you can see four men strung across the field, keeping their places more or less.'

'What are they?' Gerald asked.

'Three-quarters they're called. I play three-quarters myself. We're the men who get the tries, besides tackling!'

'I suppose you have to be pretty fast!' Gerald said with meaning, and Danvers turned brick-colour, remembering his painful experience in the Second Form-room.

'Shut up, you kid!' he said fiercely.

'Shut up yourself!' Gerald retorted. 'Is that a scrum on now?'

Danvers never bore malice, and in any case it was simply impossible for him to refuse to answer questions.

'Yes, the eight forwards on each side shove against each other. You'll be a forward, I expect, kid. Almost any one can play forward.'

'I don't believe it,' Gerald answered promptly. 'What are they doing, just shoving?'

'No, they want to get the ball and heel it out, or else screw away with it and dribble. There are the two half-backs behind each scrum. One of them puts the ball in, and they get it when it's heeled.'

'By Jove, it's being heeled now!' Gerald cried, hugely excited. A scrum had been formed not far from where they stood. They saw the Colours' forwards heel cleanly and a small half-back grab up the ball as it appeared.

'He will pass to Berthold! Watch old Berthold!' Danvers hissed.

Berthold's clever hands had snapped up the swift, clean pass. A cloud of players seemed to close towards him at once. Berthold shot a glance at his colleagues upon his left, and his arms swung out as though to pass to them. The cloud of tacklers dissolved towards the left, and at the same instant Berthold swerved inwards to the right. Many arms went out to tackle him, but it seemed to Gerald that he ran like a corkscrew. He was not very fast, apparently, but his long loose limbs gave him great powers of swerve. Through his opponents he threaded, feinting all the while to pass, and not until he reached the full back did the ball leave his hands. Then it flew, not to the left, but to the right where the small half-back awaited it, and that gentleman crossed the line with ease to ground the ball behind the posts.

Danvers was purple in the face with excitement and pride. So was Gerald. If the latter had made the run himself he could not have been better pleased.

'Oh, by Jove, but that was clever!' Danvers exclaimed. 'Did you see his cunning? Most halves would just have slung it out to the three-quarters on the left, but old Berthold saw that they were safely marked! Did you see him feint and swerve?'

'He is a wonder!' Gerald gasped. 'By Jove, I'm glad we're in Vickers's — with him, Danvers! Fancy, just playing in the same team with Berthold!'

Danvers became patronising at once. 'Don't you wish you may get it, kid!' he said. 'Do you expect to get your house badge your first term, when you have never played before?'

'No, of course not,' Gerald answered gloomily. 'But I'd give — anything to play with Berthold. Do you see? — Melton's patting him on the back!'

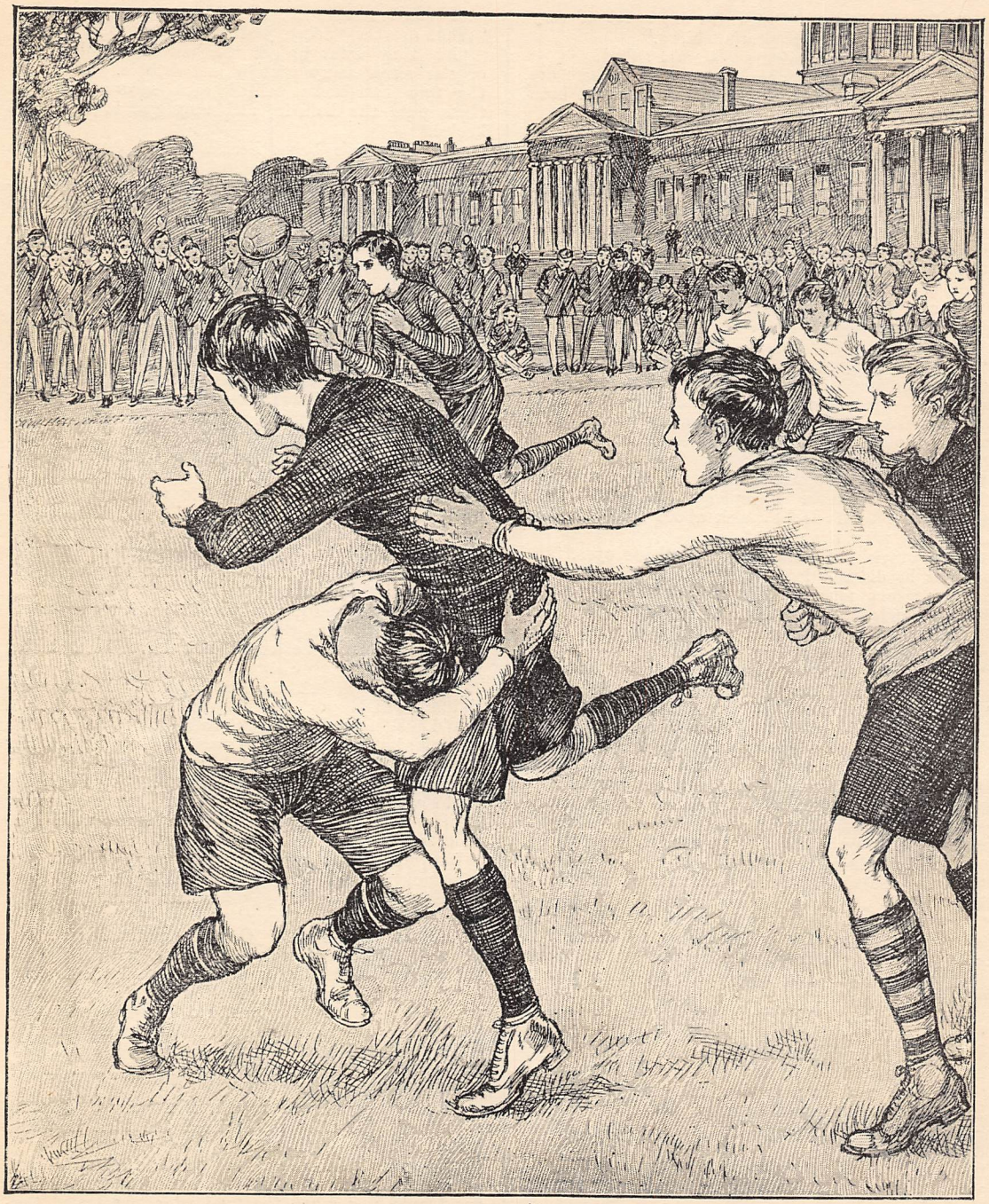
'Yes,' Danvers said. 'Melton knows good work when he sees it! Oh, yes, old Berthold will play next Saturday, right enough! Well kicked, sir!'

The ball had been brought out, placed, and kicked cleverly over the bar and between the posts as the Whites charged out.

'That's a goal and counts five points,' Danvers explained. 'If they had missed the kick it would have counted only three.'

The game went on, played with much spirit and at a great pace, despite the want of condition of the teams, and when the final whistle sounded Gerald felt that he really understood something about Rugby. They left the ground in the middle of a chattering, critical crowd. Gerald heard the play of several men mercilessly condemned, but he heard nothing but praise for Berthold's display.

(Continued on page 50.)



"The ball flew to the right, where the half-back awaited it."

"'Where have you been to, kid?' Dickyns asked."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 47.)

GERALD looked eagerly for a glimpse of Berthold himself, and saw him walking beside the master who had refereed the game. Mr. Kortright, an old Blue himself, and a keen coach and critic of every Dunbury Fifteen, seemed to be talking very pleasantly to his companion, but Berthold's face looked terribly listless. In a moment he left the master's side, and struck away by himself towards his dormitory. Gerald watched him go, with such a feeling of hero-worship in his heart as only a small boy knows. If he could only do something for his hero, fag for him, serve him in any way! He left Danvers, and followed Berthold towards Vickers's, walking very slowly at a distance.

Berthold's compartment was very near his own. Berthold was leaning against a table with one of his stockings pulled down. He was examining carelessly a long raw scrape that had laid his shin almost bare. Gerald saw the wound, and thought instantly of the vaseline with which his anxious mother had provided him. If he only dare offer it! He found the tin, and stood at the door of his compartment, hesitating miserably.

Berthold looked up and saw what he held in his hand. 'What's that? Vaseline?' he asked. 'You might let me have a little, if you will.'

His voice was very pleasant. He spoke carelessly enough, but almost as though he had been speaking to an equal! Dickyns and Kirby and Smith and Page could never afford to speak like that to a new guv'nor! Gerald handed over his tin of vaseline, and he was actually trembling with pleasure.

'Thanks very much,' Berthold said.

His tone emboldened Gerald to huge daring. 'Could I — could I get you hot water or anything?' he asked.

Berthold laughed a little, flinging a careless glance at his small worshipper. Perhaps he understood something of what lay behind the timid voice. He was one who did understand things. Perhaps it even pleased him a very little. 'Yes, if you like,' he said.

And so Gerald, filled with an exceeding great pride, was privileged to bring jugs of hot water and a long iron 'toe-pan' for the bathing of his hero. And perhaps no young squire in the old wild days of chivalry waited upon a famous, warworn knight with greater joy and reverence. Why, when Gerald left the dormitory at last and made for the Second Form-room, he almost felt as though Danvers ought to touch his cap to him after this great experience and honour!

He found bustling activity in the Second Form-room. But in that activity Smith, Page, Kirby, and Dickyns did not share. They were reclining in as great comfort as was possible, and superintending the labours of their serfs. The four seniors ran a kind of common mess in the form-room. Since a study was not for them, would never be for them, they tried to make up for the loss. And although the privilege of fagging was supposed to be confined to the Sixth, yet it went on very actively in the lowest form of all. Two boys, standing upon a desk, were frying a spluttering pan of sausages over a gas jet. Others were cleaning knives upon a board. Yet others were drying cups and plates. Danvers was one of those engaged upon the latter task. Gerald upon his entrance was greeted with reproof.

'Where have you been, kid?' Dickyns asked. 'No shirking, mind. You'll have to take your turn with the rest.'

And a murmur from the other juniors proved their agreement with the words.

Smith glanced towards a fives bat. 'Discipline will have to be maintained!' he said with a curious jerky utterance, which, Gerald discovered later, was meant to be a life-like imitation of the Head Master's voice.

'I've been fagging for Berthold, fetching him hot water!' he said hastily.

'Oh, have you?' Smith retorted grimly. 'Well, that's nothing to do with us!'

But Dickyns intervened, to Gerald's relief. 'If the kid's been fagging for Berthold, then the kid will jolly well be let off this time!' he said firmly. 'A man who can put up a game like old Berthold this afternoon deserves a fag better than any silly rotter who has just swotted or cribbed his way into the Sixth!'

When Dickyns put his large foot down, the other three generally fell in with his view. Civil war was scarcely to be thought of. It would be so bad for the discipline of the fags!

'That's all right, I suppose,' Kirby said.

And Page added, 'Old Berthold was certainly in form to-day!'

Smith seemed discontented, but he only said, 'Well, you can help with the washing-up, kid, now you have come!'

Dickyns nodded benignantly. 'Yes, help to wash up, kid, and afterwards, when we have fed, you shall sing to us!'

He spoke with something of the air of a good-natured Viking who, mellowed by the prospect of much food, proposes to deal wonderfully generously with a prisoner. But Gerald, helping clumsily with the washing of crockery, would rather have tried to tackle Melton low when going at full speed, if he had been given the choice between that and singing.

But it did not prove so very terrible after all. Food certainly did mellow the four kings of the Second Form. They even spoke with kindly encouragement to Gerald when their hunger was appeased.

'There's nothing to be jumpy about, kid!' Dickyns said, as he put a song-book into Gerald's shaking hands. 'Hop up on to the desk, and it will be all over in a minute — and then some of these other grinning kids shall jolly well sing!'

Those last words checked the mirth of Gerald's fellow-slaves. They were far less inclined to rag Gerald during his ordeal, now that they knew they would have to face it themselves afterwards. Nevertheless, when Gerald found himself high up upon the desk, glaring blindly at the words of 'In Happy Moments,' he felt for an instant horribly like breaking down altogether. But he supposed it would be quite fatal to all his chances at Dunbury if he blubbed . . . So somehow he pulled himself together, and at the top of his voice he delivered 'In Happy Moments' without an actual tremor. The air he achieved was something between two well-known hymn-tunes, but his audience did not prove critical. The four tyrants were even pleased to applaud with their large feet upon the floor.

'Well done, kid, bravo!' Dickyns cried. 'You can hop down now. Who's next? You must all of you sing in turn!'

It was far pleasanter to sit on a form and listen to the efforts of others, Gerald found. Danvers, who rather fancied his voice, got into slight difficulties over 'John Peel.' He sang it with fair correctness, but Kirby, resenting his readiness, insisted on repetitions of the immortal ballad with striking amendments of his own as to time and tune. These amendments and Kirby's comments Danvers found exceedingly trying, but he struggled through at the fifth attempt. Afterwards he repaired with Gerald to Hall, where they made an enormous and satisfactory tea upon tinned tongue, potted meat, and jam from their home stores.

'There's Upper School singing in Big School after chapel,' Danvers said 'I vote we go.'

Gerald was willing enough. Upper School singing, whatever it might be, would be more comfortable and free from peril than anything to be done in the Second Form-room. Anyway, other people would be singing there! They secured good places in the gallery, thanks to a sprint through the darkness after chapel, and Upper School singing proved very good fun indeed.

There was a piano on the dais. One of the Sixth acted as accompanist, and in turn one big boy after another sang such songs as the school loved — comic songs or songs with a rattling, swinging chorus that all could roar. When Melton, the big skipper of the Fifteen, sang 'Marching through Georgia,' you would have thought that the roof was bound to fall. Diggle followed with 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!' and then Tregarthen, the Cornish skipper of the Eleven, gave 'Trelawney' to immense applause. But it was when Berthold appeared upon the dais that Gerald was really thrilled.

He sauntered on to the platform, banjo in hand, pale-faced and casual-looking as ever. But he could sing, the school knew well how he could sing! When the stamping died away he gave one of Chevalier's cockney ballads, singing it really like an artist. He could make the school laugh till its sides were sore, but his own face never relaxed from its bored calm. And then he would have strolled back to his seat, but they would not hear of it. When they had clamoured and insisted through uproarious minutes for an encore, he yielded, and sang a queer old Irish song that they had never heard before. There was nothing funny about it; in the air and the words was something of the wild melancholy that haunts the rain-swept hills of lonely, exquisite Ireland. No one but Berthold could have sung that song to the school. As he sang it it went home to most of them rather strangely. They gave it more applause than they had given to the cockney ballad, but Berthold did not sing again that night.

Gerald did not care very much for any of the songs that followed. Something about that Irish song had made his eyes feel queer and uncomfortable. He could only trust that Danvers would not notice anything.

(Continued on page 58.)

A BROAD HINT.

WHEN Jean-Jacques Rousseau was a little boy, living at his home in Switzerland, his father and mother were very strict in sending him to bed at an early hour. He would have liked to have listened to them, as they sat talking before the fire, in the one room where they both cooked and ate their food; but every evening he was given his supper and sent upstairs to bed. He knew the uselessness of suggesting that he should wait a little longer, for whenever he misbehaved himself in that way, he was sent to bed supperless, with only a roll of bread to satisfy his hunger.

Once when this had happened he saw the leg of mutton that was intended for supper brought into the room and set before the fire to be cooked. Looking at it with an expression of great disappointment, he said 'Good-night' to every one in the room, and turned away. Then when he reached the door, he stopped. Turning to face the fire, 'Good-night, roast meat,' he said.

His father was so pleased and so much amused by his brightness, that he at once forgave him and made him sit down at the table to have supper with the rest, and gave him a large helping of the meat.

HOPE ON.

THERE is always a way, can you find it,
A right to the blackest of wrong,
Dark sky with the sunshine behind it,
And somewhere in discord a song;
And the clouds that appeared overcasting
Your one little vista of blue,
But teach that a cloud is not lasting,
And the wide world of sky is for you.

There is always a hope, can you feel it,
To light up the dreariest way;
And good fortune, when time will reveal it,
Like sunset at close of the day.
And the poverty always so pressing,
So wearing and bitterly true,
But lifts to show clearer the blessing
That the wealth of the world is for you.

So hope will grow bright if you guard it,
And despair, like a shadow, depart;
Gloomy thoughts and dark bodings retard it,
But shall not remain in the heart;
Then be joyful and glad, for to-morrow
Will dawn on a lovelier view,
And you cannot give way to your sorrow
When a whole world of love lives for you.

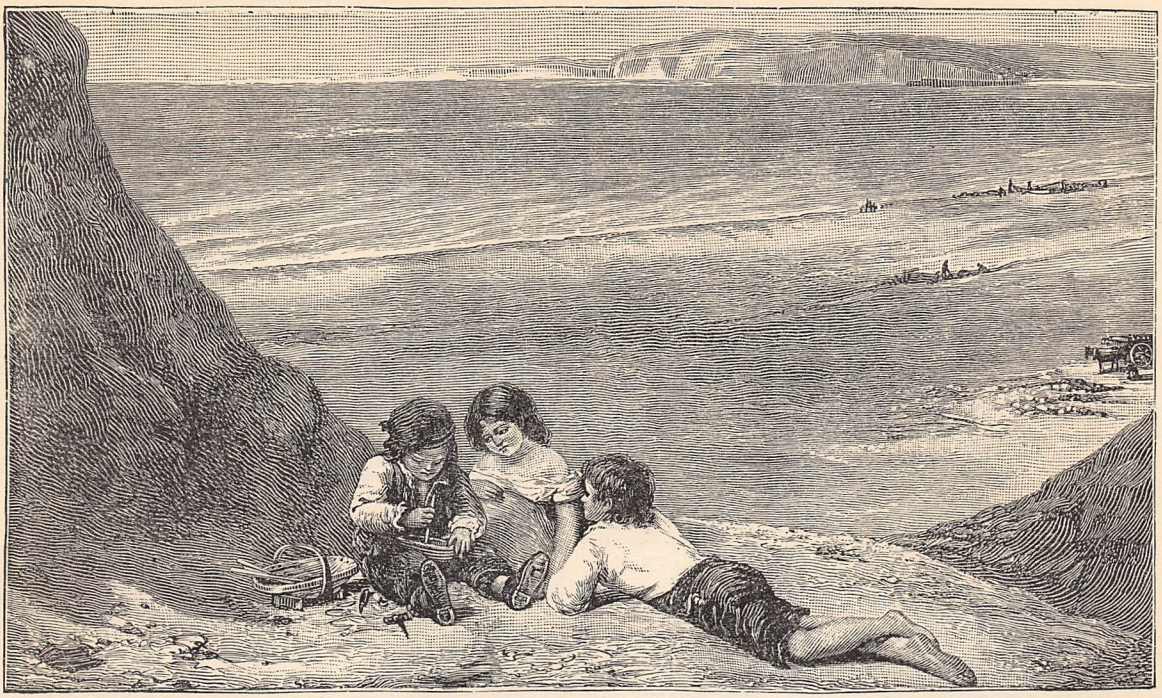
May Heward.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

IN the better days of George Morland — a great painter whose work was described not long ago in Chatterbox * — there was often to be found in his studio a certain eager, hard working lad, the son of a picture dealer named Collins, who watched the popular painter at work and profited by what he saw. Young William Collins was no copyist, and his own pictures are quite unlike Morland's, but perhaps those early days in the artist's studio had something to do with his choice of subjects, for he too is at his best among country scenes and village folk.

Happily for himself and those belonging to him he had none of Morland's erratic, extravagant hab-

* See Chatterbox, 1909, p. 189.



Near Seaford, Sussex. By William Collins.

its, for at four-and-twenty, when his father died, he found himself the sole supporter of his family, and had to paint, not for pleasure or fame, but for a livelihood. But the fame and the enjoyment came too in reward of the young man's steady work. He had good friends both in the artistic and the fashionable world, and became known as a successful portrait-painter. But his real taste was for landscape and for country scenes, and he had the approbation and the counsel of a master in this style of art, his good friend, David Wilkie.

Perhaps his best-known picture is the one of which a replica hangs in the National Gallery in London, the village children swinging on the gate, looking indeed as the title tells us, 'Happy as a King'—very much happier, indeed, if freedom from anxiety means happiness. No cares or forebodings are likely to trouble these light-hearted young folk, unless the owner of the gate comes down upon them, in concern for his hinges. But Collins was as much at home by the sea-shore as in the lanes and meadows, and has given us many another picture as delightful as our illustration ('Near Seaford'), with the long stretch of wet, firm sand, so pleasant to bare feet, the far-away line of the ebb tide, and the little ship-builders, so busy over their small mast.

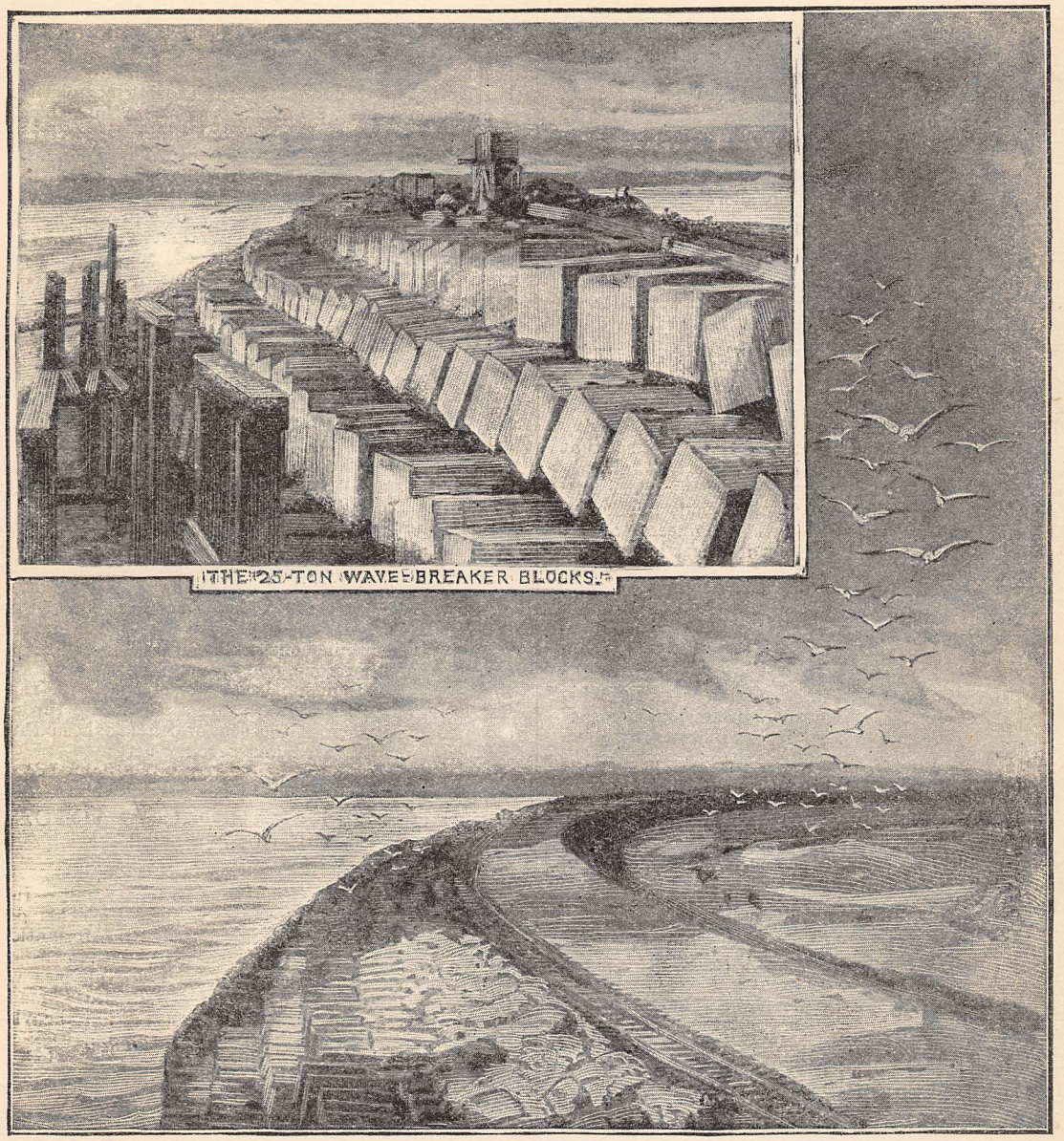
Like many another man who must needs try his hand at work unsuited to him, Collins made an attempt in his later years to imitate the sacred pictures of the Italian School. But the result was not successful, and he came back again to the art in which he did excel, the round-limbed country children, the breezy coast and green fields of his native land.

M. H. D.

MARVELS OF MAN'S MAKING.

I.—THE HODBARROW BARRIER.

As the sea holds treasures in its waters for commerce to extract by labour and peril, so are there many treasures beneath its sandy bed more difficult to obtain. Whenever that bed is rocky and firm, the miner may safely burrow beneath it, as we know he does in the Cornish tin mines; but where gravel, and clay, and sand are the covering to the hidden treasure, the water would break through with disastrous results to those who were 'interfering.' Such is the case at the most southern point of Cumberland, where the river Duddon flows through a wide mouth into the Irish Sea. For long past this district has been known to be rich in iron ore, but it was not until 1868 that the true extent of its wealth was discovered. Then the Hodbarrow Mining Company, while sinking wells to supply the cottages of their workmen with water, came upon a large bed of ore lying at no great depth under those very houses. Since 1873 the output of this mine has averaged four hundred and fifty thousand tons annually. Nine years after the last-mentioned date the sea began to complain that its dominion was being trespassed upon, and broke through the ceiling of the mine in various places to drive the marauders back. To keep it at bay, a timber dam was erected along part of the shore; but even this would not enable the miners to tunnel as far as high-water mark. In 1890 a further effort was made to drive the sea still farther back by means of another sea-wall. This did its duty very well till an accident happened to it and the sea came tumbling



The Hodbarrow Mine Barrier.

in once more. Then it was decided to attempt something much larger; something that would make it possible to extract the ore safely from under the sea-bed to a distance of at least six hundred yards beyond the present limit.

So the engineer came down with his plans and his tools and made a careful examination of the locality. A huge barrier, he said, should be constructed, extending in a crescent for a mile and a quarter, from Hodbarrow Point to the mouth of the Haverigg River. By this means one hundred and seventy acres, which the Irish Sea covered at high tide, would be converted into dry land. At intervals all along the line chosen for the erection of the wall, borings were made to find out what kind of ground it was, and the borings showed that there was a good bed of clay at a certain depth below the sand and shingle. This was satisfactory, for experience had led the engineers to decide that this barrier, to be effective, must have a deep 'keel' extending below its base right down into this bed of clay, in order to prevent the sea-water driving through the

shingle under the wall and coming up the other side. The keel is, properly speaking, called a 'cut-off,' and consists of a row of piles driven closely together, some of timber and some of sheet steel. They extend nearly the whole length of the wall. It is in this particular that the Hodbarrow Barrier differs from other sea-ramparts of a similar character.

Of course, it was necessary to carry on the work when the sea had retired for a short time, and the engineers were able at first to snatch as much as seven and a half hours out of every day before the breakers came plunging up again to see what they were doing. As the line of work, however, stretched farther seaward the tide drove them away after a shorter interval. The start was made from both ends at once. A trench was first dug, seven feet wide and of various depths, according to the nature of the ground. Through the centre of the bottom of this trench the piles that would form the 'cut-off' were to be driven, and with the first driving came a troublesome discovery. It was found that the bed of clay, revealed by the borings already mentioned, was not always reached at the same distance from the surface. By a curious mischance, the first borings had misled the engineers, and a new series of holes, made only a few feet away from the old, showed that the clay bed was very irregular, lying here in pits and there in mounds. For some yards it would be at a certain depth from the surface, then take a sudden plunge of several feet, to rise again as unexpectedly. This discovery necessitated a change in the arrangement and size of the piles. Before the trench was completed for receiving the piles, there had begun to rise on either side of it, and running parallel to it, two banks of limestone blocks. When complete, the one towards the sea rose to a height of forty feet, tapering from a broad base to ten feet wide at the top. The smaller one is only twenty-five feet high.

But while they have been growing to this extent, something has been happening in the trench between them which requires our attention. The pile-drivers have been erected on temporary stagings between the two walls, and have become very busy driving the great timbers into the trench. Each pile is one foot square with a projecting rib, called a 'tongue,' all down one side and a groove down the other. The tongue of one pile is fitted into the groove of its neighbour, making a firm joint and keeping the line straight. The length varies between eighteen and twenty-seven feet, to allow of their being driven at least four feet into the clay bed.

Along the temporary staging a railway line was laid, and when the time for work began, steam boilers with pressure up were brought by a locomotive to where the pile-drivers stood ready. A strong rubber hose carried the steam from the boilers to the winch that set the drivers in motion, and the hammers rose and fell till the incoming tide warned them to stop. Then the hose was disconnected, the boilers were dragged back to safety, and the sea had its own way for a time.

For a considerable portion of the length of the barrier (in fact, for seven-eighths of a mile) steel piles are used in place of wood, and before these were driven, careful experiments were made to ensure their going properly down. When this difficult task was accomplished and only the pile-heads were visible, rising a few feet above the bottom of the trench, the latter was rammed tightly full of well-worked clay. Then the whole of the space between the two walls or banks was filled in, and the great barrier began to show signs of nearing completion.

Meanwhile, at a short distance away, huge blocks of concrete were being moulded, each weighing twenty-five tons, to take up a position on the seaward side of the great wall. The ballast for these blocks was taken from the mouth of the Duddon, and not being clean enough for use, it was handed over to the sea that the tides might wash it. This duty was satisfactorily performed, so that the sea may be said to have helped in making the fortification against itself. Each block was lowered into position by powerful cranes, and was so placed as to offer its end to the attacking waves. No two blocks, however, are in exactly the same position. This irregularity was adopted with the object of breaking the billows as they strike and thus robbing them of their main force. And who can wonder that from the most exposed portion of this sea-wall the waves fall back, when we remember that there are five thousand one hundred and fifty-seven of these huge blocks to face it!

Near the centre of the curve, four sluice-culverts, or water-gates, are constructed, to allow of the escape of any water which may collect behind the wall. They are opened on certain days at low tide.

The whole of this great work was completed in October 1904, at a cost of five hundred thousand pounds. It contains one million five hundred thousand tons of limestone, one million tons of clay, and four thousand four hundred tons of steel. A railway runs along its summit, and a lighthouse throws a warning ray across the sea, which has been thus robbed of one hundred and seventy acres.

John Lea.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF PARDOE.

(Concluded from page 43.)

II.

OUR inspection of the library had no result. Immediately it was over, Mr. Goss took his departure; probably, I suggested, to lodge information with the police in Warton, our nearest town — a good mile across the heath. During his absence we had an exciting time. First of all, Brown I. made a discovery. Going off on his own account, he visited Pardoe's dormitory, and came running back to us with a scared face, shouting that the window was open, and a strong cord hanging from the sill. We returned in a crowd.

'Depend upon it,' said Brown II., 'that cord was taken from Pardoe's trunk, and the burglar escaped by means of it.'

'Here you are!' cried Singleton, stooping at the bedside. 'Here's the trunk, and sure enough without the cord. Hullo! it's unlocked.'

We gathered round as he lifted the lid. Except for one or two tumbled articles the box was empty. Singleton rose, stood for a moment as though dazed, and then, without a word, darted from the room. But in a few minutes he was back again.

'It's just as I expected,' he cried breathlessly. 'We have been wrong all along the line. The only burglar here last night was Pardoe himself.'

'What?'

The word was yelled with the concentrated force of three pairs of lungs.

'Pardoe himself,' repeated Singleton. 'We have been asses not to see it before. I have just run down to the bike shed, and his machine is gone, while, to delay us going after him, he has emptied all our tyres and hidden the pumps.' The information was startling, and away we went to confirm it.

And there, in the cycle shed, over the flabby tyres of our machines, we tried to argue the mystery out. We remembered that, though we had never suspected Pardoe of dishonesty, he was a new boy at Warton, and stranger things have happened than for a new boy to turn out a 'bad boy.' Brown I. suggested that the key in the corridor, and the tumbled state of the dormitory, and the open window downstairs, were nothing but a blind.

'Rubbish!' said I. 'Mark my words, it was through the window downstairs that the burglar escaped after attacking Barty and locking the door of his room.'

'Then where's Barty's bicycle?' said Singleton.

'Why, when Pardoe came to,' I replied, seeing it all the clearer the more I explained it, 'he let himself out of his own window, and is probably now doing his best to track the beggar down.'

'Oh!' said Singleton, 'perhaps you're right; only I should have thought he could have done the job without the help of the rubbish in his trunk, which no burglar would have taken. Besides, if he went after the thief, why did he stop to empty our tyres?'

This was certainly a detail that got in the way of my solution, so I suggested that we should look for tracks of Pardoe's bike.

This we did. We looked for hours. We even hunted out an old pump, and, refilling the tyres, went for short spins in different directions, meeting again at intervals to exchange notes. But it all amounted to nothing, and as the evening was setting in stormy we replaced the machines, to await Mr. Goss's return and further information.

Mr. Goss, however, did not show up till very late. He was in a decidedly cross mood, and said, in reply to inquiring glances, that he had nothing whatever to tell us. The consequence was that we retired to bed unsatisfied as to the fate of Barty Pardoe.

But in the morning there came a surprise. At the moment that I was explaining to Singleton how mistaken he was in his ideas about the mystery, a letter was handed to me. The post-mark was London, and London is quite a hundred miles from Warton.

'Dear Turner (ran the letter),—You and the other chaps will have found out something about me by this time, but I have no fear that you will be able to trace my whereabouts; because, on your own admission, you don't believe in trained wits. I hope the burglar did not get away with anything of value.—Yours, &c.,

'Barty Pardoe.'

Little Singleton fairly skipped when I read this letter out. 'Wasn't I right after all?' he crowed. 'Didn't I tell you that Pardoe had done a scoot, and nothing more?'

I carried the letter at once to Mr. Goss. He read it thoughtfully. 'Seems a little vague, Turner, doesn't it?' said he. 'I wish we could read between the lines. Has Pardoe any friends in London?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I believe he has.'

'Then I think it would be well if we tried to find their address,' said Mr. Goss. 'Come with me. It is time something was done.'

He led the way upstairs, evidently intending to search for a clue among the missing boy's belongings. On reaching the door of the dormitory, however, he threw it open and stepped aside to let us enter first. But what we saw, as we huddled together on the threshold, fairly made us gasp. There sat Pardoe on the bedside, a broad smile on his face, and never a sign about him of having travelled at all.

'It's a good game, isn't it?' said Mr. Goss cheerfully, giving us each a pat on the back. 'It was Pardoe's notion at the start, and I pledged my word not to help you solve the riddle.'

His talk gave us time to collect our senses, for which we were grateful.

'Now though I don't pretend for a moment,' he went on, bestriding a chair, and shaking a finger at us over the back, 'that the whole duty of a scout is the unravelling of plots, I do think that a little sharpness, such as scouting practices teach, would have enabled you four to read the evidence more clearly. For instance, I noticed that you were all intent on the manner in which the supposed burglar left the house, but you did not search for his means of entry. That was taking up the story half-way through. You were not struck by the fact that no lock or window-pane had been tampered with. Such ill-arranged thoughts led to a frequent change of opinion, and consequently no real progress. I give Singleton credit for being the first (as I understand he was) to hit upon the partial truth by getting rid of the burglar theory. But for the rest he was entirely wrong, since Pardoe has never left the house. He slept last night in this room as usual.'

'Oh, but——' and I held up the letter from London.

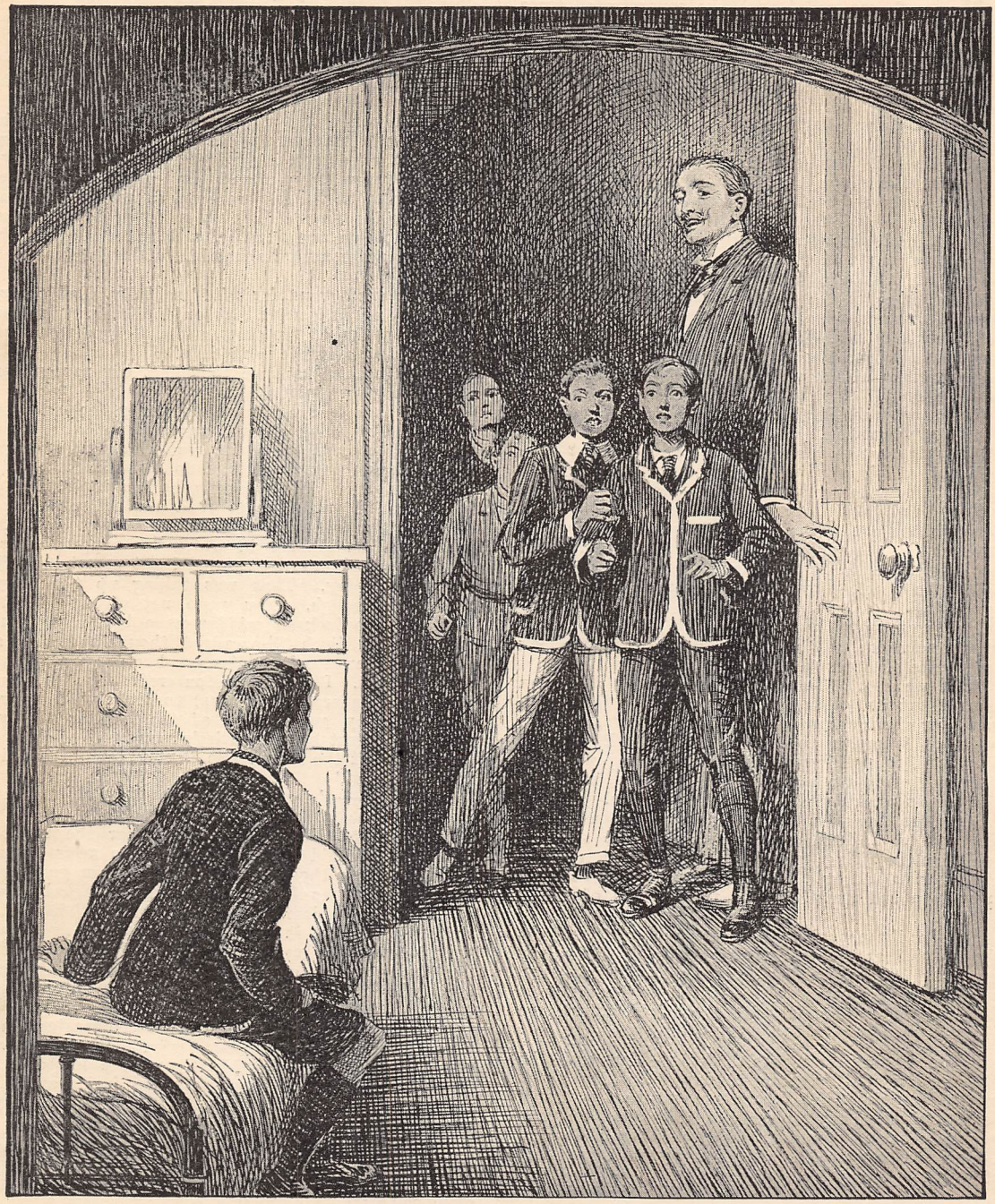
'Ah,' smiled the master, 'I wonder the receipt of this letter did not at once awaken your suspicions. A little thought would have shown you how impossible it was for Pardoe to have reached London by road in time to post that letter. The post-mark proves that it was dropped in the box sometime before noon yesterday. So, to have posted it himself he must have left here by the last train the night before, and you all knew he did not do that.'

Pardoe, leaving all the talking to the master, was silently overjoyed at the success of his little game. 'The fact is,' went on Mr. Goss, 'the letter was dispatched from here two nights ago, inside another addressed to a friend, and this friend immediately posted it to Turner.'

'Now I'll take my bicycle back to the shed,' said Pardoe. 'Jolly lucky you chaps didn't think to search the house, for I had to put it in the loft, along with all your pumps.'

Mr. Goss proposed a little later that we should form a scout patrol of our own, which we did, getting fine fun out of it too; but the reason why we eventually forgave Pardoe was because he did not show us up when the rest of the fellows came back to Warton.

John Lea.



"There sat Pardoe on the bedside."

Mulai Hafid, Sultan of Morocco.

EMPIRES AND EMPERORS.

II. — MULAI HAFID OF MOROCCO.

THE coast of Morocco is plainly visible from Gibraltar, and two hours' steaming will land you at Tangier, the chief seaport of the province.

Two hours only from Europe, but in those two hours what a change awaits you! At Gibraltar you left a well-governed city, where life is safe, property is protected, and justice is dealt out to rich and poor alike — where Christianity reigns, and women are respected, and learning and science enter into the daily life of the populace. But at Tangier things are utterly changed, and you find the difference the minute you put your foot on the shore. Here, in the shed which does duty for a Custom-house, sit two or three old Mohammedans, clad in spotless white, and taking no heed whatever of the bustle and clamour of the merchants who are trying to get their baggage passed. There is no proper tariff for the customs: much is done by bribery, and those who bribe the heaviest get their goods through at the least expense, this being a type of what goes on everywhere. When the bribing is at last over, and the old gentlemen allow your trunks to be carried to the hotel, you find no streets worthy of the name, though this is perhaps the most important city of Morocco; a steep lane, deep in dust if it is summer, and in mud if winter, leads up to the town, and you pass through a throng of men and boys, clad most picturesquely in coloured cloaks with hoods which they draw over their heads to shield them from the sun, their feet bare or thrust into heel-less yellow slippers.

There is no railway throughout the whole country; no schools except for teaching the Koran, the Mohammedan scriptures; slaves are bought and sold in the market as sheep might be; there is no literature nor music; the rich soil is in many places not cultivated at all, and, in short, Morocco may be said to be one of the worst-governed countries in the world.

The courts of law are often courts of oppression, and the tortures and sentences dealt out to those who are too poor to bribe or so rich that they have given rise to jealousy, are too terrible to be written here.

The Sultan, or Emperor as he is usually called by Europeans, is absolute in the strictest sense; the lives and property of his subjects are at his disposal, and he makes what laws he chooses, and unmakes them the next day if he sees fit.

Morocco has three capitals — Fez, Morocco, and Mecquinez; but Fez is very much the largest and most populous. At Fez are made the high, red felt caps which bear the name of the city.

Morocco and Mecquinez have many tanneries, and morocco leather has been famous for many centuries. Here a lion-skin can be made as white as snow and as soft as silk; this is done by the means of two plants, said to be unknown to English tanners.

Mulai Hafid, the present Sultan of Morocco, succeeded his elder brother, Abdul Aziz, a few years ago, after a revolution. He is now about forty years of age, a stout, well-built man, with piercing eyes, and a thick black beard, which contrasts well with the snow-white 'd'jellaba,' or cloak, which he usually wears. He has a suspicious expression, but this is not to be wondered at, when we know he lives in daily fear of assassination. He never dares sleep twice running in the same room in his palace, but, as it covers an enormous area, he has plenty of rooms to choose from; and of course his bedroom is not that of a European sovereign — a few quilts and cushions on the floor of any room he may select, are all the preparation required.

The Sultan's dinner-table, too, requires little laying, and dinner is generally served wherever he may happen to be. A slave will first bring a bowl of scented water, with a fine towel, to wash his hands; then a low table, about six inches from the ground, is placed before the Sultan, and the dish of food placed upon it, whilst he and his guests sit round on cushions on the floor.

No knives or spoons are needed, only fingers, for does not the Mohammedan proverb declare: 'The blessing of God rests on food taken with the fingers.' All food is taken in this primitive fashion, and if the Sultan desires specially to honour any one of his guests, he will tear off a choice bit of meat, and put it in front of the man, on the flat bit of bread which does duty for a plate.

It has been the unfailing policy of the Sultans of Morocco to keep all strangers from entering their country, and to oppose strongly any modern methods of government. The consequence is that the people remain in the ignorance and darkness of the middle ages, and though within sight of Europe, know almost less of civilisation than the inhabitants of Tibet.

The ignorance in all ranks is simply appalling; quite lately a so-called educated man — a secretary of the present Sultan — asked an Englishman who happened to be at the Court of Fez 'if he had met Oliver Cromwell lately?' The secretary intended to awe the Englishman with his knowledge of great men of the day, but he failed somewhat.

Morocco has been a good deal written about of late, and French and German statesmen are still (at the moment of writing) arguing as to which shall undertake the 'protection' of the country. Let us hope that in the end wise supervision will redeem this wealthy and fertile land from its troubles.

E. A. B.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 51.)

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day was Sunday. Gerald managed to write a letter home in the form-room before Chapel. It was not very easy to manage, because Dickyns and the other three great men were playing snob cricket in the room with a fives bat and ball, and the ball was apt to rebound from the walls in rather startling fashion. Also, a fives ball hurts if it hits you. But Gerald contrived to get his letter written. He knew his people would be awaiting it very keenly. He pictured them reading it at breakfast: there would be his father and mother, his sister Jacqueline, and his small brother Tommy; always assuming that Tommy was down in time. He had really had no chance to write to them before; he told them that in his letter. To do Dickyns and the others justice, when they discovered what Wilding was doing, they did not rag him or

disturb him unduly. After all, they had been new guv'nors once themselves, amazing as it seemed! Gerald was grateful to them for their forbearance.

It was a long letter written in pencil, because that was quicker than ink. It told swiftly of Gerald's place in school and then passed on to brighter things. The work was easy and he would be sure to get a remove next term. It said that he was very happy and comfortable, and it did not mention anything about his enforced singing. Gerald knew that his mother would have hated that, and he would never have dreamed of writing things to worry her in his letter; he would have thought that low. He gave a glowing account of the footer he had seen, and after that the letter, quite unintentionally, became all Berthold. Berthold's singing, Berthold's footer, Berthold's daring in 'ragging' the Head Master, Berthold's general wonderfulness filled all the rest of Gerald's paper.

'This Berthold seems a strange boy,' Gerald's mother said anxiously, when they had all read the letter once and she had read it three times. 'He seems to have taken an odd hold of Gerald's fancy. I — I hope he will be a good friend to Gerald.'

Mr. Wilding laughed. 'He must be several years older than Gerald,' he said. 'Big boys don't make friends of little ones, except in books. It will do Gerald no harm to indulge in a little hero-worship.'

'He seems very lawless,' Gerald's mother said. 'This — this ventriloquism, for instance. It can't be right for a boy to behave like that. It must have annoyed the Head Master.'

Mr. Wilding chuckled. 'I have no doubt it did,' he answered. 'But afterwards he would annoy Mr. Berthold. Head Masters have that power, except at Board schools; there they dare not touch the boys, for fear of a prosecution by the outraged parents. No doubt Gerald will be caned himself, in due course.'

'Oh, I do hope not!' cried Mrs. Wilding.

'Do him good! As for Berthold, I expect he is an ordinary boy enough; but he would be bound to seem wonderful to Gerald just now, like everything else at Dunbury.'

But, as a matter of fact, Berthold was not an ordinary boy at all. At the present time he was filled with a strong sense of injustice. He considered that the Head had not treated him fairly at all over that little matter of ventriloquism. His theory as to the relation between master and boys was very simple: they were opponents in a long game. If a boy — himself for instance — chose to play the fool because, for example, he wanted to forget certain worrying home matters that were always at the back of his mind, and hurt, then the Head Master was perfectly entitled to catch that boy playing the fool if he could, and to punish him as he saw fit. The boy could have no right to whine. Berthold, if he knew himself at all, would not be likely to whine at any punishment — but the Head ought to play the game fairly. He ought to catch and convict the boy by his own skill. It was his cunning against the boy's in the game. That was the very spirit of the game. But he had no right to put the boy in a corner by threatening to punish the whole school if he did not give up his name himself! The Head had done that on Friday, and Berthold objected to it very strongly.

He had been brooding over it ever since; he was still brooding over it when he went for a long, lonely walk after dinner on Sunday. He walked at a great pace along the towpath by the river. If he did not walk fast, or play footer hard, or play the fool, or sing, he found himself thinking of that matter at home that hurt so very much. He was not an ordinary boy. He did not forget things; he could not. He would have been far happier if he could.

Danvers and Gerald, strolling by the river, saw their hero striding alone at a headlong pace. 'I wonder why he walks by himself?' Danvers said. 'Goodness knows, he's popular enough!'

'He looks pretty miserable,' Gerald said.

Danvers laughed incredulously. 'Why on earth should he be miserable?' he said. 'Every one likes him, he's high up in the school, he's a certainty for his Fifteen and Eleven — what more does any one want?'

'I don't know,' Gerald answered stubbornly. 'But he does look miserable.'

And Berthold was wretched enough in all truth, so wretched that he could only find a kind of relief in dwelling on his grievance against the Head. It simply did not do to think of what he might learn in his next letter from home. He would not think of it. It would be better to play the fool again — to do something really mad! And when he had done it — well, this time the Head would be forced to play the game — even if the whole school were made to suffer. Berthold told himself savagely that he did not care a rush what the school thought of him! If they all turned against him — well, it might keep him from thinking for a bit!

Gerald and Danvers had tea with their house master that evening. It was a first-class tea, with cake, and jam, and muffins, but Mr. Vickers himself rather put them off their feed at first. He did not mean to do so in the least, his one idea was to put them at their ease, but his manner was unfortunate. When he meant to be kindest, he was most jerky. He ordered Gerald and Danvers to eat as though he had been about to cane them! The meal would have dragged terribly if Gerald, by great good luck, had not chanced to mention golf. He knew something about the game through acting as his father's caddy in the holidays, and golf was Mr. Vickers's great passion. After that one fortunate remark he instantly became his own delightful self. He simply bubbled with really funny stories, some of them against himself, and he had Gerald and Danvers laughing so heartily that they almost forgot to eat; but not quite. They made a glorious meal, and what was better, they came to know what sort of man Vickers really was. They were never greatly afraid of him after that tea, and he himself had lost his jerkiness in the funniest way. After a while he stopped talking golf and began to speak about the house. Vickers was really keen about the house. There was no doubt of that. And Danvers and Gerald had never before realised for a moment that the future of a house could possibly lie in the hands of such small, new boys as themselves! But Vickers seemed to think it could.

When he sent them away at last, they were excellent friends.

'Oh, by the way, Wilding, I'm glad to see that you are a bit of a sprinter!' he said solemnly.

"Gerald contrived to get his letter written."

Gerald stared. 'I'm not very fast, sir,' he said, and Danvers blushed slightly.

'You were sprinting for chapel yesterday morning, and doing really excellent time,' Vickers answered. 'I'm a bit of a judge. I was second string myself for the quarter at Oxford years ago. It's a good thing to be able to run; but don't practise too much — before breakfast!'

'I'll try not to, sir,' Gerald said.

'It doesn't pay to be late for chapel in this house,' Vickers ended up. 'It means a lot of lines, and the third time it means something painful — painful to me, and even more to you. Good-bye.'

They agreed as they departed that Vickers really wasn't a bad sort.

'I expect he means well,' Danvers said indulgently; 'and those muffins were A 1.'

(Continued on page 68.)

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

II. — CANARIES.

IT is interesting to realise, when thinking about canaries, that for over two hundred years these birds have been the most popular cage-bird pets in this country. So famed did they become on introduction here, both for their beautiful plumage and sweet singing, that quite a century ago canary so-

Yorkshire Canary.

Norwich Canary.

cieties were formed, in which fanciers banded themselves together to encourage the breeding and training of these little feathered songsters.

There are hundreds of canary fanciers in England now who breed the birds, but formerly all the best birds used to come from the Tyrol and Thuringia. There the peasants display a marvellous skill and patience in developing and improving the canary's song. They have a regular system of rules and principles for teaching the birds that sweet warbling song, which earns the little musician the title of Roller Canary, or Hartz Mountain Rollers, as they are sometimes called. The young canaries are taught as soon as they begin to twitter, by means of either a bird-organ, played to them at regular intervals in the day, or being placed in a room with a trained cock singer, who acts as music-master to the rest. It takes from three to six months for a bird to learn his song perfectly, and by then he is full grown and ready to be sent out into the world.

Crested Canary.

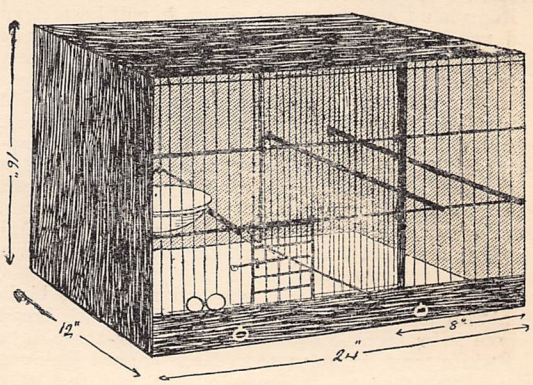
I have not space here to tell you the different characteristics of each breed of canary — the Norwich, Yorkshire, and crested canaries are the most popular — but there is an excellent penny paper, called Caged Birds, published weekly, which you will find a great help to you, as articles are written in it by expert fanciers in each kind. Through its advertisement columns, too, you can buy a nice pair of matched birds from eight shillings upwards. But, without describing each variety in detail, it is possible to give general rules for their treatment.

Canaries are not naturally delicate birds, but living in a cage amidst artificial surroundings inclines them to become so, and therefore it behoves you to care for your pets with the utmost regularity and attention. If gentle, quiet movements are always used near the cages the birds soon overcome their timidity, and if you begin by patiently offering some choice dainty (a piece of fruit, for instance), first just outside the cage bars, and later with your hand inside the cage, your pets will get perfectly tame and amenable to handling. The staple diet for canaries is a mixture of canary and rape seed, to which may be added half a teaspoonful of millet and hemp to each bird, once a week. Give a lettuce leaf, or two or three pieces of groundsel or chickweed, every day, especially in summer-time;

The most modern Nesting-box.

as groundsel is the only one of these three delicacies procurable in winter, a small piece of apple or pear can take the other's place. A lump of sugar is much enjoyed, and may be given twice a week, but it is not good for the birds to have it left always between the cage bars.

The moulting season usually begins in July or August. You will know when by the birds' dumpy appearance, and also by the number of dropped



Improved Cage, with division for nesting.

feathers on the cage floor. Keep them very free from draughts at this time, and add a 'doll's saucer' of bread and milk to their diet every morning. Be particular to always fill the drinking vessel and bath each day with pure, clean, and, if possible, soft water. Birds require plenty of grit to aid them to digest their food, so every morning when you clean out their cages strew the floor thickly with fresh bird-sand, which can be bought in little bags at a seed-shop.

And, now, as to cages. For ordinary use there are such a tremendous variety of sorts and sizes that the choice must rest with your own fancy and pocket-money capacity, only let them be as large as possible! The breeding-cage, however, should be made in one recognised pattern: the sides and top of wood, movable nest-boxes, and with a sliding partition down the middle. As this is an expensive item, the cage being used such a short time in the year, you may prefer to buy a second-hand one. This is not a bad plan, and it will only cost two or three shillings; but be sure and wash it out well with disinfectant and boiling water before using, and when it is quite dry, paint the woodwork inside and out with Hall's distemper. This destroys any lurking insect pests.

The most interesting time of the year for the young canary-fancier is undoubtedly April, because then, if the days are warm and bright, he can pair his birds ready for nesting. It is a time of anxiety, too; for so many little accidents may occur and ruin all hopes of nestlings that season. Here are a few hints for the beginner, though I am afraid nothing but experience will really bring about the desired results. Choosing a warm spell of weather, place your birds one in each compartment of the breeding-cage, with the wire division closed. As soon as they have become acquainted, the cock constantly singing to, and perhaps bringing seeds to, the hen, draw out the division, and let them be together. The cage should now be hung in a quiet, sunny room, and care taken not to meddle with or disturb the birds more than is absolutely necessary. Besides the ordinary food, give every two days a teaspoonful of hard-boiled egg, mixed with biscuit or bread crumbs. Directly the hen begins to lay, this food must be given every day. Provide a nest-box and building materials, which the bird-shops keep in ready-made bundles.

Hang it up in some corner where it will keep clean and yet be easily got at by the birds, but do not attempt to make the nest yourself, beyond placing a few morsels of moss in the boxes by way of encouragement. After the nest is built one egg will be laid each day until four or five are produced. About thirteen days, and the first chick should appear; if by the fifteenth day there is no sign of a young bird, take the eggs carefully from the nest, and hold them for five minutes in lukewarm water. Before replacing them hold each one up to the light; if they are half-transparent they can be thrown away, as they are bad.

When the young are hatched, give the old birds plenty of hard-boiled yolk of egg, mixed with bread soaked in water and squeezed dry; after three days the white may be added too. Keep a good look-out to see that the mother comes off the nest regularly for food, or is fed by the cock; for if she is a very young mother she may starve herself in her devotion to her nestlings; if she will not come off to feed, lift her gently off, and place her near the food saucer. When fourteen days old the young birds begin to feed themselves, and after a month should be put in another cage, as the hen will then be preparing for her second brood. Canaries sometimes have as many as four broods in one season, but the birds are healthier when they only have two, or at most three.

I. E. N.

FORTUNE FROM A FIRE.

A MAN named Lee owed his success in life to a disastrous fire. Many years ago, far back in the last century, there was a fire at Glasshampton House, at Astley, in Worcestershire, when the whole building was burnt out. The owner had it rebuilt, improved, and enlarged. When the work was completed, he gave a dinner in honour of the occasion to the men who had been employed on the task, with the result that the place was again gutted! The cause of this second fire was the foolish action of a drunken man, who knocked out the ashes from his pipe on to a pile of shavings.

Amongst the workmen was Lee, the carpenter, who had taken up the study of Hebrew as a recreation in his leisure moments. Having lost in the fire not only all his tools, but also a number of his books, he appealed to his employer for assistance. A gentleman who heard of Lee and his loss was greatly interested, and used his influence to such good purpose that the carpenter matriculated, went to Cambridge, and in course of time became Professor there of Hebrew and Arabic.

Doctor Lee died in 1852 at the age of sixty-nine. His translation of the Book of Job is well known and his Hebrew grammar and lexicon became a standard text-book.

BEGINNINGS.

LOOK out for small beginnings, for in small beginnings lie
The world-resounding triumphs that will stir us by-and-by.
And, far and wide as labour and accomplishment extend,
Be sure they start unnoticed from the very little end.

For instance: on a morning less than half a week away,
I saw a spark of sunshine, and it grew into a day;
And ere the night had vanished, and the shadows still were long,
A blackbird gave a chirrup that became a flood of song.

Again: when I was walking where my daily duties lead,
I met a tiny purpose that became a noble deed;
Yet the purpose was so little when its form was first espied,
That very many people would have tossed it right aside.

Then notice small beginnings in yourself and others too,
And readily encourage, when encouragement is due.
Alert and peering spectacles, with thoughtful eyes behind,
Will see an opportunity that no one else can find.

John Lea.

THE GIPSY VAN.

'NOW, children, you had better not go out of the garden,' said Nurse. 'It's Fair-day, and there are gipsies about in the woods. If you go there, they will carry you off, as sure as my name is Sarah Brown.'

When Nurse had gone away the children sat on

the lawn, staring at each other with wide, delighted eyes. Gipsies! How splendid and how exciting! Of course they must go to the woods, for they wanted to be stolen by gipsies more than anything in the whole world.

'We will start directly we have finished our lunch,' said John, the eldest of the three, taking a large bite out of his slice of bread and jam. 'Nurse did not really forbid us, did she?'

'I suppose she thought that we would be afraid of gipsies,' laughed Milly. 'As if we should be so stupid. Do you think they will stain our faces with walnut juice, John? and — oh, I wonder whether we shall have roast hedge-hog for dinner?'

Jean, the little one, did not say anything. She was only six, and not nearly so talkative and noisy as the other children. Her father always said that if Jean did not say much she thought the more.

When all the bread and jam had been eaten, the three children stole out of the garden and along the shady path that led to the woods.

It was a beautiful summer day, and the woods were lovely, with the green branches overhead, the smooth trunks of the beech-trees like great columns on either side, and the rustling brown carpet of last year's dead leaves.

The children walked a long way through the trees, and it was past twelve o'clock when they reached the open place where they expected the caravan to be.

Yes, there it was, a great, yellow van, with wicker chairs, baskets, and brooms on the roof. Two big dogs were tied up under the van, and near by there was a fire, with a man, three women, and a ragged boy seated round it.

John and Milly and Jean began to feel a little frightened as they watched the gipsies, for they had never had such an adventure before in their lives, but they did not mean to give up their plan, so, after a minute or two, they walked boldly out from among the bushes.

It really was rather alarming, for both the dogs barked and the man got up and asked them fiercely what they wanted.

'Please, may we live with you, and be gipsies, and ride in the caravan?' said John. The women laughed loudly, and one of them caught hold of Milly's arm and dragged her near to the fire.

'So you want to stay with us, my little lady?' she said, and then all the gipsies whispered to each other for a long time. 'Rich people, gentry, good reward,' those were some of the words that the children overheard. After a time the oldest and ugliest of the women went to the van, brought some mugs and plates, and ladled soup out of a black pot that hung over the fire.

The soup was delicious, and while the children ate it, the gipsies talked together again, and this time they spoke in a funny language that even John, who had begun French and Latin, could not understand. When the meal was finished the old woman picked up Jean, and, telling the others to follow her, went across the grass to the caravan. Then she pushed them all into the van, ordered them sternly to be good and quiet, and went away, bolting the door behind her.

And so the children were really caught by gipsies, but now that the adventure had happened it did not seem nearly so nice as they had expected.

It was very hot and stuffy there in the caravan, for all the windows except one tiny one were shut and barred. They looked out and saw the gipsies go away to the fair with loads of brooms and baskets, and then they were left alone, with nobody to keep them company in the camp, except the two fierce dogs and a little tabby kitten that was asleep in a corner of the van.

All through the long afternoon the children stayed there, feeling very lonely and miserable. They were quite sure now that they did not want to be gipsies a bit.

'I wonder if we shall ever escape,' John said sadly, and Milly began to cry. Little Jean sat and stared thoughtfully out of the window. 'I see people coming,' she said at last, and then the others looked out too, and there, sure enough, were some ladies and children, with a donkey-cart and picnic baskets, coming out of the wood. 'We must shout,' said John, and they all called 'Help! help! help!' at the top of their voices. It was no good, however, for when they began to shout, the two fierce dogs barked so loudly that the little voices were quite drowned, and the picnic people went on spreading their cloth and lighting their fire without taking any notice.

'I will write a letter to them,' said John, when he found that the shouts were useless, 'and drop it out of the window.' He tore a leaf out of his note-book and wrote: 'We are shut up in the gipsy van, please let us out, John, Milly, Jean.' Then he threw the letter out of the little window; but it only fell into the long grass, and nobody saw it at all.

'It's no good,' said Milly, beginning to sob in real earnest. Even John looked dismal, but Jean had picked up the kitten and was patting it gently.

'The window is very little,' she said at last, 'but Kitty could get through it. Let's write another letter, tie it to her neck, and let her run away.'

Really it was a splendid idea. John wrote a second note, and Milly fastened it to the kitten's neck with Jean's hair ribbon. Then they put the little animal through the window and dropped her down on to the soft grass. She stopped for a moment to spit at the dogs, and then ran away quickly towards the trees.

'Oh, what a darling little kitten!' the children heard some one say; 'why, whatever has it got round its neck?'

In another minute the picnic people came running towards the caravan, the door was unfastened, and the weary little prisoners were set at liberty.

That was the end of the adventure. They were given a splendid tea by their new friends, and then driven all the way home in the donkey-cart.

Poor Nurse had been terribly frightened when she found that her charges were missing, and she had searched for them everywhere.

However, she scolded them well when she got them back, and sent them all off to bed at six o'clock as a punishment for their naughtiness.

The children were much more obedient after that day, and they all agreed that they never wanted to go inside a caravan again.

They felt that they had had a very narrow escape, for, if it had not been for little Jean and her clever idea about the kitten, perhaps they would have had to stay gipsies for the rest of their lives.

A. A. Methley.

"'Please, may we live with you, and be gipsies?'"

LITTLE MISS MUFFETT

"The crocodile showed no signs of going away."

TREE'D BY A CROCODILE.

'AUNTIE didn't like girls shooting, and I'm sure she wouldn't like me to,' said Minnie. 'Besides, it's not necessary to kill the poor birds and things.'

'But surely you don't think she knew better than Father?' asked her cousin.

'Yes, better what was right for girls,' replied Minnie, primly.

'Oh, you are a muff! Just suppose, for instance, you were out one day, and you met a lion, as Father did the other week, what would you do? This isn't England, remember.'

Minnie opened her eyes in dismay. 'But I thought this was civilised!'

Kitty laughed outright. 'Of course it is, but you don't civilise wild animals out of a place for ever so long, and Father can only let us go out alone if we know how to use a gun. It's a great bore always having to wait for the boys. Come along, Minnie, and be sensible — he's waiting for us.'

The little girl thought she was being very sensible and very grown-up, but these South African cousins of hers did not seem to think so and did not hesitate to say what they thought. She came rather unwillingly in answer to Kitty's eager pull, and they joined Mr. Ashton and the boys.

'You have persuaded her, Kitty? That's right,' he cried as soon as he saw them. 'There's no harm in knowing how to do a thing, even if you never have to do it. Now then, little woman, you hold the gun so, you aim so, and you press the trigger so!'

There was a flash and a bang, and Minnie dropped the gun with a scream.

'Come, come,' exclaimed her uncle amid a storm of laughter from the boys, 'that will never do; try again.'

The little girl did try again, that day and for many days, but she always screamed when the gun went off, in spite of her cousins' chaff.

'I'm afraid you will not make much of a shot, my dear,' remarked her uncle, after the third or fourth lesson. 'But you know which end of the gun the shot comes out of, and that's something. Now, boys, don't laugh; I'm sure some of you behave as if you didn't know it.'

And at that rebuke they subsided, but chuckling still.

'It's to be hoped,' said Lance, the eldest, when they were alone, 'you never will meet a lion, Minnie: you would never have the pluck to stand up to him.'

'Be quiet, Lance,' said Kitty, seeing that her little cousin looked ready to cry; 'you don't know that you would be brave either.'

'Well, I should hope so,' replied the boy; 'braver than a girl, anyhow.'

'Handsome is as handsome does,' said Kitty; 'come along, Minnie; you and I and little Boy Baby will go for a picnic and leave these very superior people to themselves.'

It was still early in the day, before the intense heat of noon, and the little girl was willing enough. She was very fond of Boy Baby, as he was called, the youngest member of the family. So Kitty's proposal was hailed with delight.

'Where shall we go?' she asked, when her cousin, having got a luncheon basket, joined her on the verandah of the farmhouse.

'Down by the river; it's shady there,' said Kitty promptly. 'Come along, Boy Baby.'

Boy Baby was only too ready to come, looking like a little mushrooom in his big sun-hat and holland overall.

'You mustn't mind the boys, Minnie,' said Kitty, when they were fairly off; 'it's only fun, you know.'

'I wish they wouldn't,' the little girl answered; 'they make me feel so small.'

Kitty laughed. 'Boys are bumptious,' she said; 'they think they know everything, but,' shaking her head with a very wise air, 'I don't believe in them; they think they know just a little too much. We will not talk of them now; tell me about England. I should love to go there.'

'Perhaps you could come back with me; wouldn't that be lovely?' cried Minnie, dancing along the path beside her. 'Then I'd show you heaps of things.' Failing that, she told her about them, and they talked steadily until they reached their camping-ground under a group of trees not very far from the river.

It was soon too hot to do anything but sit still. After dinner Boy Baby went to sleep with his head on Kitty's lap, and then she did the talking, telling tales of bush-life she had heard from her father, and of some of her own queer adventures among the many strange creatures whose home was there.

The sun was getting low in the sky when at last Kitty rose to her feet.

'Will you mind Boy Baby for a little while?' she said. 'I want to get some of those plants over there for the garden. The gun is just behind the basket if you want it,' and away she went.

Boy Baby followed her a little way, but presently came toddling back and began to chatter to himself close by, and Minnie sat, her hands clasped round her knees, gazing at the sky and dreaming.

She never noticed that the soft talking near her had stopped, until she became conscious of a queer musty smell, and looking round, saw, to her horror, a great crocodile waddling up from the river, and Boy Baby going to meet it, lisping 'Pretty! pretty!' in his baby way.

'Kitty! Kitty!' she shrieked helplessly, but there was no answering call; her cousin was too far away, and Minnie must act alone and act quickly.

What should she do? What could she do? Only a moment she hesitated; then the right thought came, and the little girl acted upon it.

She ran to Boy Baby, and catching him up, set him in the fork of a tree that grew near.

'Baby hold tight,' she cried, darting back to pick up the gun.

The crocodile, seeing his prey escaping, quickened his pace, and had nearly reached the tree as Minnie got there again.

Bang went the gun, and he stopped, blinking his little eyes and opening and shutting his mouth with its rows of wicked teeth. It was only for a moment, but it gave the little girl time to scramble up beside her cousin only just above those cruel jaws.

The creature seemed puzzled. It looked at the children, then it waddled slowly all round the tree.

'We will wait till it goes away, Baby,' whispered Minnie; 'then we will go home.'

'Will he go away?' asked the little boy in an awed whisper.

'Presently, I expect.'

But the crocodile showed no signs of going away; instead, it dropped its great ugly head on the ground and went to sleep.

'Oh! what shall we do?' sobbed Minnie; 'and Kitty will be back soon.'

At the children's least movement the wicked little eyes opened and leered up at them. To make matters worse Baby was growing sleepy, and Minnie had as much as she could do to hold him on.

What a welcome sound was Kitty's voice as she came singing along, to be stopped by an agonised shriek from her cousin.

'Don't come near, Kitty; there's a great big crocodile here. Baby and I are in the tree. Oh, do get somebody! quick!'

Kitty, being a quick-witted child, grasped the situation at once, and with a cheery shout, she flew back by the way they had come, bursting in upon her father and the boys as they were lingering over their late tea.

'Why, Kits!' exclaimed Mr. Ashford, 'what is it?'

In as few words as possible she told them. There was a general rush for guns, and in two or three minutes they were off to the rescue.

Meanwhile Minnie, finding her position growing more and more uncomfortable, by dint of a great deal of wriggling, which the crocodile watched with much interest, got Boy Baby against the trunk of the tree, which left both her hands free.

'Now, Baby, don't be frightened,' she said. 'You watch. I'm going to hold my handkerchief like that, which will hang it down so that he will open his mouth at it. See? Then I'm going to shoot the gun right in.'

The great creature raised himself as he saw the handkerchief dangling before him, and presently open came the wicked-looking mouth.

In a desperate hurry Minnie fired. Down went the gun with the shock, and the little girl nearly followed, but she managed to keep her balance, while the great creature below bellowed and ramped about in what seemed a paroxysm of fury.

The two children clung together as they watched the struggle below. Just as the rescue party came crashing through the bushes the crocodile grew quite still.

'Don't come close,' shrieked Minnie; 'he will eat you!'

'All right, little one! Keep back, boys,' cried her uncle, and advanced cautiously.

But the crocodile never moved.

'Looks as if he were about finished,' said Mr. Ashford, prodding it with a long stick. Still it did not move, and stepping over its body he stretched up his arms for the children, saying, 'Thank God! Minnie, I believe you have killed it!'

But Minnie only sobbed as she fell into his arms.

It was not until the next morning, when hand-in-hand with Kitty she went to see it skinned, and saw the admiring, half-envious glances cast at her by the boys, that she realised she had done something they had never done.

'But then you would have done it if you had been there,' she said generously; 'and I was dreadfully frightened.'

M. E. Heward.

OLD ENGLAND.

I.—ST. HILDA'S ABBEY, WHITBY.

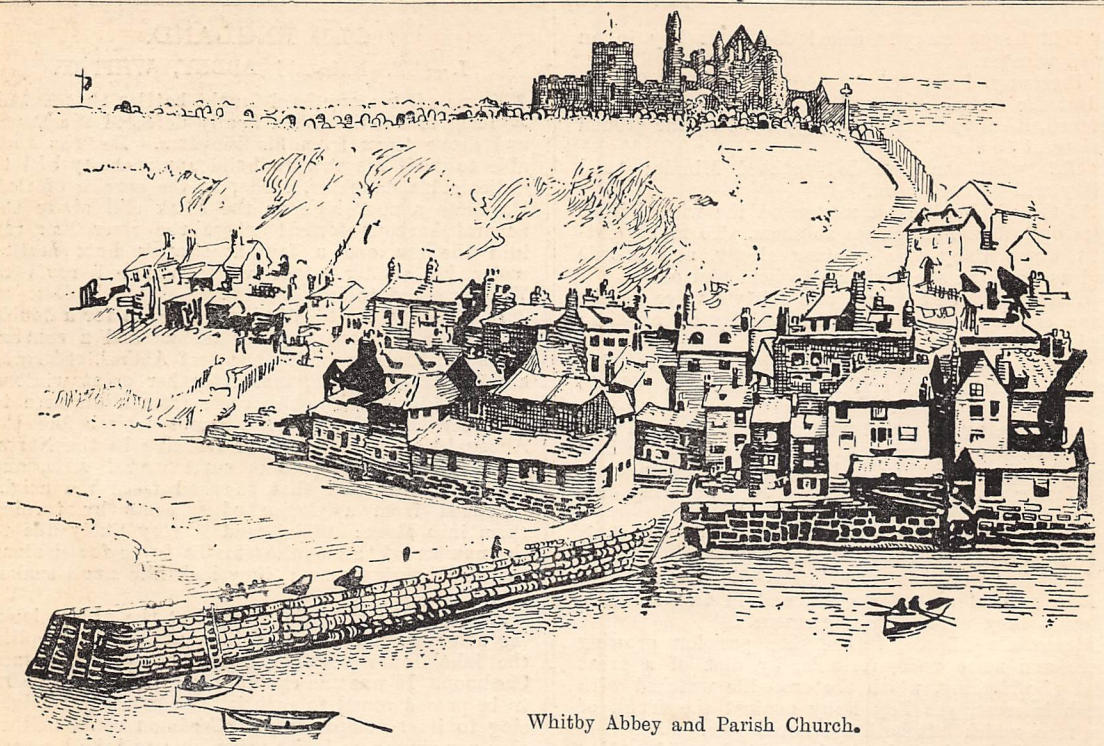
IT was after many hard-fought battles that Oswui, King of Northumbria, finally defeated the Danes and drove them from his kingdom. He was then able to fulfil his vow to build a monastery and to dedicate his daughter, Hilda, to the service of God. He chose a spot high on the bleak cliff above the natural harbour formed where the river Esk ran into the sea and a few fishermen's huts nestled under its shelter—just where the red roofs of Whitby stand to-day.

In 617 A. D. the buildings were begun for a double foundation, a monastery for monks and a convent for nuns, Hilda becoming the first Abbess. She was a remarkable woman, famed for her great wisdom, so that kings and nobles came from a distance to seek her counsel, and it was not long before the Abbey became the centre of learning in the North. Hilda was said to possess supernatural gifts, and the story was told that she had freed the neighbourhood from a plague of serpents by turning them into stone: this legend is very likely due to the number of 'ammonite' fossils to be found along the neighbouring coast; they look like small snakes curled up.

Amongst the men who worked at the Abbey, looking after the sheep and cattle that largely supplied the inhabitants with food, was a cowherd named Caedmon. It was the custom at festivals for a harp to be passed round to each in turn so that he might sing to its accompaniment. Caedmon could neither sing nor rhyme, and was never able to take his turn with the others, so that he felt ashamed of his ignorance and stupidity. One night, seeing that the harp would soon be passed to him, and fearing lest the singers should scoff at him, he stole away unnoticed. He took refuge in the cowshed, and there fell asleep. Caedmon dreamt that an angel appeared to him and bade him sing. When he replied that he could not, the angel, bending down, touched his lips. 'Sing,' cried he, 'sing the Story of Creation!'

Immediately Caedmon's voice rose in song, surpassing all that he had ever heard. When he awoke he found that he was able to remember all that he had sung, and went at once to tell his comrades. They were amazed at the gift that had come to him, and led him before the Abbess Hilda that she might hear his strange story. She marvelled greatly and counselled Caedmon to become a monk. Acting upon her advice he entered the monastery, became one of its brothers, and there wrote down his song so that it should be read in after times. Later he turned many of the other Scripture stories into Saxon verse. Caedmon died at Whitby in 680, greatly beloved and honoured. The original manuscript of his 'Story of the Creation' is still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

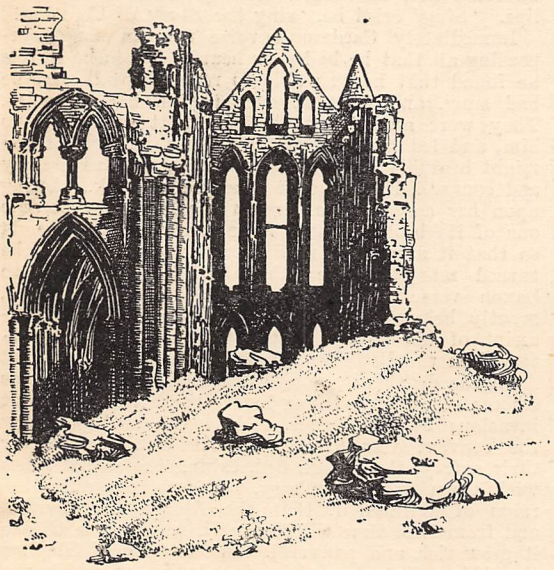
On the death of Hilda, Princess Aelberfled became Abbess. It was not long before there were constant invasions by the Danes, and in the ninth century the convent was destroyed. At last, fearing for their safety, the monks fled, taking the sacred relics with them to Glastonbury. It was not until the reign of William I. that the Abbey was revived, and from that time till Henry II. was on the throne it grew rich and powerful. In the time of Stephen the Abbey Church, on the foundation of which the



Whitby Abbey and Parish Church.

present parish church was built, was found to be too small and a larger building was begun, the ruins of which remain to-day.

From time to time pirates still visited the Abbey, attracted by the tales of its wealth, and in the twelfth century it was plundered by the King of Norway. Once the abbey bells were carried off, but the pirate ships taking them away struck on the rocks and sank: it is said that the bells can still be heard ringing at the bottom of the sea. After the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. the place gradually fell into decay till it was bought in 1636 by Sir R. Cholmley, who built his mansion on the site of the Abbot's house.



Ruins of the Nave, Whitby Abbey.

To-day one hundred and ninety-nine steps lead up the steep cliff to where the grim ruin stands beside the church looking down on to the old houses and harbour below. The choir, the east end with its lancet windows, part of the nave, the north transept and aisle remain.

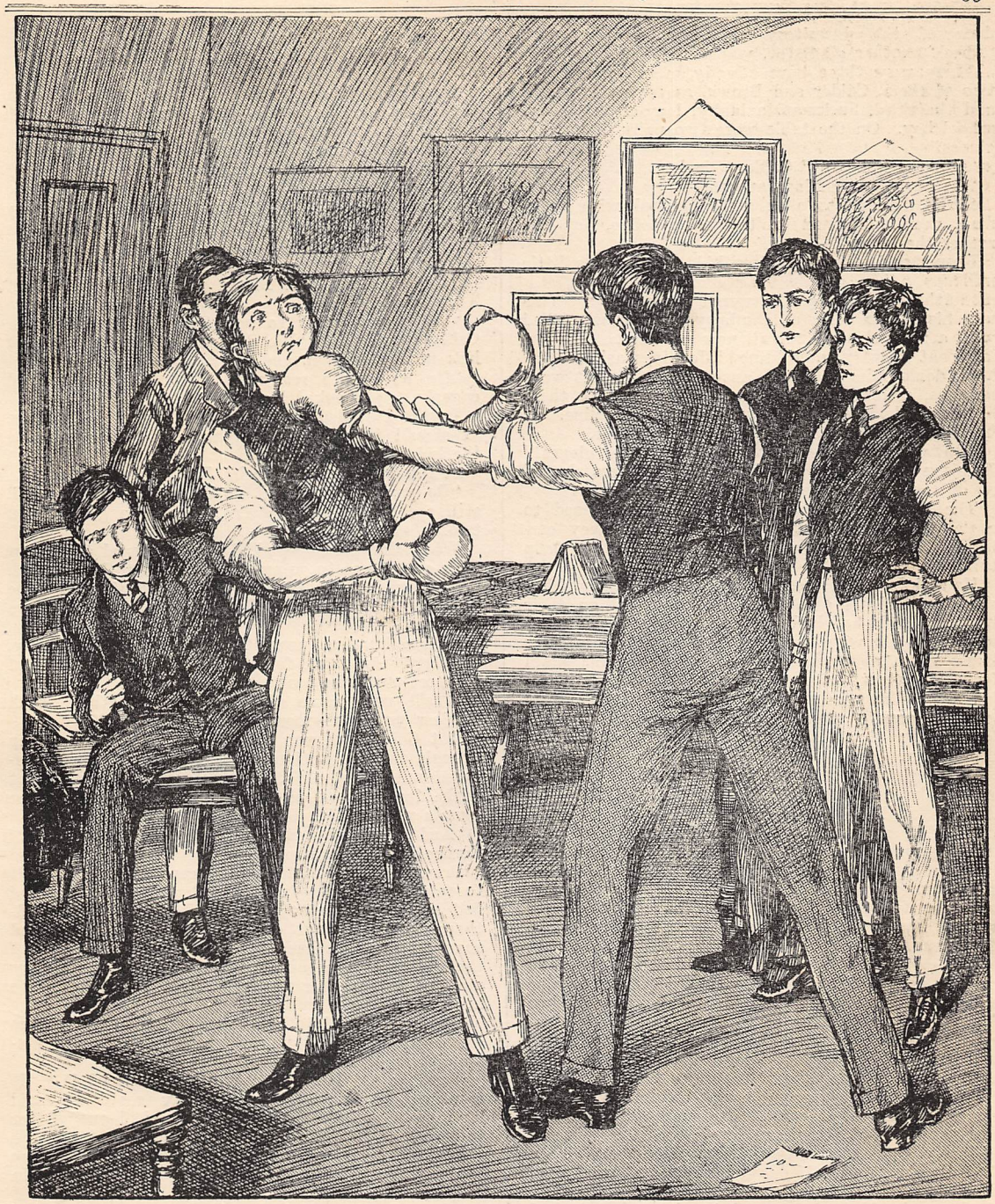
Until 1830 the square central tower, from which Robin Hood and Little John were invited, it is said, by the monks to shoot their arrows as a trial of skill, still remained, but in falling it brought down a great portion of the western side. A stone some distance away marks the length of the shot. In the churchyard at the cliff-edge close by, a cross to the memory of Caedmon has recently been erected, which all must pass on their way to visit the place where the first English poet lived and wrote.

Ruth Cobb.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 60.)

GERALD had his first experience of bullying that evening; and yet perhaps, as is often the way, what he had to put up with was due more to thoughtlessness than to a wish to be cruel. Few boys are deliberately cruel; but quite often a want of imagination or thought leads them into cruelty. They are incapable of putting themselves in another's place.



"He had had more than enough of it after two rounds.

Gerald went to his dormitory after evening chapel to get something from his compartment, and was hailed by a biggish boy as he came out.

'Hullo, you there! what's your name?'

Gerald told him.

'Can you box?'

'I did a little at my private school.'

'Good for you. Come on to the class-room.'

There was nothing for Gerald but to obey. His captor, whose name was Jennings, flung open the

door of the dormitory class-room, calling out, 'Here's another gladiator, you chaps!'

There were three boys already in the class-room, two of them, Calder and Brown, as big as Jennings, and the third, Jackman, a lanky, long-armed lower-school boy. On the table were two pairs of boxing-gloves.

'Can the kid box?' Calder asked.

'He says so,' Jennings answered.

'Well, he ought to be well matched with Jackman, then. Jackman can't box for toffee, but he's rather the bigger.'

Brown said, 'Are you two kids game for a little mill?'

'Rather!' Jackman answered truculently. This was his second term at Dunbury, and he was filled with a natural scorn for all new guv'nors.

'What about you, Wilding?' Jennings asked.

'I don't mind,' Gerald answered. He felt very nervous, and he did not want to box before these big boys; but he did not see his way to decline. It would have looked like funking, he thought.

'Off with your coats and on with the gloves!' Jennings commanded briskly, and the others cleared an open space for the encounter.

The three who were to be spectators seemed to anticipate the conflict with huge glee. They certainly had the best of it, Gerald could not help thinking.

He and Jackman faced each other with their shirt-sleeves rolled up and the gloves adjusted on their hands. Gerald had had a few lessons from the gym.-master at his private school, but he did not really know much about boxing. Jackman, it was plain from the start, knew nothing at all. He whirled his arms like windmill sails, but those arms were long and fairly strong, and he stood half an inch taller than Gerald. Calder, watch in hand, was timekeeper.

'Two-minute rounds, and a minute's rest between,' he announced. 'Seconds out! Time! Go on, you kids!'

Jackman sprang in with swinging arms. Gerald tried to prop him off with his left, as he had been taught; but Jackman did not box a bit like the gym.-master. He meant hitting, and his arms were too long for Gerald, who might have done better against him if his methods had been more orthodox. As it was, Gerald had a bad time, even in that first round. He was hit hard half-a-dozen times, and he was thankful when Calder called 'Time!' The other two acted as seconds for the boxers. Brown flapped a handkerchief in Gerald's face, and whispered sage advice. 'Let him have it with the left as he bores in!' he kept muttering, but Gerald thought it was a thing far easier to say than to do.

But early in the second round he did get in one nice left-hander. It caught Jackman fairly on the nose, and served to enrage him. He slogged more furiously than ever. One of his blows landed on Gerald's chin, and half dazed him. He showed good pluck, but he was being rather badly punished. The big boys should have stopped the bout, but it had excited them, and they were eager to see more hard hitting. Boxing has that effect on some spectators. Jennings and Calder were yelling to Jackman to finish his man. Gerald was staggering about, and Jackman was hitting him almost as he pleased, when the door opened and Berthold walked in.

He shut the door behind him and took in the scene with his usual coolness. The three promoters of the contest looked very slightly ashamed of themselves. Calder, who had forgotten all about the rounds in his excitement, looked at his watch and called 'Time!' Gerald sat on a bench very thankfully. He felt dizzy and dreadfully tired. Then Berthold spoke. He very seldom said what one expected him to say. 'Jolly good sport!' he remarked with quite unusual enthusiasm. 'But why call "Time"? Why not go on till that kid was really knocked out? — he wasn't far off it.'

Gerald felt very disappointed with his hero. But Calder, Jennings, and Brown knew Berthold better. They looked sheepish.

'We didn't want to see the kid knocked out,' Calder protested. 'We did get a bit excited; but he's plucky enough, and he was all right.'

'He was quite ready to box,' Brown explained eagerly. 'We asked him.'

Berthold smiled. 'Oh! quite so,' he said gently. 'I should think it was great sport — for you. Is the kid to go on?'

'I think he's had enough,' Jennings said quickly.

'Do you, really? But so do I,' Berthold agreed, still speaking gently. 'Take off those gloves, you two.'

When they had obeyed, Berthold turned to Calder. 'It's a pity not to go on with the sport,' he drawled. 'And I want some exercise myself. Besides, it's the kids' turn to watch. Will you put on the gloves with me, Calder?'

Calder laughed promptly, but rather curiously. 'Rather! Anything for a rag!' he answered. 'But I expect you'll be too clever for me.'

'We'll only have three rounds,' Berthold said. 'Unless you want more, that is,' he added.

But Calder did not want more. He was plucky enough, but his notions of boxing were crude compared with Berthold's. Berthold was fairly lenient with him, but — Calder was glad when those three rounds were ended.

'And now, will you have a breather, Brown?' Berthold asked invitingly.

Brown professed his willingness. It was difficult to refuse. But he lacked Calder's pluck. He had had more than enough of it after two rounds, although even Gerald could see that Berthold had spared him as he had spared Calder. He pulled off the gloves at the call of time. 'That's enough for me,' he said rather sullenly. 'I'd as soon try to hit an eel!'

Berthold turned to Jennings. 'I must have some exercise!' he said. 'I'm sure Jennings won't disappoint me!'

Jennings tried hard to make a joke of it. 'It wouldn't be exercise — except for me!' he said laughingly. 'I should think you've had enough for to-night, Berthold!'

Berthold appeared surprised. 'But you seemed so keen on boxing, all three of you, when I came in just now!' he said.

'Well, I don't think I want any more to-night,' Jennings laughed.

Berthold looked at him full. 'Oh, but I think you must,' he said very quietly, and Jennings stood up and pulled on the gloves.

They only had one round. It was a brisk and merry round — but it is doubtful if Jennings really

appreciated it. Berthold seemed to crowd into it precisely the same amount of chastisement that he had included in Calder's three. At the end he was laughing, but Jennings was puffing and gasping with great vigour.

'That's enough, I think,' said Berthold, tossing aside the gloves. 'Great sport, boxing, isn't it?'

He strolled from the room, and Gerald judged it wise and prudent and tactful to scuttle away himself. It could not be said that his admiration for Berthold had increased. That was scarcely possible. But — but it was something more than admiration now.

(Continued on page 78.)

OLD BLACKIE.

A True Story.

HE was a jet-black kitten, with white paws and breast, and, when we first had him, too young even to lap milk. It had to be given him with a spoon. But Blackie soon grew and became one of the family; learned to jump through a hoop, and beg as a dog does — not touching the tempting morsel while 'on credit,' but devouring it when 'paid for' was uttered. He used to go up to the top of the house each morning, mew outside the door of late risers, and wait till they went with him down to breakfast. This was quite disinterested, for they did not feed him. To one invalid member of the household he particularly attached himself, seeming to know by instinct her time for a daily walk round the garden. It was amusing to see him pace by her side; if she paused a moment to look at a plant, he would do so also, smelling and touching it ever so gently. Once, when his friend had been unable to get out for some time, he mewed outside her door till let in. Then mounting on the bed, he laid down before her a pear (held carefully by its stalk) which he had evidently picked up in the garden! Was it not almost human?

Too carefully trained to steal, he had been shut up accidentally in a room where a roast partridge, most tempting to any cat, had been left. He was found asleep, with the untouched bird knocked off the dish on to the floor. Our old cook said, 'It was too much for him, but he ate none, knowing it was not for him.' Indeed, he would follow her into the pantry where fish was spread on the cool floor, without even looking at it. He slept outside the house in a barrel reserved for him; and on Cook's saying, 'Go to bed now!' would march directly to it. Rather different from some children I know, is it not?

People often say a cat is attached to a home, not to its inmates; this is quite untrue, for Blackie cared intensely for some people, while indifferent to others who petted him equally. He was our faithful friend of many years, till he died peacefully of old age. We missed him sadly.

AFTER THE STORM.

SUCH a tranquil night!
Such a clear, calm sky!
When the storm is o'er
And the rain passed by,
The sweet moon gleams
Through the soft spring air,
And the scent of the trees
Is everywhere.

'Tis a growing night.
You can almost hear
The thought of a rustling
Somewhere near,
As the grass shoots up
And the sweet buds push
Their little green heads
From every bush.

The earth is quiet —
She lies so still:
Of the soft spring rain
She has drunk her fill:
And her children fair
Of wood and lea
They rest in her bosom
Contentedly.

A MUD BATH.

IT was Sunday morning. Nurse had dressed us, that is, Dot and me, in our best white muslin frocks — the ones with blue ribbons. The ones with pink ribbons were only for parties.

We were going to Church with Mother, and Nurse said we might wait in the garden till Mother was ready. 'Only don't get your frocks dirty, and whatever you do, don't go near the pond,' was her parting order.

But Nurse is always so full of 'don'ts' that we didn't taken any notice: we thought we would do as we liked for once. We went straight down to the pond. There were some lovely water-lilies there, and we made up our minds to get one for Mother to wear with her new Sunday dress. It would look so pretty just in front where the green bow comes.

As I was the biggest, I told Dot to hold my hand to keep me from tumbling into the water, while I picked the water-lily. They weren't quite so close to the edge as I had thought they were, but if Dot hadn't been so silly, I know I could have reached them. She saw Nurse coming out of the gate to look for us, and instead of holding on while I picked the flower, she let go. I felt that I was going to tumble into the water, but, as a last chance, I caught hold of Dot's frock.

I suppose I must be a good deal heavier than she is: anyway, splash we both went into the pond!

It wasn't even clean water, either. Our falling in with such a bump seemed to stir up all the mud at the bottom. It was not deep, so we soon scrambled out, and then — you should have seen what Dot looked like! She was just covered in black mud from head to foot. I dare say I looked as bad, but, of course, I couldn't see myself.

While we stood there, shivering and dripping, Nurse came up. She didn't say a word, which was rather funny seeing that she usually says so much. She took hold of the cleanest bit she could find of each of us, and marched us into the house. Not up into the nursery, but to the room where all the clothes are washed. There, she filled the biggest tub with warm water, then, clothes and all, she dipped us in, one by one, and scrubbed us with a large scrubbing-brush.

When we were at last clean and dry, she took us upstairs, and — but there, I don't like to think about it now, even though it happened nearly four years ago.

Florence Tapsell.

"We soon scrambled out."

"She begged a lift for herself and 'her child.'"

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

II. — THE GUNNER'S CHILD.

'REWARD, One Hundred Guineas. — The above sum will be paid for the recovery of the infant son of Mr. Dellow, of St. Martin's, Cannon Street, London, who was stolen from his home on November 18th, 1812.' Such was the advertisement issued just a hundred years ago, and the large reward offered caused great excitement all over the country, for the advertisement, with further description of the missing child, was inserted in the chief papers — country as well as metropolitan — and everywhere people were eagerly scrutinising any chance child they came across whose age, of two and a half years, would agree with that of Mr. Dellow's lost son.

Thus it suddenly flashed into the mind of a Gosport woman that a child of about that age had lately been seen about with a Mrs. Magnes, the wife of a most respectable gunner on one of his Majesty's ships. The Gosport woman communicated her suspicions to the authorities in London; detectives were sent down, and finally Mr. and Mrs. Dellow came by coach from London, identified the child as their own and returned with it to town, full of thankfulness at having their child restored to them, and gladly paying the hundred-guinea reward to the Gosport woman for her acuteness.

The motive for the robbery of the child shows up a shocking tangle of deceit and greed on the part of the gunner's wife.

It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Magnes had been married for some years, and no child had come to cheer their home.

This was an especial grief to Richard Magnes, who was a steady, home-loving man, and he often remarked how he should like 'a little darling' of his own. He could afford to keep a child in comfort, for in those days of sea engagements sailors had the chance of prize-money, and Magnes had been fortunate, and had saved no less than three hundred pounds.

It was this money that excited his wife's greed, and she made her plans to become possessed of it for herself.

When Magnes was away on his next cruise she wrote to him, telling him that on his return he would find himself the happy father of a fine boy. Magnes was delighted at this news; wrote back at once, enclosing all his savings, and begging his wife to spare no expense to get all that was best for his 'little darling.'

So the wife got possession of the money, but of course there was no child to show the gunner when he next came home, eager to dandle his baby in his arms.

The woman, however, had a wicked and plausible tale all ready. 'The child was a bit weakly, and the doctor said it must have country air, so she had sent it to be nursed to a friend in Devonshire, where it was getting on nicely.'

Poor Magnes was much disappointed; he had but a few days on shore, and had to leave without a sight of 'his child.'

Much the same thing occurred on his next visit home; this time 'the child was teething;' and there was some similar excuse on the third visit.

But Magnes was not to be put off any more. 'If you do not fetch the child home, I will,' he told his wife, and she felt now that a child of some sort must be produced. It should be by rights about two and a half years of age, but it must come from a distance — for a child kidnapped from the neighbourhood could not fail to be recognised sooner or later by some one.

To London, therefore, she would go; there must be plenty of children there!

But to her surprise she found great difficulty in finding any child that would answer her purpose, and was all but worn out with her long searchings, when her eye at last fell on the very sort of child she wanted.

He was standing with his sister outside an apple-shop in Cannon Street, in the City — a fine child, with the bright blue eyes and the golden curls that she had (untruthfully) described to her husband.

She hid behind a pillar and watched the child for some minutes, yearning more and more to become possessed of it.

'If I could but get hold of that child he would just do,' she said to herself; but the little sister was ten years of age or thereabouts, and was a very careful little nurse, keeping a watchful eye on the child as he toddled up and down in front of the shop.

'I must have that child!' again said the woman to herself. 'I must somehow get rid of the girl, and the rest will be plain sailing.'

She thought for a minute — then seating herself on a doorstep close by, she began groaning and breathing heavily to attract the girl's attention.

In this she was successful. The little girl came up, and looked pityingly at the groaning woman, who now gasped out:

'It is nothing, my dear! . . . don't be frightened! It is only my old spasms! . . . a glass of water would stop them in a minute. Oh, dear . . . oh, dear. . . .'

'I'll fetch you one,' said the girl, as she ran quickly indoors.

Now was the woman's opportunity! No sooner was the girl's back turned than she caught up the little boy, huddled him under the big cloak she was wearing, put her hand over his mouth to stifle his cries, and disappeared quickly down a side street; and when the girl came back with the glass of water for the poor woman, that poor woman was nowhere to be seen!

The next minute the little girl realised that her baby brother had also disappeared, and she ran at once indoors and told her parents, who lost no time in searching for their darling.

It was in vain, however! The woman had had a few minutes' start, and there was such a network of narrow streets and lanes in that neighbourhood that it would be almost impossible to find in what direction she had gone, and there were no telephones, or telegraphs, or efficient police in those days to assist in the search.

So Mrs. Magnes got safely away, and by-and-by, finding an empty waggon going towards Kingston, she begged a lift for herself and 'her child,' and made the journey there in tolerable comfort.

At Kingston she got down, thanked the man for

her ride, and took the child to the Parish Church, where she went in, and had the little fellow baptized by the name of Richard.

This she did, she afterwards owned, 'to quiet her conscience,' as she had told her husband she had named the child after him. It must have been a twisted conscience to be 'quieted' by such means!

Finally she reached home with the kidnapped child, whom she proudly presented to the worthy gunner, saying, 'There, Daddy! What do you think of your little Richard?'

The man was overjoyed to find his child so fine and well-grown, and he did not know how to make enough of his new treasure.

He had not the slightest idea of his wife's wickedness, and it was indeed a thunderclap to him when her villainy was discovered, and he found himself obliged to part with the child, which for some weeks he had loved as his own.

Facts were, however, too strong for him, and he had to submit to having 'his child' carried away in the arms of its lawful parents, and to see his wife taken to the House of Correction in Gosport to await her trial at the forthcoming assizes.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—Anagrams: Characters in Fiction.

1. Born so — I cure son.
2. Ay, smile, hag.
3. Done! I read land.
4. A mead bed.
5. A starry mob.
6. Women elect H. C. J. B.

(Answer on page 107.)

Answers to Puzzles on Page 35.

4. — 1. Amy Robsart. 4. Ethel Newcome.
2. Pamela. 5. Jane Eyre.
3. Florence Dombey. 6. Little Nell.

5. — Times.

Morning Post.	Spectator.	Mail.
Standard.	World.	Graphic.
Telegraph.	Truth.	Black and White.
Sun.	Express.	Country Life.
Globe.	Weekly Dispatch.	Daily News.

UNSUSPECTED TALENT.

AN architect was going his round of inspection one day, when he was struck with the excellent stone carving which one of the workmen was executing far up on the scaffolding of the lofty building.

Filled with admiration, the architect said to the man, 'Do you know that you are a sculptor?'

The man shook his head, and modestly replied that he was only an ordinary stone-carver. The architect had a much higher opinion of the man's work, however, and kept him in mind.

Some time afterwards, being engaged upon the construction of one of the largest town halls in the country, the architect resolved to place a number of huge figures of lions on each side of the entrance, as if to guard it. Pondering over the choice of some one to execute the work, he remembered the carver whose work he had admired, and he sent him to the Zoological Gardens in London, to make sketches and models, and entrusted him with the work. It was successfully carried out, and the gigantic sculptured lions, lying on massive bases in advance of the main building, are one of the most noticeable features of the majestic building.

FROM OUR READERS.

II. — A LETTER ABOUT AEROPLANES.

Carlisle, Sept., 1911.

Dear Mr. Editor, —

As every one seems to be talking about aeroplanes and aviators I will write to you on that topic. At Carlisle there was great excitement when it was known that the Swifts was one of the chosen resting-places in the Daily Mail race. On the morning of the day when the machines were expected to arrive, large crowds gathered at two or three in the morning. The aeroplanes were expected at any time between six o'clock and eight. The people had a long time to wait. After one or two false alarms a monoplane was seen in the distance which came swiftly towards the resting-place. It was 'Beaumont.' He cleared the trees, which stand on a bank near the river, then cutting off his engine he swooped from a height of about five hundred feet on to the grass and, running for a short distance along the ground, came to a standstill on the edge of the white cross. This was about 11.15 a.m. He was helped from his machine and, after giving some instructions to his mechanic, motored to a hotel called the 'Turf Hotel,' from the fact that the Swifts was once a racecourse, where he got rest and refreshment. Soon after M. Vedrines made his appearance over the trees and flew in the direction of the landing place. He made a far more abrupt descent than his rival, but came to rest very skilfully after hovering about twenty feet from the ground. He would not go to the hotel, but remained by his machine, where he lay on the grass for a few minutes to rest. Shortly after 'Beaumont' took his seat in his machine, but could not start owing to some defect in the ignition. After a few minutes this was put right and the aeronaut sailed into the air. He was visible for eight minutes after he started. About half-an-hour later Mr. Vedrines started in his monoplane, but, taking a different course from his fellow-airman, was soon out of sight. Mr. Valentine did not arrive till the next day. . . . Yours sincerely,

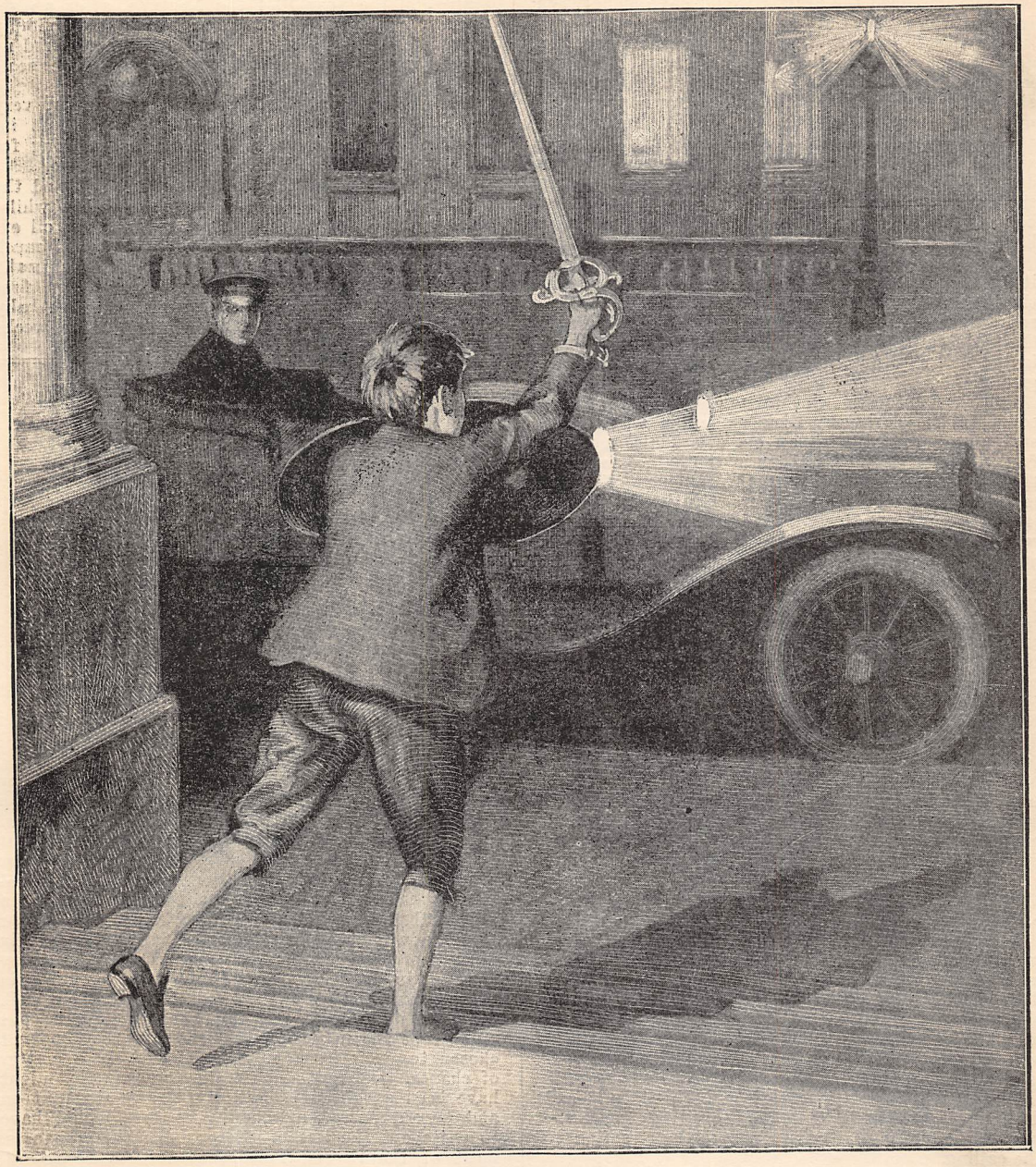
Kathleen Laura Agnes Wilson.
(Age 15.)

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

IT is not often that a dog is treated as a patient at a hospital, but this actually occurred at H—— a little while ago. One afternoon a lame collie was found waiting at the door of the out-patients' department. The nurse on duty drove him away several times, but the animal was not to be turned from his purpose in this manner. He seemed to know that if he could only get inside the building his foot would be attended to, and so he went round to the back of the hospital and succeeded in entering the building by the kitchen door, and after a time made his way to the casualty ward. Here he was petted by the attendants, who told him that he must wait for the doctor. It seemed as though the animal knew what they meant, for he immediately trotted off to the kitchen again, where he was given a good meal. A short time afterwards the doctor arrived, and hearing his voice the dog walked into the hall

"A collie was found waiting at the door of the out-patients' department."

and presented himself without having been called in. The doctor at once recognised the dog as one who had called at his house earlier in the afternoon and had been turned away, but this time he was so struck by the dog's perseverance that he gave orders that his foot should be bathed and dressed. This was duly done, and the animal appeared to appreciate the treatment greatly.



"He charged straight at the fiery eyes."

DICK'S DRAGON.

FATHER had just been reading the story of St. George and the Dragon to his ten-year-old son, Dick.

'I wish I could fight a dragon. Are there any dragons now, Father?' asked Dick.

'Oh, yes, my boy, plenty of them. You will meet one soon enough, only perhaps it won't have red eyes and a tail,' said his father with a smile.

That night Dick went to bed with his head full of the story of the dragon, and when he woke up in the darkness to hear a loud snorting, roaring noise outside, dragons were the first thing that came into his drowsy mind. The noise he heard was just like

what he imagined the dragon would have made when it was charging St. George.

'Oh, dear! perhaps it's trying to kill some one, and I ought to go to the rescue,' thought Dick, trying to forget that his heart was beating like a sledge-hammer and that his legs were trembling under him, as he jumped out of bed and peeped through the window from which the snorting noise seemed to come. Yes, now he was sure it was a dragon, for he could see two great glaring eyes in the darkness; they were not red, but yellow; but had not his father told him that all dragons did not have red eyes now-a-days?

'Oh, dear! I'm a man, so I must go, for perhaps it's a beautiful maiden, or a princess in distress that the dragon has carried off,' murmured Dick to himself. 'I wish I had some armour like St. George's, though I can get a sword and a shield off the wall in the hall as I go out, so I suppose I ought not to grumble.'

Jumping into his clothes with what haste he could in the darkness, Dick made his way downstairs, and, armed with an old sword and a shield from the collection of armour in the hall — so heavy that he could barely carry them along — the boy made his way to the front door. Cautiously opening it so as not to attract the dragon's attention, he made a dash down the steps, and charged straight at the fiery eyes before him, only to be brought up by a man's voice, saying, 'Here, steady, my lad; you'll run right under the car if you don't look out.'

Crestfallen and crimson with shame, Dick turned and fled. His dragon had turned out to be nothing but a motor-car which had brought the doctor to see a servant who had been taken ill!

Replacing the sword and shield, he crept back to bed, hoping that no one had seen his fight with the dragon, though a twinkle in his father's eyes at breakfast the next morning made him think that his father, at least, had some inkling of the truth. And, if he had made a mistake, he had shown himself a true knight, able to conquer his fears and meet the foe without flinching. F. Tapsell.

ABOUT SEALS.

SEAL-FISHING is one of the great industries of Newfoundland.

The seals caught in that country are not the fur seals of Alaska, whose soft coat is so much prized by rich people. Newfoundland seals are oil seals. This oil is used for lighting, for machinery, and for the very best soaps, whilst their skin furnishes valuable leather, which is chiefly used for trunks, boots, and purses; some of it is also used for bookbinding.

A seal-fisher's life is certainly both difficult and dangerous, but it is extremely exciting; and the very uncertainty of it gives a special attraction to the calling.

The seals all come in the spring to lay their young on the ice-fields of the coast of Labrador, which are nearly two hundred miles in breadth and of unknown length. Over such vast spaces a seal captain, however skilful he may be, sometimes fails to strike the 'seal patches,' or places where the young seals lie cradled on the ice; and when that happens his ship returns to port clean — that is, empty of the coveted seal-skins and blubber.

But sometimes there is a different tale! For instance, in the year 1894 the Neptune, after an absence of eighteen days, returned to port simply crammed with seals and blubber, having captured no less than forty-two thousand seals! These seals realised about twenty-six thousand pounds.

Such a haul as the Neptune's is, however, very rare. Still, the possibility of such a prize is inspiring, and most young Newfoundlanders long for the day when they will 'get a berth to the ice.'

The great aim of these seal-hunters is to find the 'white coats,' as the young seals are called, whilst they are still fed by their mothers; for the oil extracted from the blubber of young seals is much finer than that furnished by the full-grown animal.

A young seal grows very rapidly. When first born it weighs about the same as an average baby — about six or seven pounds — but in three weeks it will have increased to forty or fifty pounds.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

III. — MARCH.

SEE the little bustling tits —
Cole-tit, chirping as he flits,
Great-tit crying, 'Pink, pink, pink!'
Blue-tit, friend of all, I think:

Sweetest little tit of all,
With a funny 'churr-y' call,
Tail so long and body wee —
Long-tailed titmouse, that is he!

Insect-hunters all are these,
Flitting up and down the trees —
Hurry-scurry here and there,
Over, under, everywhere.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 71.)

CHAPTER V.

GERALD had been a fortnight at Dunbury before he had any trouble with his form master. Up to that time he had really worked hard. He wanted to get his remove, in order to please his people, but he found the work very easy, which was bad for him, and, in addition, the atmosphere of the Second Form was terribly against hard work. Scarcely a boy in that form did a single stroke more of labour than he was actually compelled to do. A certain amount of repetition had to be learnt by heart every day, but in the case of translation of Greek or Latin the element of luck entered, as they all knew well. Those of them who had the ill-fortune to be put on to construe in form would suffer if they had not chosen to work in prep. It was entirely a matter of chance. Danvers and Gerald, for example, might have been equally idle, but, if Danvers was put on and Gerald passed over, only Danvers would have to write out the lesson. Recognising these chances, most of the Second Form, one regrets to record, took the risk with a light heart. Nevertheless, for that first fortnight Gerald had really worked conscientiously.

Then one evening in 'prep.' in Big School, Gerald and Danvers discovered that it was possible to play a most entrancing game of noughts and crosses without much fear of detection. There was a master on duty walking up and down as usual, but he seemed off colour that night. Gerald and Danvers were in a snug corner, and they played their game for the

whole of prep. without mishap. Gerald told himself that he would do some work in the form-room after chapel, but when the time came it seemed far better fun to play snob cricket; and he went in to first lesson next morning in unblissful ignorance of almost every word of his 'construe.'

His ignorance had been a genuine annoyance to Kirby. The great man and his three colleagues disliked work, but they also disliked having to write out lessons. So they had arranged a simple compromise. It was their habit to idle through prep. and in the space of five minutes before each lesson to receive a swift construe from some more intelligent or industrious boy. Gerald had generally been selected for this honour so far, since he was almost the only worker in the form. But that morning Kirby and the others were quite outraged to find that Gerald had emulated their own slackness. They seemed to think that he had treated them very badly indeed.

As luck would have it, 'Billy,' the form master, was in one of his rare bad tempers that morning. As a rule, to do him justice, Billy was singularly patient and long-suffering with his almost heart-breaking form of pupils. Gerald was to realise this later in life. He was to understand something of the torment which Billy endured day after day, wrestling with idle youngsters and brainless louts. But he did not spare a thought to such matters in those days. Billy, he conceived, was there to get work out of him, if he could; he, Gerald, was there to do as little as possible.

Billy began by putting Kirby on at a stiff passage. That showed at once that Billy was 'out for blood.' As a rule he chose the simplest tests for Kirby and his three contemporaries, recognising their almost helpless cloudiness of brain. Since Gerald had failed him, and since, when he had finished reproaching Gerald, there had been no time for another construe, Kirby uprose to his feet in complete and unfathomable ignorance of his passage. He had not the wits to attempt bluff, even if it had been of any avail. He just stood in stolid silence, until Billy flung his usual sentence, 'Write it out, Latin and English!' Kirby sank heavily into his seat, glaring stonily at Gerald, and Billy, to the mingled horror and amusement of the form, proceeded to put on Smith, Page, and Dickyns in swift succession! This again was most unusual.

It was an unlucky morning for the great four. Smith and Page had relied on a translation from Gerald, even as Kirby had done, and they failed as Kirby had failed. As for Dickyns, he had done no work in prep. as usual, and he had been too late into form even to attempt to get a con. One after the other the three received the same sentence. All of them, even Dickyns, who had no real grievance at all, tried to catch Gerald's eye with angry meaning.

But Gerald had other matters to think of. Billy, having apparently exhausted his sharpness of temper upon the four great dunces, turned with a desire for better things to one of the few boys upon whose industry he could generally rely. He commanded Gerald to go on.

Gerald got slowly to his feet, book in hand, wishing fervently that the floor might open beneath him. He stared sadly at the passage he was expected to translate, and realised that he only knew the meaning of about one word in six. However, one of those words seemed to give him some idea of the context, and — anything was better than standing like a stuck pig as those others had stood. Gerald made a dash at the passage, guessing wildly and trusting feverishly that some of his shots might come off. But they failed entirely to do so. It even appeared that Gerald's idea of the context had been entirely faulty! Soon enough, Billy, after one glance of surprise, pulled him up.

'Sit down, Wilding, and come to me afterwards,' he said. 'Go on, Packham!'

Packham, aided by some good guesses, managed to struggle through, but Gerald did not listen to his flounderings. He was wondering what Billy would say and do to him afterwards. He would hardly cane him? No, but he would almost certainly 'jaw' him. Gerald did not want to be 'jawed' by Billy. He could not help liking him. Billy dismissed the form as the clock struck, and Gerald made his way to his desk. Billy looked at him in his own sharp yet kindly way.

'Now, Wilding, what's the meaning of this?' he began briskly. 'You were simply making wild shots at your con.!'

'Yes, sir,' Gerald answered. It was useless to deny the fact.

'Any explanation?' Billy jerked out.

Gerald stood silent. It occurred to him that noughts and crosses was not a satisfactory explanation.

'You can't have done a stroke of work,' Billy went on. 'I didn't think you were an idler. Why was it?'

And then Gerald became quite suddenly foolishly confused. Several ideas mixed themselves in his head at once. He thought that it would not do to admit idleness, and besides, if he did, Danvers might be implicated. They were known to sit together in prep. And so, with his brain in a state of muddlement known to many nervous small boys, he told the first lie that occurred to him. It was not his habit to tell lies, and he hated himself directly the words were out of his mouth.

'I — I had a bad headache last night, sir,' he said.

He quite expected Billy to deal harshly with him, to decline to accept his excuse. He rather wished that he would do this. But Billy, after looking at him for a moment, spoke with surprising kindness.

'I'm very sorry to hear it, Wilding,' he said. 'That accounts for everything. No hope of working with a bad headache, of course. You ought to have gone to the Sick House. Did you go?'

'No, sir,' Gerald answered, feeling wretched.

'Are you all right to-day?' Billy asked kindly.

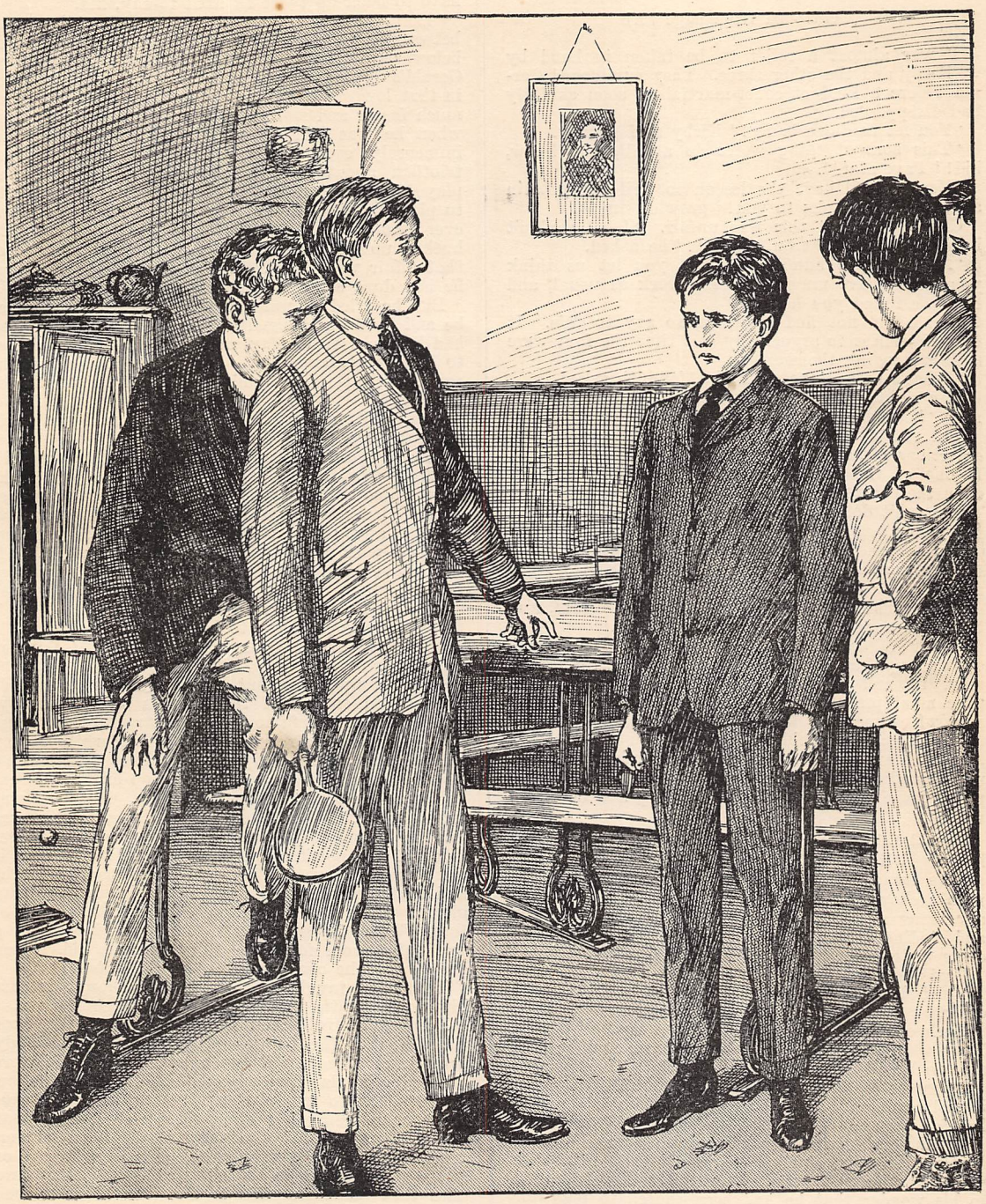
'Yes, thank you, sir,' Gerald answered, rather low.

'That's good,' Billy said cheerfully. 'Well, we'll say no more about it.'

He left the room. Gerald was rather sorry that he had not boxed his ears and called him a liar. He would not then have felt so sick with himself. Billy's kindness and instant belief in his story had had quite a surprising effect upon him. Now it seemed a very dirty thing to have told that lie. But if Billy had doubted his word it is probable that Gerald would scarcely have regretted his deceit at all. As it was, he felt supremely miserable.

(Continued on page 82.)

"Gerald stood silent. Noughts and crosses was not a satisfactory explanation."



"'Just bend over that desk.'"

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 79.)

IT was almost a relief to be taken in hand by Kirby and the other three. They summoned Gerald before a kind of court-martial as soon as Billy had disappeared.

'You let us down badly!' Kirby said sternly.

'This sort of thing won't do at all, you know, kid!' Page stated.

'Here we all have the lesson to write out, Latin and English, thanks to you!' growled Smith.

Gerald felt that this was unfair. 'I—I couldn't help your being put on, could I?' he asked.

'No,' Dickyns admitted. 'But you let us think you would have mugged up the work as usual, and then we found you hadn't.'

Gerald did not find anything to say to this. It seemed useless to argue. By this time the four were rather enjoying themselves.

'What's to be done with him?' Smith asked.

'By rights,' Kirby said with great and real solemnity, 'he ought to write out the lesson for all of us.'

The rest agreed with this theory, but saw certain objections not at once manifest to Kirby's stupidity. If one of the four could boast of greater dulness than the others it was Kirby.

'It won't do,' Smith answered. 'Billy would spot the young beggar's handwriting at once.'

'So he would,' Page agreed. 'Well, we shall have to give the kid some punishment. That's only right and fair.'

They consulted privately for a few moments, and then summoned Gerald before them once more. Apparently Dickyns had been appointed spokesman. Or he may have claimed the honour. He was the most fit and formidable of the four great men. 'We must punish you, kid,' he stated. 'You know why, of course?'

'No, I don't.' Gerald answered.

'No cheek, kid!' Dickyns said warningly. 'Just understand that we're not going to punish you simply because we object to you slacking and doing no work.'

Gerald felt that this was good of Dickyns! But he judged it best to conceal his thoughts.

'It's because you let us down!' Dickyns went on with a show of righteous indignation. 'It's no good our being able to rely on you for a con. one day, and finding it no go on another! Now that you quite understand, you can fetch me that fives bat!'

Gerald obeyed reluctantly.

'Just bend over that desk,' was Dickyns' next order.

Each of the four gave Gerald one stroke in turn. They were not especially hard strokes, and he was able to bear them with due fortitude. Then he was dismissed. He had forgotten all about Billy's unexpected kindness, but it came back to him in a rather hateful way when he found himself in the quad.

He thought about it all the morning and during dinner. It even spoilt something that otherwise would have been a great joy to him. For he found to his wonder that he had been chosen to play for the second house fifteen that afternoon. The skipper of the team called to him after dinner in the dormitory: 'I'm going to give you a chance forward,' he said. 'I saw you in "Hoips" the other day, and you seemed to be bucking up. But you'll have to buck up twice as hard to-day, kid.'

'Hoips' was the name given to a scrambling game between sides picked up from new boys and those below second house fifteens. It had of course been Gerald's first practical experience of Rugby. Even in that lowest class of footer he had found the game much faster and more exacting than it had appeared when he was looking on. But he had enjoyed it immensely, even although there was no house patriotism about such a game and every one had played for his own hand. But now he was actually to play for a team that represented his house, however humbly! He would have been tremendously bucked up and excited but for the remembrance of that affair with Billy. It was not nice to feel that he had done something rather caddish.

But he tried to put the thing away from him as he and Danvers changed for the game. Danvers also had been chosen to play, at full back, thanks in part to his former experience. 'I feel a bit jumpy,' he confessed to Gerald. 'Only hope I don't make an ass of myself.'

'Oh, you ought to be all right,' Gerald answered. 'You've played a lot before.'

'Yes, but only at a private school,' Danvers said, weakening a trifle. 'And any mistakes you make show up so at full back! It's not my proper place.'

'I'm glad I'm forward,' Gerald said fervently.

'Yes, any one can play forward!' Danvers remarked, with his usual superiority returning. 'If you shove hard and don't get offside in the loose it's difficult to make an ass of yourself. I only wish they'd let me play three-quarter!'

'I think we're lucky to be playing at all!'

'Oh, it's only house seconds, after all!' Danvers retorted.

Gerald forgot all about Billy during the game. It was played on one of the grounds on the twenty-acre field, and the famous Dunbury mud at its worst was quite a revelation to him. His white Jersey became black very early in the game. The ground sloped rather steeply, and, playing up-hill in the first half, he was soon very much blown. But this was an infinitely better game than 'Hoips.' This was for the house, and he was beginning to learn something of the spirit of playing for one's side that is the secret of true Rugby. He learnt that, after he had contrived to get the ball in his hands, to struggle forward a few yards, and fall beneath a knot of foes. When he got to his feet his skipper had a word of reproof for him. 'Try to pass, kid, if you get away!' he commanded. 'No selfishness!'

That hint taught Gerald a lot, although it cast him down for the moment.

Danvers at full back was having rather a poor time of it. The ball speedily became exceedingly heavy and greasy, and the opposing forwards were quite rightly playing a vigorous kick and rush game. Danvers had to try to stop those rushes, and gathering or catching the slimy ball was a feat that might have puzzled the most experienced player. Also, it was difficult to punt with any length or accuracy. Danvers in that first half gave away two tries that looked as though they should have been prevented, and he experienced the peculiar misery that awaits the full back who has failed or seemed to fail. He does not care to meet the eyes of his comrades as they line up for the kick. But Danvers

had pluck, whatever were his faults, and he went on trying his very hardest. Moreover, his skipper seemed to make allowances for his difficulties.

Both Gerald and Danvers did better in the second half. Their side now had the advantage of the hill, and it was for them to kick and rush. Danvers had the luck to gather cleanly from one of the few answering rushes made by their opponents, and the piece of success gave him confidence. After that he made no more mistakes. As for Gerald, he was so winded that he scarcely knew what was happening, but he contrived somehow to keep up with the game. Also he took part with the other forwards in a loose scrambling rush, and at the end found the ball immediately in front of him. He half slipped, half flung himself upon it, scarcely realising that they had crossed the line, and was amazed to find that he had actually scored his first try! His skipper said, 'Well played, kid!' and Gerald all in a moment felt quite fresh again and as though he was walking on air. What a game it was, this Rugby! Vickers's won by three tries to two, and Gerald felt really happy as he limped back to change.

(Continued on page 95.)

THE MINSTREL.

HERE'S a wandering minstrel lad —
Oh, bid him tarry long:
With cloak and hose of crimson hue,
With peaky cap of azure blue,
He comes with lute and song.

He has a joyous rhyme to sing
In Childhood's golden land,
And he has strayed by fairy streams,
Has plucked the magic flower of dreams
To give into your hand.

'Tis Joy who comes to be your guest!
Then bid him tarry long;
For should he pass that way again,
You may not hear the jocund strain
Of his sweet lute and song.

N. M. Cook.

THE FRAUENSAND.

A Tradition of Holland.

ON the western part of the Zuyder Zee, in the midst of the sea, and in the spot where the steeples and houses of the ancient city of Stavoren are buried in the depths of the waters, tall plants and long stalks of wheat are seen growing. Riches and self-indulgence, according to an old legend, had rendered the inhabitants of Stavoren impious and slothful, and when the measure of their wickedness was full they were swallowed by the floods. Such is the tradition handed down by the fishermen and peasants on the borders of the Zuyder Zee.

The most wealthy of the people of Stavoren was a certain maiden. Proud of her riches and possessions, she was eager to amass more, no matter the means by which it was acquired. The other rich inhabitants of the city (which existed before Amsterdam was known, and when Rotterdam was but a small village) were no less foolish than she.

One day the maiden caused the captain of one of her trading vessels to be summoned, and ordered him to set sail and return with a cargo of whatever was considered the most precious in the world. Vainly did the captain, who was accustomed to receive precise and detailed instructions, ask for clearer commands. He was simply told to obey and go to sea at once. He accordingly departed, not knowing how to carry out such a commission, and fearing the worst.

After reflecting awhile, a sudden idea came to his mind. 'I will take back a cargo of wheat, for where on the globe can anything be found more precious than this, which is indispensable to the wants of mankind?'

Acting on this resolution, he made for the port of Dantzic, took in a large supply of rich wheat, and returned to Stavoren, satisfied that he had complied with the wishes of his mistress.

'How is this, captain?' she exclaimed, when he was brought into her presence. 'What, already at Stavoren! I expected you were now on the African coast, purchasing gold and ivory. Let me see what you have brought.'

The seaman was greatly put out on hearing this, for he saw at once that his cargo was hardly likely to find favour, and he therefore replied with hesitation, 'Mistress, I have on board the most splendid stock of wheat that could be found.

'Wheat!' returned the angry lady; 'have you really dared to bring me such stuff?'

'I never thought that the material from which we derive our daily bread could be considered worthless.'

'I will soon show you what I think of your rubbish. I order you to throw all this wheat into the sea, and I will go myself to the ship to see that my order is obeyed.'

The captain hesitated before doing what he considered a wicked act; and he hastened to collect the poor and suffering inhabitants of the city to the waterside, hoping that the sight of so much misery would soften the heart of the lady. On her arrival she asked if her orders had been obeyed; but was soon surrounded by a multitude of famished people, who threw themselves on their knees and begged of her to bestow upon them the grain, instead of burying it in the waters. The lady, however, turned a deaf ear to the appeal, and she again commanded it to be thrown overboard.

The captain at this could contain himself no longer, and exclaimed, 'No; for God would not leave unpunished so impious an action. A day may arrive when you will desire to pick up from the street a few blades of the grain you now so scornfully throw away.'

'What!' replied the lady with a laugh, 'think you I shall fall so low as to want bread? That will be just as likely to happen as that my eyes will again behold this ring which I now cast into the depths of the ocean.'

With these words she drew from her finger a ring of rare value and threw it into the water. All the cargo of the ship — the grain and the merchandise of every kind it contained — was soon afterwards consigned to the waves.

It so happened that a few days afterwards the servant of this proud and selfish woman went to market and purchased a fish, and while preparing it for cooking she found in its body a ring, which she took to her mistress, who recognised it as the one she had thrown into the sea. Remorse and sorrow took possession of her heart at this sight, which was also a herald of misfortune; for at the same

moment news arrived that a fleet of her trading vessels coming from the East with rich cargoes had been totally lost. Other ships had been taken by the Moors and Turks, and several mercantile houses with which she had extensive business had failed, so that in the course of a year following the wanton destruction of the wheat, the prophecy of the captain was realised.

Poor, and despised by everybody, ill-treated by those who had been the victims of her caprice in the days of her prosperity, she became more miserable from day to day, until she was forced to beg for bread from door to door, and at last died in wretchedness.

The wheat which had been thrown into the sea took root, and sprang up the following year, but no grain crowned the stalk. Unhappily this lesson of retribution was lost upon the inhabitants of Stavoren. It was not long before heavy punishment fell on them. One day the inhabitants, while drawing water from a well, fished up quantities of herrings; and the night following, the sea overwhelmed three parts of Stavoren.

At the present time only a few huts remain on the portion of land spared by the avenging floods. Blades of wheat still appear above the surface of the waters, but they are of a description unknown to botanists, bearing no grain, and found nowhere else. The sandbank from which they spring extends the whole length of the site occupied once by the city of Stavoren, and has no other name but that of Frauensand (Sand of the Lady).

Asters.—A pen-and-ink drawing by a *Chatterbox* reader, Nellie Tuckett (aged 15). Reduced by rather more than one-half.

HONOUR.

The Story of Regulus.

WE often hear the phrase 'an Englishman's honour,' or 'the word of an Englishman.' And every Englishman worthy the name is proud to feel that he belongs to a race which counts honour, and the keeping of the pledged word, as natural traits in the national character.

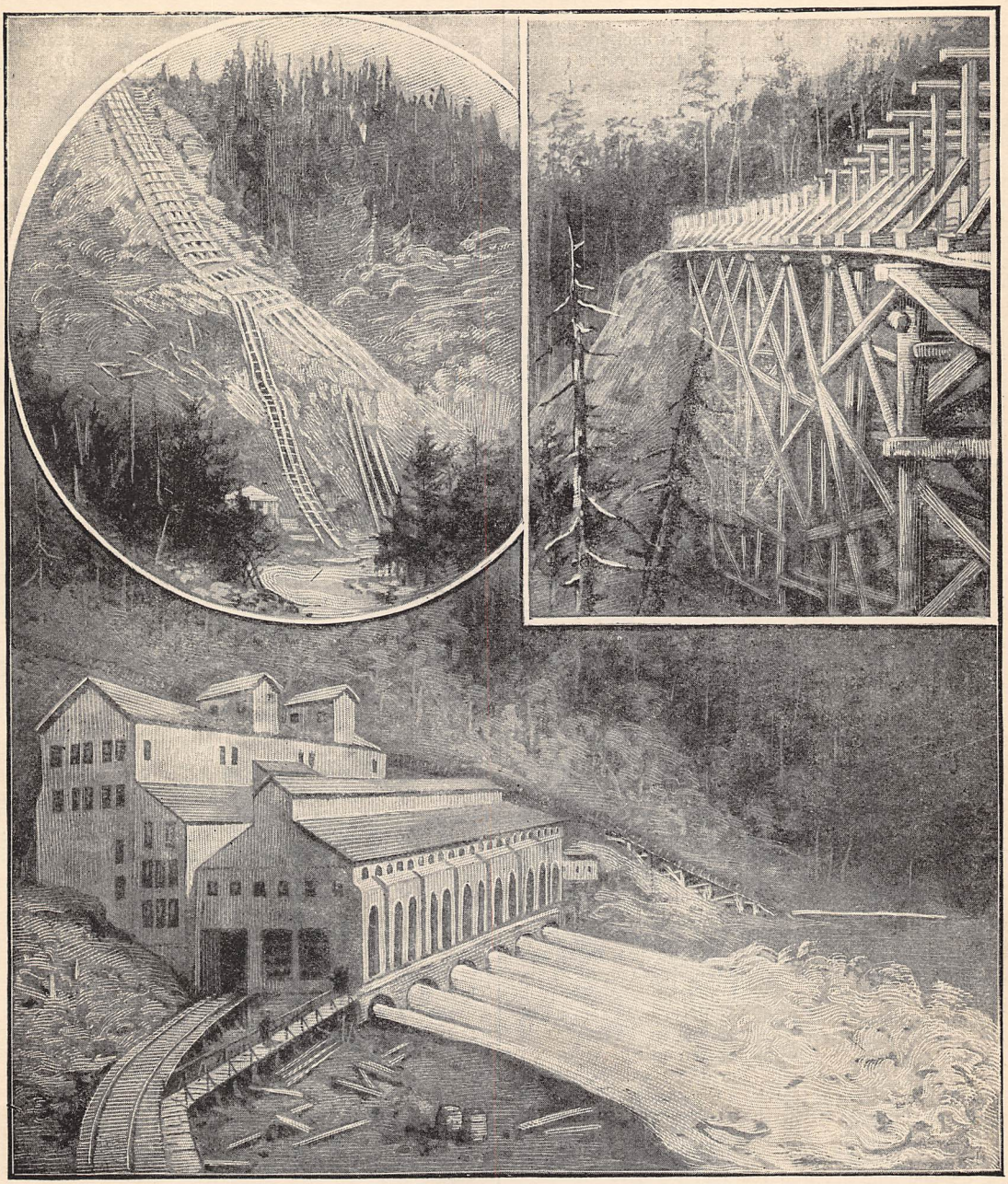
The Romans, on the other hand, in spite of all their noble and wonderful qualities, were not always marked by the honesty and truthfulness that are supposed to be common to all our own countrymen. It is true that in the early stages of their history the Romans lived simple and virtuous lives, untouched by the corruption and decay which were to stain the pages of their history in the days of the Empire; but it cannot be said that the fulfilment of a pledge or the observance of a treaty was looked upon by them as something sacred and final. This being so, it is pleasant to recall the story of Regulus, an unfortunate Roman General, who preferred to remain a captive rather than buy his liberty at the expense of his personal uprightness.

In the third century before the birth of Christ, Rome was engaged in a bitter struggle with Carthage, a city in Northern Africa, which was her great commercial rival at that period and was more than once in deadly conflict with her. Regulus was in command of the Roman forces, and was threatening an attack on Carthage itself, when the Carthaginians, who had found a new and brilliant leader, succeeded in utterly defeating the invading army and capturing Regulus with five hundred of his men.

Regulus remained in captivity for the next five years. In the year 250 B. C., however, the Carthaginians were themselves severely defeated by a Roman commander named Metellus, who carried off to Rome a number of their nobles. These nobles were greatly missed at Carthage, and so ambassadors were sent to Rome to see whether they could come to terms on which peace might be made or prisoners exchanged. Regulus was allowed to go with the deputation, on condition that he should return to Carthage if their proposals were not accepted at Rome. It was thought that Regulus would be so anxious to regain his liberty that he would use all his great influence with his fellow-countrymen to induce them to accept the terms which the Carthaginian envoys offered. But Regulus was a man of a different stamp. Tired as he was of his long imprisonment, worn out by five years of bondage in a strange land, he nevertheless told the Romans that the value of his poor life was not equal to that of a Carthaginian noble, and he counselled them not to agree to the proposals which the enemy put forward.

The Romans accepted his advice, and Regulus, according to his promise, returned to Carthage with the disappointed ambassadors, and spent the remainder of his life in wearisome confinement. It is recorded by some authorities that Regulus was made to suffer a cruel death by torture, but happily there is good reason to hope that this is not true.

P. W. M.



"Penstocks," leading to the Power Station. "Flume" from the Puyallup Reservoir.
The Puget Sound Power Station.

MARVELS OF MAN'S MAKING.

II. — PUGET SOUND POWER STATION.

HIGH among the wintry crowns of Mount Rainier, in Washington State, lies the source of the Puyallup River. It gushes from the everlasting glaciers that lurk there, more than fourteen thousand feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, and follows a rocky course, breaking at frequent intervals into cascades and rapids. When a river rises at such a height, it is easy to understand that, in its descent to the sea-level, it is capable of exer-

cising great power, as we all know a mountain stream will do by turning a water-wheel, and the more this power is placed under control by the engineer, the more useful it will become.

Two or three years ago the Puyallup was visited at a spot high up among its mountain fastnesses, and persuaded to lend some of its wasted energies for the service of mankind. The spot chosen was some fifteen miles from its source, where, for a short space, the leaping, boisterous stream had almost quieted itself into a dignified river, flowing under the shadows of a mountain pine forest. While the engineers are beginning to explain to the Puyallup what they require of it, perhaps we had better take a glance at their final object.

Far, far away at Puget Sound, are the two busy towns of Tacoma and Seattle. Electric power for driving machinery is always in demand in busy towns, and the more cheaply this power can be produced, the better it is for trade. Now electric power, as every one knows, can be conveyed for great distances along wires, so the actual place at which it is manufactured need not be quite close to the place at which it is used. The Puyallup, rushing through the solitudes of Mount Rainier, was ready to supply, without charge, the necessary power for making electricity, and it would not cost very much to lay wires from the works (or power-station, as it is called) across the country to Puget Sound. The only necessary change was to train the wild ungoverned waters into the way they should go; and we will try to see how it was done.

At the spot already mentioned, in the sombre pine forest, a low dam was constructed across the stream, banking back the water to a depth of only some four feet. Close to the east end of this dam two strong concrete walls were built, side by side, but sixty feet apart, and at right angles to the river-bank. A few feet from the bank they turn suddenly and run almost parallel with the stream, gradually getting nearer and nearer together till only divided by a space of eight feet. Here a strong gate joins one to the other. Between these two walls flows the water held back by the dam. Across the mouth, or intake, where the walls are sixty feet apart, sluices are arranged, so that nothing but clear water flows from the river. When this reaches the gate at the narrow end, it enters one of the most remarkable features of this engineering work. This is the 'flume,' a huge wooden trough eight feet wide and eight feet deep, and a little over ten miles long. It is encased from end to end in a framework of stout timbers. And in that ten miles it crosses some very rugged ground. For the most part it is supported on strong trestle-work embedded in the steep mountainside, with the river thundering along in its rocky channel far below. Here and there it winds along some narrow shelf with a sheer precipice on one side six hundred feet deep, and on the other a cliff five hundred feet high. In two places it crosses a wide valley or gulch, on the top of high trestles: for though the flume slopes slightly throughout the ten miles, the slope might not be more than just enough to keep a steady flow of the water it contains, the object being to convey it at a high level to the locality in which the power station would be situated. It took seven and a half months to build this wooden riverway.

At the end of the ten miles, a large concrete basin, thirty feet wide and shaped like a horseshoe, was constructed for the flume to pour its water into. The far end of the 'horseshoe' is closed by a wall five feet high, and over this the water gently passes into a concrete tank thirty-two feet wide by eighty feet long, called the 'fore-bay.' The dividing wall just mentioned was erected with the object of getting rid, as much as possible, of the air-bubbles which naturally get into the water as it falls in a cascade from the flume. And now business really begins. The far side of the fore-bay is a high strongly-built wall, in which four gates or flash-boards are fitted side by side. They can be raised or lowered from the gate-house on the top of the wall. Behind each gate stand two large steel pipes, six feet in diameter, their gaping mouths waiting to be filled with water. If we pass round to the other side of the gate-wall, we shall find ourselves standing on the top of the precipice that dives almost perpendicularly to the foaming river. Down this giddy slope plunge the eight steel pipes, the mouths of which we have described as waiting behind the flash-boards. These pipes are called 'penstocks,' and though six feet in diameter at their mouths they diminish gradually in size till, by the time they disappear into the 'power-house,' they are not more than three feet across.

The distance from the gate-wall to the power-house is, in this instance, one thousand seven hundred and thirty feet, and so enormous is the pressure strain when these pipes are filled with water, that it is necessary to anchor them to the ground at every hundred and twenty-five feet of their length. It is easy to understand that such a pressure will exert great strength, and in the power-house it finds plenty to do before escaping again into the rocky mountain-way which it left ten miles farther up to enter the wooden flume. In the power-house are situated the great dynamos for making electricity, and it is to drive these that the Puyallup River has been pressed into service. Having performed its duty the water gushes forth again through massive concrete arches upon which the power-house is built, and truly the manner of its escape is a sight that few could see and forget. With a roar almost equal to that of Niagara, it issues from the dark arches like ponderous steel bars, white and shining and solid. At some distance from the arches these bars gradually break into spray and vapour, to fall at last into the river-bed, and rush gurgling and triumphant towards the Pacific Ocean. How different from the laughing little hill-stream we have seen sometimes in England, flowing under a drowsy old mill-wheel, and passing on again with a swirl and ripple, surprised at having been able to do so much.

This employment of natural forces is becoming commoner every year in America. Among the earliest successes was the power-station established for the Gold King Mine in Colorado. The company who embarked on this enterprise have now several power-houses among the Rocky Mountains, and the wires that stretch from them lie like a map over the snowy wildernesses. They pass from post to post in huge spans of nearly two thousand feet, cross lonely valleys inaccessible to the foot of man in winter-time, but silently carrying a giant's strength from the roaring penstocks to some great factory or mine beyond the mountain ridges, twenty and thirty miles away.

John Lea.

A STORY OF DRIFT-ICE.

THE spring was beginning to make itself felt in the air — not a warm English spring, but a spring on the frost-bound coast of Sweden. There were now a few hours of real daylight, and the most rapid streams had broken through their winter prison and were galloping down to the sea.

Rolf Hilding had made up his mind to go out fishing, for he knew a place which he felt sure would provide him with some sport. It was a sharp-pointed platform of ice which projected from an overhanging bank into the wide mouth of the river. He jumped up and down on it to test its strength, and heard the curious whirring noise which tells that the break-up is near at hand.

'This will last to-day,' he said to himself, for the experience of a few winters had taught him something of the ways of ice.

Something, but not enough! Every now and then a grinding roar told Rolf that a mass of ice, released from its winter moorings, was off to the open sea. More than once he looked round to see if his block were secure, but there were no outward signs of danger.

Then suddenly — a curious, low, splitting noise behind him, followed by horrible cracking! The 'ground' on which he stood gave a sudden dip; Rolf fell flat on his back, and then scrambled with all speed towards the bank. But he was too late! a strong current of water, which had long been fretting the ice, had broken through and was now raging, as if in triumph with its victory, between him and safety.

Rolf was fairly afloat! His sheet of ice, about the size of a large room, was being carried along at an alarming rate in the full current of the stream.

'If only it would keep near the bank!' cried Rolf as he floated further and further from shore. 'At this rate I shall be out at sea in no time, and it's getting dark already. Whatever shall I do!'

Rolf shouted, but to no purpose. He could see in the distance a man he knew fetching wood from the stack in his yard, but what was the use of shouting when Spring had waked all the noises of wind and water to drown the cries of one small boy?

The banks grew further and further apart, and looking eastward Rolf could see the line of sea-foam dim and grey in the early evening dusk.

The wind was now bitterly cold, and the ice was bobbing dangerously as it met the breakers. For a few moments Rolf buried his face in his hands sobbing bitterly, for he had given himself up as lost. Then he murmured a prayer, and felt his courage revive. But he saw no safety yet. There was now no hope of help from land, only a horrible prospect of drifting further, further out to sea. Mercifully it was not a wild night, and, once past the breakers, the ice moved more steadily.

But the cold was intense. More than once the top of the ice had been washed from end to end by a wave, and Rolf's feet and legs were soaking wet, so he comforted himself by squatting down and tucking his feet up in his little bear-skin coat.

Suddenly a new sound attracted his attention. Something wooden and regular. Could it be? Yes, surely. It must be oars creaking in their rowlocks. How Rolf screamed, screamed and cried at the top of his voice! Then he waited and listened. The sound was near, quite near. Why was there no light, no moon, why could he not make more noise? Rolf was desperate. His ice would go the wrong way, the swishing water would not be still, the mist would hide the moon. And so Rolf heard the sound of the unsuspecting boat fade gradually away.

He was in despair. No light or help was anywhere to be seen or heard. The cruel cold sea had him in its power, and was tossing him hither and thither as if he were a broken plank or bit of seaweed.

At last he discovered that the current was carrying him once more to the land, a sandy promontory far to the south of the parts he knew, but still no doubt inhabited by human beings who would help a boy in distress, if only they knew.

If only they knew! That was the point. A boy's voice will not carry very far, as Rolf had already found; and by this time he was nearly exhausted with cold and hunger. He began feeling in his pockets in search of some stray piece of chocolate or biscuit, when suddenly he gave a gasp of joy, for what should his fingers have discovered but his whistle! He had forgotten it was there.

Rolf put it to his lips at once and blew, blew with all his might, blew again and again. More than once he thought he heard human sounds in the distance, more than once he was bitterly disappointed.

The ice had now been carried beyond the promontory into a little bay, and was in contact with a low-lying rock which stopped its further progress. This made it creak and groan, and Rolf was afraid it might break up now altogether. The shrill sound of the whistle echoed strangely from the neighbouring bank, and if ever a sound called 'Help, help!' it was this. A great slice of Rolf's ice now split off and was swept away with a groan. He might be hurled into the water at any moment.

'Help, help!' screamed the whistle, and there followed the thunder of breaking ice in the near neighbourhood. He knelt and tried to pray again, though fatigue and cold almost deprived him of words.

Then suddenly Rolf saw a light, so near him indeed that he jumped as if he were shot, and to his joy a man's voice called, 'Hullo, who's there?'

'It's I, Rolf Hilding, on a bit of drift-ice,' was the answer.

He did not remember much more, for the man had only arrived in the nick of time. The ice was indeed breaking up, and Rolf was shot into the icy water. He came to himself half an hour later in the fisherman's cottage, tucked up in bed near a fire, with the fisherman's wife sitting by him and feeding him with warm milk from a spoon.

He felt vaguely puzzled by the change, but was much too weak and exhausted to bother about explanations. He wanted nothing but to sleep, and sleep he did, on and on, into the next morning, when he awoke and found his kind friends already up and breakfasting.

Now Rolf had to explain who he was and all his adventures, and the fisherman started off to a distant village to telegraph the news of his safety to his poor father and mother. The kind fisherman kept Rolf with him for a few days till he was quite well and strong, and then packed him off home. Only this time Rolf travelled in a market-cart and a train, not on a block of drift-ice.

E. C. Matravers.

"He knelt and tried to pray."

Charles Kingsley. By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

ON EVERY BOY'S BOOKSHELF

I. — CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, the author of Westward Ho! The Water Babies, Hereward the Wake, and many other fine tales, was born at Holne Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, on June 12th, 1819, and passed most of his boyhood at Barnack, in the Fen Country, and at Clovelly, in Devonshire, of which his father, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, was appointed rector in 1830. It was his proud boast in after years that he was 'a west-countryman born and bred,' but his earliest impressions were derived from the broad and boundless expanse of the Great Fen, where the sluggish Ouse and Nene wind seawards, and 'where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung, motionless, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see . . . wild fowl, screaming, piping, clacking, croaking, filling the air with the hoarse rattle of their wings, while clear above all sounded the wild whistle of the curlew and the trumpet note of the great wild swan.' It was these wild and lonely scenes and the traditions connected with them which in later years inspired him to write his story of Hereward the Wake, in which he pictures the last struggle of the English under their outlawed leader against the advance of the Norman host.

It was the coast scenery of Devonshire, however, that served to kindle the passion for romance which he had inherited from his mother, and which found its outlet in the story with which the name of Charles Kingsley will ever be connected in English minds — Westward Ho! To the nervous, sensitive mind of Charles, the change from the flat expanse of the fens, dotted sparsely with trees and homesteads, to the rocky coast of Devon, washed by the Atlantic waves, luxuriant in foliage to the water's edge, was the opening of a new world. And it was the existing life, at first, rather than the traditions which were bound up with the places and the inhabitants, that roused the boy's enthusiasm and called forth his energies and power of observation. He and his brothers had their boat and their ponies, and Charles at once set to work to collect shells and plants with the help of Dr. Turton, the conchologist, who lived in the neighbourhood.

This love of nature, once awakened, was never allowed to slumber, and Charles, with his restless, inquiring mind, thenceforth became an ardent naturalist. The simple lives of the fishers, too, their acts of heroism, the product of stirring times and hardy occupations followed upon the dangerous waters — appealed strongly to the romantic mind of Kingsley, and wove themselves into his studies. The power of story-writing showed itself at a very early age: at four, we are told, he was composing little sermons and poems.

At Clovelly the thread of quiet life was occasionally broken by incidents of a kind calculated to quicken his boyish intellect and to store his mind with imagery that could not be easily forgotten. One of these incidents which chiefly affected him was the putting to sea of the herring fleet, when the Rector, accompanied by his wife and boys, would proceed 'down street' to the quay, where a parting service would be held, men and women joining in singing the old Prayer-book version of the 121st Psalm. To these impressions we owe his beautiful and touching song of 'The Three Fishers.'

In 1831 Charles was sent with his brother Herbert to school at Clifton, where we learn of him as being 'affectionate, gentle, and fond of quiet; capable of making remarkable translations of Latin verse into English; a passionate lover of natural history; and only excited to anger when the housemaid swept away as rubbish some of the treasures collected in his walks on the Downs.' Whilst at Clifton he witnessed the Bristol riots in 1831 — the terrifying incidents of which left a lasting impression on his mind, and helped in after years to shape the ideas which he formed regarding the state of the working classes, and the practical methods for remedying the social evils that existed in our cities.

His enthusiasm for natural history was increased by his residence at Helston Grammar School, in Cornwall, whither he was removed in 1832, and where as a schoolboy he distinguished himself more for his feats of agility and adventure than for his share in games. His zeal for nature-study was stimulated, if it was not prompted, by the belief that God is best understood and brought near to us through His works. 'Teach her to love God,' he wrote to one of two friends in whose intercourse with each other he was much interested; 'teach her to love Nature. God is love; and the more we love Him, the more we love all around us.'

Our next glimpse of Kingsley is in 1844, when, after a brilliant University career at Cambridge, he had married and settled down as Rector of Eversley, in Hampshire, on the borders of Old Windsor Forest, the curacy of which he had held for two years. Eversley parish comprised three hamlets; the population was scattered, and mostly given up to poaching; the church was empty, and no grown-up labourer could read or write. With earnestness and thoroughness he set to work at once to remedy this neglected state of things. He mingled freely with his people, and by his personal example and sympathy induced them to regard him as their friend and helper; thus the way was paved to a mutual and perfect understanding. He shared in every kind of manual labour in the field and the barn, he discussed the crops with the farmer and the science of hedging and ditching with the labourer, and his knowledge and love of natural history enabled him to lend a sympathetic ear to the complaint of the huntsman and the exploits of the old poacher. He tried to be all things to all men, and with his manifold gifts he succeeded. Before long he had won the confidence, the friendship, and the esteem of all, from the highest to the lowest; he had filled his church, and the schools which he had established were flourishing.

At Eversley, which remained his home until his death, he wrote many of his books. Most of his writing was done in moments snatched from rest after days spent in hard parish toil, and overwork for the good of others led to frequent breakdowns in health. A winter residence at Torquay in 1853-4 led to his studying seashore objects, and, on removing the following spring to Bideford, he produced a little book called Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore, the development of an article written some months earlier for the North British Review. I have before me as I write a copy of the first edition

of this slender little volume, with its green, seaweed-coloured cover, and the figure of Father Neptune holding aloft a conch-shell. Glaucus has gone through many editions and charmed a wide circle of readers since that day, more than half a century ago, when it made its modest bow to the public; but those who open its covers to-day will find within a rich harvest of thought.

When Glaucus made its appearance Kingsley had recently published the book of his lifetime, about which the readers of England were then talking and in which they have never ceased to find matter of absorbing interest — Westward Ho! It was at Bideford in the spring of 1854 that the story was begun, and the opening scenes of the book were laid in the little seaport town. Readers need not to be reminded that it was whilst supping with 'Dick Grenville' at Burrough Court, Bideford, that John Oxenham saw the apparition of 'the bird with the white breast.' Of the progress of the book, Kingsley writes from Bideford to his friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, on October 19th, 1854: 'I hope to have the MSS. in the printer's hands by Christmas; had I more time I could have made a more finished thing of it, but not, perhaps, a more popular one, and immediate popularity is what I have aimed at. "Mercenary," you will say; but there are reasons, which you may guess, and I have tried to obey the catechism and, even in a hurry, speak the truth always and be honest and kind to all. The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books among such grand, beautiful, silent men, that I am learning to be sure of what I all along suspected, that I am a poor, hysterical, half-baked sort of a fellow, who would not have been half as good a boy as Alexander Smith, if I had not had ten times his advantages, and so am inclined to sing small and am by no means hopeful about my book, which seems to me only half as good as I could have written, and only one-hundredth as good as ought to be written on the matter; but, at least, God bless you.' Later, in December, he writes to the same friend: 'I am utterly without men companions save the old sea-dogs in the old books, and want no others just now.'

The Heroes, which appeared in 1856, was written for his elder children as an acknowledgment of the delight which he had himself derived from the fairy tales of Ancient Greece. When, some years later, he wrote The Water-Babies, it was in fulfilment of a promise to his youngest child that he should have a story all to himself. 'Sitting at breakfast at the rectory one spring morning this year (1862) the father was reminded of an old promise: "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have got their book, and baby must have his." He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of The Water-Babies, written off without a correction.' The book is dedicated 'To my youngest son, Grenville Arthur, and to all other good little boys:

'Come, read me my riddle, each good little man;
If you cannot read it, no grown-up folk can.'

What hosts of children, of all ages, have followed with delight the wanderings of little Tom, and still, like a will-o'-the-wisp, he continues to lead us in his merry dance.

'The Water Babies,' says Mrs. Kingsley, 'was perhaps the last book, except his West Indian one, At Last, that he wrote with any real ease, and which was purely a labour of love.' His health, long overstrained, finally broke down in 1874 (a year after he was installed as a Canon of Westminster), and after a voyage to America he returned to his rectory at Eversley to die. His last sermon, preached in Westminster Abbey on Advent Sunday, November 29th, 1874, ended with these words: 'And therefore let us say, in utter faith, "Come as Thou seest best, but in whatsoever way Thou comest, even so come, Lord Jesus."' On January 23rd, 1875, when the snow lay thickly on the ground, whitening the familiar view from the window of the room where he lay, Charles Kingsley peacefully expired.

All his life Kingsley was thinking and feeling for the poor, and trying to improve the hardness of their lives; and if you read Alton Locke and Yeast you will understand what he thought, and how he proposed to lighten the burdens of his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

The vast concourse which assembled by his grave in Eversley churchyard showed how wide was the love he had awakened. There were men and women of every religion and sect and profession to pay their last respects to one who was honoured by all who knew him, and huntsmen with horses and hounds stood outside the churchyard. J. F. R.

THE FAIRY HOUSE.

I MET a child upon a dusty hill;
'Twas summer, yet the little hand was chill.
I asked him if he ailed, so sad he seemed:
He, silent, shook his head. I little dreamed
The trouble in those eyes was caused by me,
Until I saw, where, by a fallen tree,
He had built such a house for fairy feet,
And foolish I, with careless step and fleet,
Had spoiled the tiny dwelling with my shoe.
Then for his grief my tears were ready too.

Judith Watson.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

A Fable.

TWO travellers met on the high road; one was wise and the other foolish.

'I have read books,' said the first traveller, 'in all languages. I have studied all sciences and the histories of all nations.'

'Dear me,' said the other, 'you must be very wise.'

'So men say,' replied the first traveller, looking very well pleased with himself.

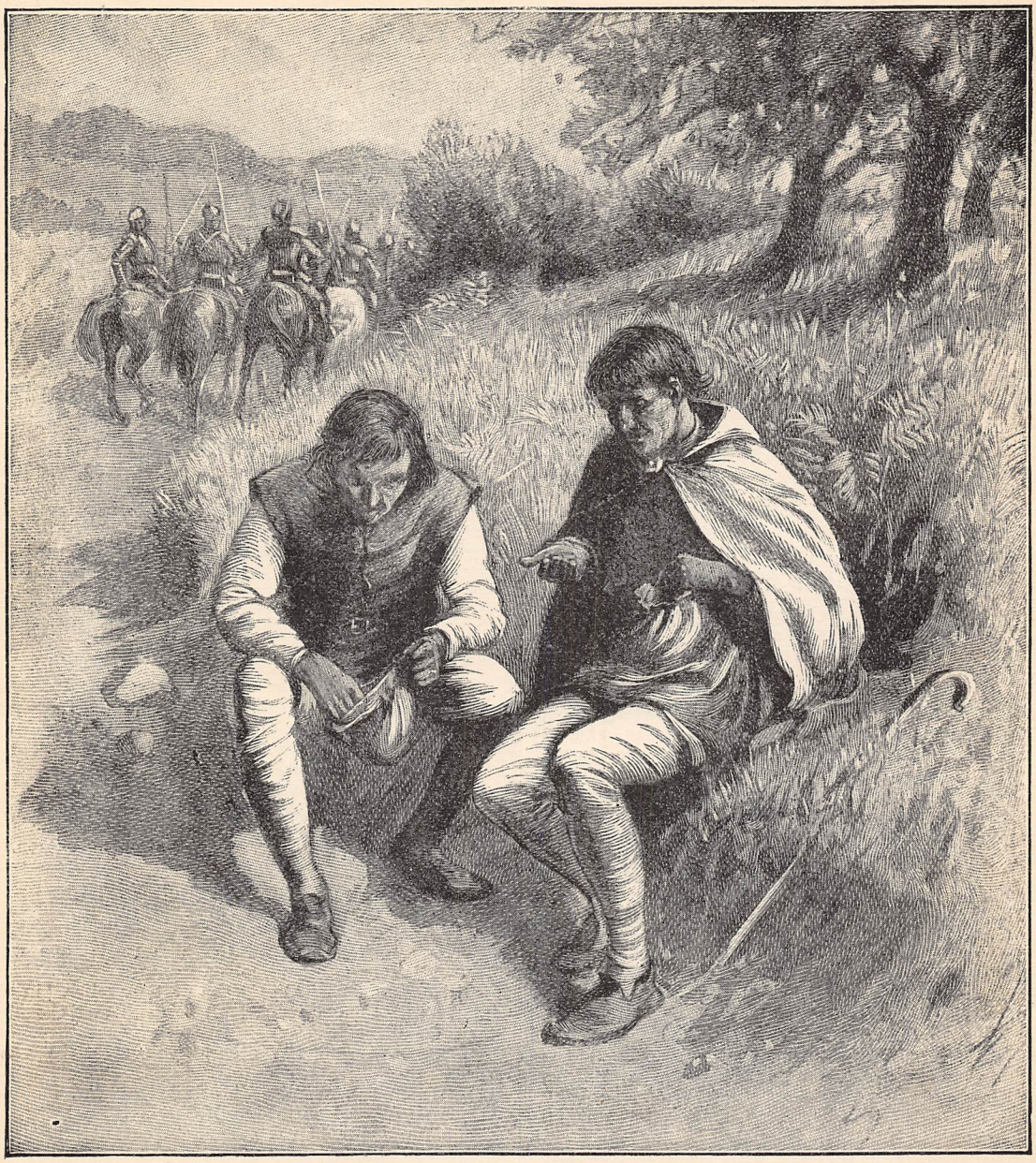
'As for me,' said the second, 'I cannot read, and I cannot even write my name. I am very ignorant.'

'So it seems,' said the first traveller, with a sneer, and they journeyed on together. Before they had gone very far, however, they were set upon by thieves, who would have taken all that they had if a band of soldiers had not come to the rescue and put the thieves to flight.

'Oh, dear!' said the first traveller, and he sat upon the ground beating his breast with his hands in despair.

'Why do you sigh?' said the other.

'I sigh,' said the first, 'because I find that the



"'I sigh because the thieves have stolen half my gold.'"

thieves have stolen half my gold. Why do you smile?'

'I smile,' said the second traveller, 'because I find that I have saved half my gold, whereas the thieves might very easily have taken it all!'

'You are very foolish!' said the first.

'You may be right,' replied his companion, and so they journeyed on again together. Before they had gone much farther, however, a great fog arose. The travellers could not see where they were going, and presently they both stumbled and fell. Now, the first traveller hurt his right leg, and the second his left, so that they both went lame.

'It is plain,' grumbled the first, 'that everything is against us. We have lost half our gold, and now we are both lame.'

'It might be worse,' said the second traveller.

'How so?' demanded the first.

'We might have hurt both legs instead of one,' explained the other, 'and then we should not be able to walk at all!'

The first traveller only grunted at this, and they went on again until by-and-by they both fell into a bog, and there they stuck in the mud, and could not move one way or the other.

'Now,' said the first traveller, 'we are lost! Nothing can save us. Why do you whistle?'

'To keep up my spirits,' said the other, and he went on whistling louder than before, until at length his whistle was heard by a third traveller, who pulled them both out of the bog.

When the travellers stood on dry land they found that they had lost in the bog the two bags containing what was left of their gold. At this the first traveller sat upon the ground and wept aloud.

'It might be worse,' said the second.

'How so?' demanded his companion, angrily.

'We might have been lost ourselves in the bog,' explained the second traveller; 'and that would be worse than losing our gold.'

'You are very foolish,' said the other as before, and so they continued their journey; and whatever befell them, the traveller who had studied all sciences and the histories of all nations always made the worst of it, whilst he who could not even read and write kept on whistling and making the best of it!

Now, of these two travellers, which was the wise man and which was the foolish man?

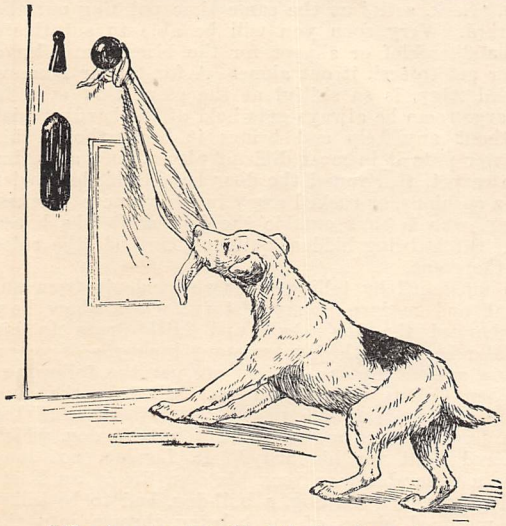
Joyce Cobb.

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

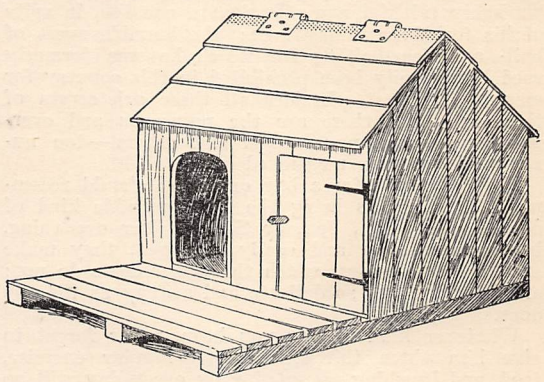
III. — DOGS.

THERE is no animal that has so many lovable characteristics, and such a variety of useful accomplishments, as the dog. From earliest times he has taken his part in the history of the world, and been written of and praised as man's best and most trustworthy animal friend. It is probable, therefore, that when only one pet can be kept, ninety-five people out of a hundred choose a dog.

Let us think for a moment of a few of the different kinds of dogs, and how they have been adapted to man's needs and pastimes. Take first of all the noble St. Bernard; we have all heard stories of how this wonderful dog seeks for lost travellers in the snow-covered Alps, and when found stands over his charge in protection, while he bays loudly until his masters come to the rescue and carry the stranger into shelter and safety. Then think of our own North-country sheep-dogs, who display such marvellous sagacity in shepherding the flocks; so clever and devoted to their masters that they can be trained to obey and carry out some intricate order, by the shepherd's whistled signal from some point far up the hill-side. There are the fox- and stag-hounds too, without which the most popular English sport would be impossible; or the retrievers and spaniels, with their highly developed sense of smell and their gentle mouths, making them invaluable for partridge



"He always gets hold of the handkerchief without any help."



A Simple and Healthy Dog-kennel.

"Beetle was very fond of playing the piano."

and pheasant shooting; or the greyhound with its gracefully formed, long, sinuous body, bred for swift running and endurance. One of the most curious breeds, perhaps, is the bull-dog, with its shortened nose and immensely powerful grip; this dog, I am glad to say, is now only kept as a pet, being a remarkably faithful and affectionate one too, in spite of his forbidding appearance; the horrible sport of bull- and bear-baiting for which he was formerly used has happily been prohibited in this country for many years past. Besides all these aristocrats of the dog world, there are the numerous and ever-popular terriers, pugs, toys, and others — too numerous to be even mentioned here.

Now, as a pet for a boy or girl, I should recommend a terrier as being the most suitable kind of dog — either Irish, Fox, or Scotch. For one thing, being affectionate and easily managed, they make excellent house-dogs, which the larger sorts do not; and they are not so delicate and snappy as the toy dogs.

Whatever kind of dog you keep, never forget to give him three things, namely — regular exercise, food, and brushing. A good walk every day will go far towards keeping your pet healthy and happy.

People have different ideas as to when and how a dog should be fed; but personally I prefer the old-fashioned way of feeding them in the middle of the day, on a mixture of Spratt's dog-biscuit, gravy, green vegetables and bones. Then at night, when they go to bed, give a partially broken-up dog-biscuit, quite dry. My dogs have always done very well on this fare. Regulate the amount you give by the dog's appetite and condition. You will find when your dogs are getting plenty of outdoor exercise they will not attempt to over-eat themselves, but just take what they require. Be very careful in your choice of any patent foods, because in some cases they may lead to eczema. A saucer of weak tea given every morning helps to keep a dog's coat in good condition, and it is generally much appreciated.

Talking about your pet's coat reminds me about his bath, for it is most important that he should be kept clean. Frequent baths, however, are a mistake, as they prevent the natural oils in a dog's skin doing their work, which is to keep the coat smooth and glossy. Once every two months is quite sufficient to bathe a house dog, if he is thoroughly brushed and combed every day with a stiff brush and wide-toothed comb. If your pet lives in the house, always keep a round dog-basket with an old cushion in it for his exclusive use; a dog loves to have a special corner of his own to retire to in the day, as well as to sleep in all night; it is far better for him, too, than allowing him to lie on the hearthrug, his favourite spot otherwise.

I hope none of my readers will ever keep their dogs chained up to a kennel: this seems to me the cruellest and worst animal torture that still exists within the sanction of the law. Many dogs' tempers, especially bull-dogs', are absolutely ruined by their owners' thoughtless system of keeping them fastened up all day on the end of a short, heavy chain. It is quite easy for a patient person to teach a dog to keep quiet, and to stay in his kennel when told, without chaining him up.

If your dog is kept out of doors, either as guard, or because he is too big for the house, a strong, well-built kennel should be provided for him. There are any number of designs, so the owner can choose one to suit both his taste and pocket; but here are one or two little hints he may find helpful in the choice. All kennel floors should be raised at least three inches from the ground to prevent damp. Then it is best to have one-half of the sloping roof on large hinges in order that the kennel can be thoroughly ventilated and easily opened for cleaning purposes. The dog's entrance should be at one side and not at the end, so that he can always shelter from wind and rain, away from the door; and of course the roof must be absolutely water-tight: it is a good thing to cover any joints with felt. The best bedding is plenty of clean dry straw, frequently changed, and it is a very good thing to have the floor washed over once a week with Pearson's Antiseptic, as this will be found a great preventive to disease.

Though as a rule it seems unnecessary and rather cruel to teach dogs tricks, yet there are some, especially among terriers, that seem positively to enjoy learning and showing off their accomplishments. If a dog appears stupid and blows must be used in teaching him, then leave him alone; no trick is worth the fear and distrust which a beating causes. Dogs should only be taught tricks when between six months and a year old, as they learn most easily then. A clever little Aberdeen terrier of mine, called Beetle, was very fond of performing a rather uncommon trick, namely, playing the piano. He learnt it in a very few lessons by my simply holding a favourite biscuit over the keys, and saying, 'Play!' He soon connected the command with the noise of the notes, and when told to play, would bustle off to the music-stool and, sitting on it, pound the piano with his paws until the reward was forthcoming.

Many dogs enjoy a game of 'hide and seek' as much as any child, and they afford great amusement to the watchers by their excitement and absorption in the game. The way to teach them is by placing small pieces of biscuit on and under chairs and saying, 'Seek, seek,' at the same time pointing out the reward. Very soon you will be able to substitute a handkerchief or slipper for the biscuit, and leave your pet to seek it out alone. A fox-terrier I know, called Algy, is so skilful at the game that even in a large room he always gets hold of the handkerchief without any help and brings it back, though his master puts it in most difficult places, such as under the carpet, tied round the door handle, hidden under sofa cushions, or tucked away in his own coat pocket. Algy, who is shut outside the door while the handkerchief is being hidden, quite understands the rules of the game.

I must end by telling you two incidents from ancient and modern doggy history, which show how unchanged the dog's love and faithfulness to his master has been through so many hundreds of years. From ancient Roman history we get the following: 'When Calvus the Roman was killed in the civil wars, no one was able to cut off his head until the murderers formed a ring and stabbed his dog, which showed fight for his body.' In London, not long ago, a miserable man took his own life in an East-end garret, and his dog, a bull-dog, had to be killed by poisoned pieces of meat being thrown into the room, so furiously did he attack the police who came to remove his master's body.

I. E. N.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 83.)

BEFORE Gerald reached the house he caught sight of Billy walking towards him, and all his disgust of himself came back in a moment. But it is probable that he would have said nothing if Billy had not recognised his face beneath its mask of mud. He stopped and spoke pleasantly. 'Hullo, Wilding, been playing footer?' Gerald knew that Billy was himself a fine three-quarter, and still played regularly on Big Side. 'How did you get on?' Billy continued. 'It's not brought the headache back, I hope?'

And then Gerald spoke, almost to his own amazement. The rest had gone on. He stood alone with Billy, muddy from head to foot. 'I—I hadn't really a headache, sir,' he said. 'I told you a lie about it. I—I just slacked in prep.'

Billy did not seem surprised. He never seemed surprised at anything. He gave Gerald one glance before he answered. 'Then you'll have to write it out, Latin and English, as usual, Wilding,' he said.

'Yes, sir,' Gerald answered.

Billy patted him lightly on his muddy shoulder. 'Thanks for telling me, Wilding,' he said. 'It was the sporting thing to do.'

Gerald amazed Danvers by his uproarious spirits that evening and by the huge tea he ate in Hall.

CHAPTER VI.

Gerald was beginning to feel quite curiously at home in the Second Form-room. It was a queer little world, that bottom form at Dunbury. It had seemed at first to Gerald like a small kingdom ruled without doubt or question by four monarchs. But he was to learn that strong rebellious instincts were capable of being roused in those fifteen or so apparently obedient subjects. And it was a boy called Fitzgerald who began what was to become quite an exciting revolt.

He was rather an odd boy. This was only his second term at Dunbury, and little was known of him outside his form. He had shown no especial aptitude for games, and in all respects save one he was as grossly idle as the majority of his fellows. But he had quite a strong passion for history. And it was that passion which brought him to the front in Billy's class.

The Lower School attended what was known as history lecture once a week. It was regarded as a distinct oasis in the arid round of lessons. This was not because a love of history was in the least general, but because the lecture was held in almost complete darkness in a huge form-room. Also, the master who gave the lectures was so engrossed in his subject and in working his magic-lantern that he showed a rare tolerance, almost an indifference, towards the behaviour of the boys in his charge. This tolerance, coupled with the kindly darkness, was a thing of pure joy to the Lower School. Any old or present Lower School boy will understand that. If a man kept reasonably quiet he could do what he pleased. He might glance at the pictures on the screen, if they chanced to catch his vagrant fancy, or he might converse stealthily with his neighbours. But above all he could eat sweets at his own pleasure without risk; Mr. Niblock never seemed to hear the rustling of a paper bag explored by fingers, a sound which to most masters is as a red rag to a bull. Almost the entire Lower School, or such of them as were in funds, took advantage of his absence of mind.

But Fitzgerald was an exception. He was stark mad about history, his fellows had always considered. They did not know exactly how mad, until the rebellion in the Second Form, because Fitzgerald had more or less kept his own counsel about his own pursuits; but to the barbarians of the Lower School any one who took an uncompelled interest in work must be a little mad! As a matter of fact, history and his own historical heroes were much more real to Fitzgerald than the everyday people around him. He tried earnestly to be like his heroes. He tried to act in all circumstances as he imagined those heroes would have acted. For example, Fitzgerald rather disliked footer naturally, but he bucked up with his whole heart and soul in every game because it seemed to him that Hereward the Wake would have been a great and dashing footer player if he had been alive to-day. No one knew of this theory, of course. Fitzgerald was small and fat, and all his pluck and dreams could not make him a fine player yet. But his dreams and his fancies and his hero-worship did make a rather unusual boy of him. And the Second Form learned his real oddness after Mr. Niblock had devoted a lecture to Hereward's gallant stand in Ely against Norman William.

Fitzgerald had always worshipped Hereward. He was the greatest of all his heroes. He had known and loved and studied Kingsley's book at an absurdly early age. And with such imaginings in his heart it seemed absurd and intolerable that he should be compelled to fry sausages for Kirby—a great lout who had probably never even heard of Hereward before, and who would not have cared a rush about him if he had!

Fitzgerald duly fried the sausages upon that Saturday evening, but he fried them with his heart almost bursting within him, and that very evening he revealed himself to his astonished fellow-slaves.

The four great men had left the form-room heavy with food, stuffed with the sausages which Fitzgerald had cooked for them with a bursting heart. They had, of course, known nothing about the condition of his heart. As a matter of fact, Kirby had complained pretty sharply about the bursting of the sausages themselves. All of them had split open in the frying-pan. Fitzgerald was naturally an unskilful cook, and that day the sense of his degrading wrongs had made him even less handy than usual. The rest of the form were seated about the room. Some of them were playing knucklebones. There was at this time quite an epidemic of that ancient game raging through the Lower School. Others were frying slices of bread in Kirby's frying-pan. The atmosphere of the room is more easily imagined than described. It resembled a cheap London cook-shop with just a suggestion of the small cat-house at the Zoo thrown in. This latter element was owing to a passion for white mice indulged in by certain members of the form.

And then quite suddenly, to the surprise of this peaceful gathering, Fitzgerald stood up and spoke astounding words. 'I say, you chaps, I'm thinking of not fagging any longer for Kirby & Co.!' he said.

(Continued on page 98.)

"Fitzgerald stood up and spoke astounding words."

"Kirby tipped Mason out of it."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 95.)

THE other boys stared at Fitzgerald, small and plump and slightly flushed.

'You'll get some jolly good lickings!' said Mason, a thin, gloomy boy.

'I don't care!' Fitzgerald answered stoutly, although he hated the very idea of being licked.

'What's the notion, Fitz?' asked Piggy Harris. Piggy was small, red-faced, and restless, and always ready for a new excitement.

'I'm sick of cooking their beastly sausages!' Fitzgerald began, and then he wanted to say so much and to say it so quickly that he could only stutter.

'Good old Fitz!' Piggy said gleefully, staring at him as though he had never seen him before.

'You do cook them jolly badly, Fitz, anyway!' said Digby solemnly. He had a wide mouth that turned down at the corners, and most people were never sure when he was joking or in earnest.

Fitz found his voice. 'It's not only the sausages,' he said. 'It's all the fagging we do for them. Why should we fag for Kirby and Page and Smith and Dickyns? They aren't any one. They're no good at anything. They're just rotters!'

'Dickyns has got his footer badge,' Mason said.

'I know he has!' Fitz screamed. 'But a big chap like him ought to be on the Big Side if he had any dash or pluck! As for the other three, they're slackers, out-and-out — all of them!'

Fitzgerald's listeners could only agree to this. It was sadly true.

'I tell you, I won't fag for them any more!' Fitz went on. 'And if you'll only back me up, none of us need!'

The suggestion was fascinating, but it was startlingly new to the rest of the form. None of them liked fagging, but resistance seemed hopeless.

'They're such big, strong chaps!' Mason said gloomily.

'I know they are!' Fitz yelled. 'But they're stupid, much stupider than us. And they'll chuck it up if we resist them. I'm certain of it. Tyrants always do!'

The form were interested by Fitzgerald. They had never suspected him of such dashing views.

'Good old Fitz!' Piggy Harris said again. 'When did you think of all this?'

Fitzgerald got rather redder. 'It was in — in history lecture' he confessed. 'Don't laugh at me, you chaps! But — but you remember about Hereward. He showed what could be done by a few against many, if they had pluck. There were those two splendid scraps at Ely ——'

'They were good scraps,' Piggy agreed. Anything very bloodthirsty in the way of fighting could generally catch the attention even of the Second Form.

'I should think they were!' Fitz cried. 'When Niblock was gassing about them I suddenly felt a mere worm. And I said to myself, "Why should I be cooking sausages every day for Kirby & Co?"'

'It's not every day,' objected Manswell, an exceedingly stupid boy. 'It's only on Saturdays as a rule.'

Fitzgerald glared at him scornfully. 'What does it matter? It's the principle of the thing. We're sort of slaves. Do you think that Hereward would have consented for a moment to — cook sausages?'

Those sausages seemed to rankle frightfully in Fitzgerald's mind!

'Aren't you ever going to fag for any one again?' Piggy asked.

'Of course I am!' Fitz answered. 'You don't see what I mean at all. I'd be — I'd be proud to fag for a man like Berthold!'

Gerald suddenly found himself liking Fitzgerald very much. He and Danvers had been listening with all their ears, but so far, with the fitting modesty expected of new guv'nors, they had not spoken.

'Berthold or Melton, or chaps like that — any one might be glad to fag for them,' Fitz continued. 'There's — there's something big about them, if you know what I mean. But what is there big about Kirby & Co.?'

'There's their feet,' suggested Piggy, after a pause.

'And they've got pretty big appetites,' added Mason.

Fitzgerald looked utterly disgusted. 'Oh, if you're just going to rot, I've nothing more to say!' he snapped. 'I'll try to do it all on my own, if you all funk it ——'

'You've not proved yet that you don't funk it yourself!' Mason said, sharply. 'You just wait, Fitz, until they get their fives bat out!'

Fitzgerald gave a kind of shiver, quite against his will. 'I know,' he admitted, 'it won't be nice at first. It will be simply horrid. But all rebels have to go through something. There was Wallace. He had to go through a lot. They dragged him on a hurdle, and executed him in a very painful way. But Bruce finished his work!'

Fitzgerald at that moment was uplifted above the rest of his fellows. They didn't attempt to understand the look on his plump face. But most of them felt a new sort of respect for him.

And Piggy Harris was moved to enthusiasm. 'Fitz, you shan't go through it alone!' he cried. We will back you up!'

There was a murmur from the rest of the form, mostly of agreement. But some were doubtful and timid. As for Gerald, himself a born hero-worshipper, he would have dearly liked to tell Fitzgerald how much he admired him, had not his shyness forbidden it.

'How are you going to begin?' Mason asked, and before Fitzgerald could answer the door opened, and Dickyns and the other three lounged in.

That was quite a dramatic moment. All the form felt it except the unconscious four. They had become so used to their authority that they would as soon have expected rebellion from the desks. Kirby sank luxuriously into Billy's chair, having first tipped Mason out of it, and without meaning to do so added to the tension in the atmosphere.

'Just trot out to the Lodge, Fitzgerald, and fetch me some paper!' he commanded.

That was probably one of the great moments of Fitzgerald's life. He knew that the rest of the form were hanging on his words. And although he was trembling all over, he rose to the occasion. He always liked to remember afterwards that he rose to it. 'I won't!' he said, hoarsely.

Kirby and the other three stared in real wonder. 'You won't? What do you mean?' he asked.

'What I say,' Fitzgerald answered, stubbornly.

Kirby could hardly believe his ears. 'Cut along at once, as you're told, or else ——' he threatened.

Fitzgerald forced himself to meet his angry eye. 'I'm not going to fag for you any more!' he stated.

(Continued on page 111.)

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

III. — ROOTS AND STEMS.

IN this article we will just finish the root vegetables, and then begin to talk about the vegetables of which we eat the stems. Of the roots we have now only the radish and the turnip left.

Now the radish is in England only used as a salad, and is to us of comparatively little value, so you will be surprised to hear that it was much prized by the ancients. It was originally wild in many parts of Europe, also in Asia and China, and it did not arrive in England until the sixteenth century. An inscription has been found on the Great Pyramid in Egypt, which states that sixteen hundred talents of silver were spent on radishes, onions, and garlic for the workmen who built the pyramid. Now this Great Pyramid was built three thousand seven hundred years before Christ, so you see the radish has a long history. A writer of those times also says that radishes formed part payment of the workmen, for in early times people used often to be paid 'in kind,' as it was called, that is, they had food and clothing given to them instead of money. Another very early record of radishes was found in the celebrated Temple of Apollo at Delphi. Here the three vegetables most greatly appreciated by the people were represented in three metals of value according as they regarded them; and the radish was modelled in gold, the beetroot in silver, and rape in lead. I also read another quaint thing about the radish the other day. The Greeks had an idea that the vine objected to the radish growing near to it, and they believed that if planted near to each other the vine would shrink away from the radish. This, however, is only a legend.

Does it not seem odd that a plant for which we care so little was so highly prized in years gone by? Now let us inquire a little into its appearance and growth. The proper name for the radish is Raphanus salivus, and it belongs to the natural order Cruciferae, the same as the mustard and the wallflower. It gives a very quickly-grown crop, the quicker the better, for if long in developing the radishes become woody on the outside and woolly within. Of course, you know them quite well: they are of two shapes, either round like a turnip or long like a carrot, but quite small. Also they are of two colours, white and a beautiful crimson, something like a beetroot, only lighter, and of course the colour is only on the surface. If they are sown in a loose kind of soil, they push their way down and down, and are consequently long like a carrot. But if they are placed in a stiff soil they become short and round, probably because they cannot manage to work through the soil. I give a little sketch of a seedling (fig. 1), and also of a long root (fig. 2). They only take a few weeks to mature from seed, and so several crops are grown in each year. Of course the radish when eaten is pulled up while young and before it flowers, but if left in the ground (as it is when seed is required) a central stem will spring up from the middle of its rosette of leaves, and this will carry a number of flowers. Like most Cruciferae, the seed-vessels grow very rapidly, and those of the lower flowers (which bloom first) are often fully formed before the top flowers are all in bloom (fig. 4).

The seed-vessel (pod) is rather interesting. It is of a very quaint shape; you can see from the outside how many seeds it is likely to hold, because the pod is apparently pinched into little divisions in which they grow. Fig. 3 is a sketch of a seed vessel opening ready to drop its seeds. You see the two sides (valves is their right name) coming off, opening at the bottom first, and the seeds are found to be fixed to a central layer (called the replum). You will find lots of seed vessels something like this on other plants, and they generally belong to the big family called Cruciferae; Honesty is a very pretty example, because the replum in this case is quite silvery; and people save stems of these as a winter decoration; be sure to look out for it, for it is pretty and interesting. Now I think we have said enough about the radish; I am sure you will have much more respect for it now you know how old it is, and how much it was valued by the ancients.

This brings us to the last of the roots, the turnip (Brassica rapa). I am not going to write much about the turnip, for it is very like the radish, it belongs to the same order, and has leaves, flowers, and seed-vessels very like the radish's. The turnip itself is of course larger and is white, and contains very little nourishment, for most of its substance is water. The early growth has to be hurried as much as possible, because there is an insect, the turnip beetle, that is very fond of its first leaves, which are smooth; and if the beetle gets at these while young the plant dies, but if the larger, more hairy leaves come quickly, the plant is safe. The Greeks knew the turnip; they called it gongulos, which means 'round.' They did not use it as a vegetable, but made medicines from it, as it contains a little very powerful oil. It has always grown wild in England, but its use was not known here until the sixteenth century, when some monks brought it from Denmark. It is said that turnips were first grown in England in the Hackney market gardens and sold by women in Cheapside.

Now to start the stem vegetables. In order to keep strictly to our plan of working right up the plant, we will talk of underground stems first. These are asparagus and celery, leek and onion. You will, I expect, be surprised to see the leek and the onion here, but this I will explain later. We will make a start with asparagus (Asparagus officinalis). It grows wild on the salt marshes and on the shores of Wales, Cornwall, and Dorset, but it is now rarely found. It is still very plentiful on the waste steppes of Russia and Poland, where horses and cattle eat its tops. It was cultivated by the Greeks and Romans 200 B. C. for medicinal purposes — they made many remedies from it, some say as many as twenty-four. It was said that any one rubbed with a mixture of asparagus and oil would not be stung by bees. Another remedy was to place a piece of the root on an aching tooth, which would then, they thought, come out painlessly! The name, asparagus, is from a Greek word, and means 'a young shoot before the leaves unfold,' so it is evident the Greeks used it in

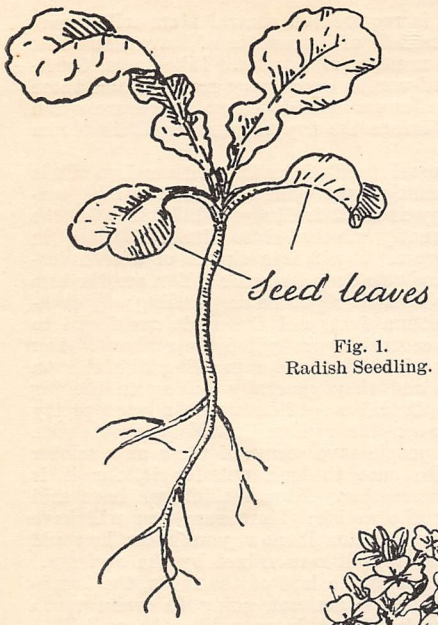


Fig. 1.
Radish Seedling.

Fig. 2.—"Long Radish.

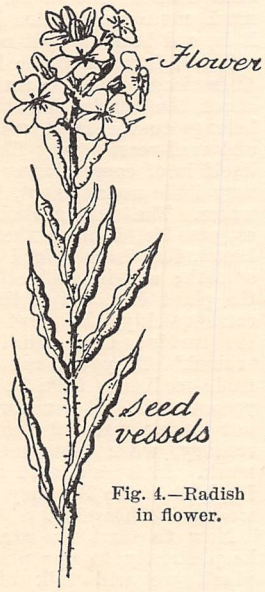


Fig. 4.—Radish in flower.

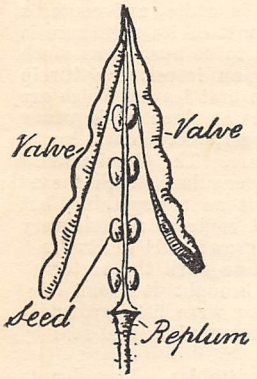
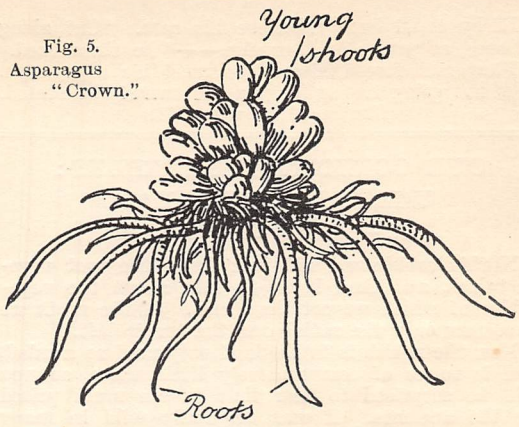


Fig. 3.—Radish Seed-valves opening.

much the same way as we do. It is generally looked upon as a vegetable only for the rich, because it is rather expensive and thought difficult to grow. But this is not the case, and why the price remains high is quite strange. It is true that until the plants are two years old you are not able to cut many stems, but one can now purchase plants that age, and thus have good results in the first year. The plants when fairly grown are called 'crowns,' and they look like fig. 5. Here you see the shoots resting and the well-grown roots. These are planted in trenches and well banked up. When the shoots appear above the ground they are brown; they are allowed to grow until they are from three to five inches out of the ground and about as thick as a finger, then, before the scale leaves break open, a knife is pushed down about two or three inches

Fig. 5.
Asparagus
"Crown."



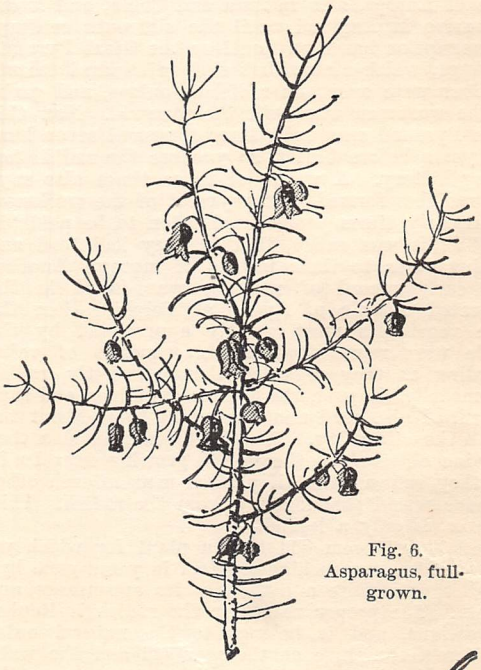


Fig. 6.
Asparagus, full-grown.

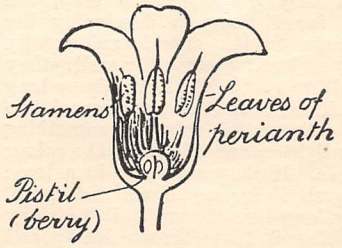


Fig. 7.—Asparagus Flower in section.

Fig. 8.
Asparagus Flower.

and the shoot is cut off and is ready to be cleaned and cooked (fig. 10). So you see the shoot is not allowed to break into leaf at all and you really eat the unopened leaves and the stem. If not cut (and

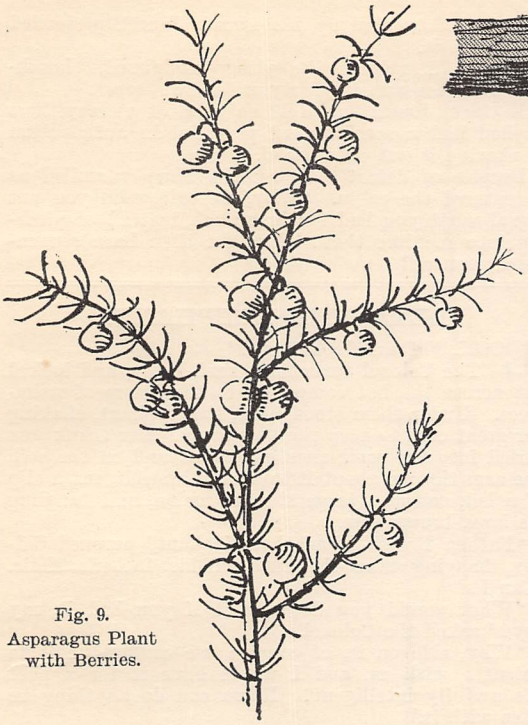


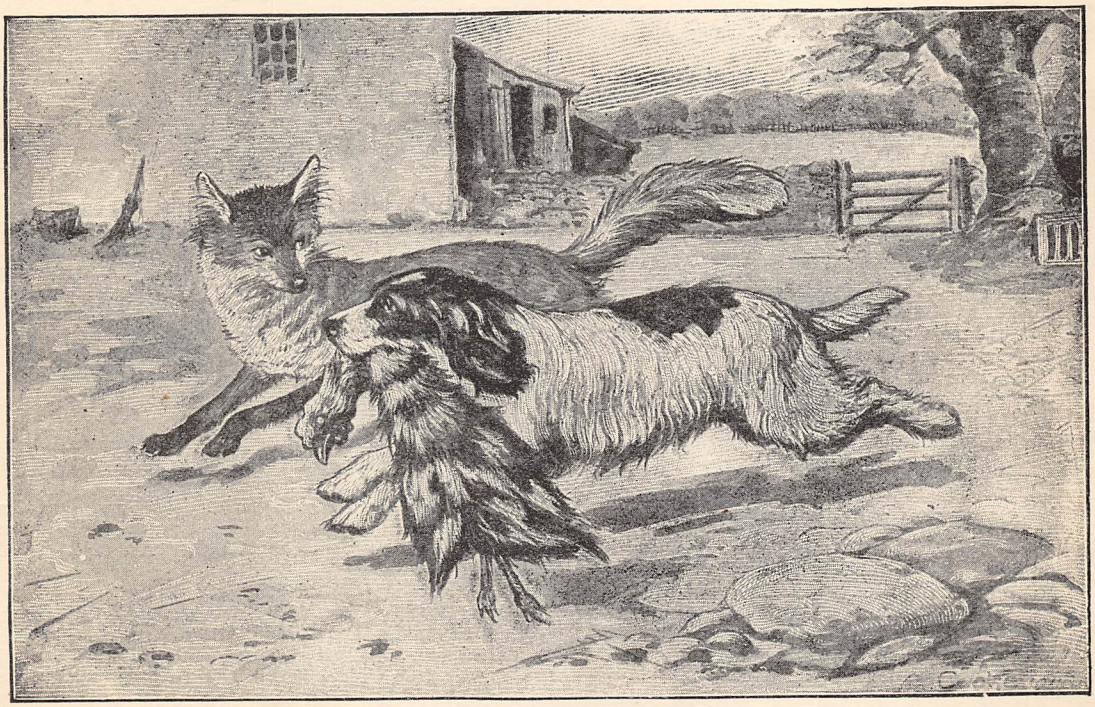
Fig. 9.
Asparagus Plant
with Berries.

Fig. 10.—Asparagus Shoot.

one does not cut all, or the plant would be too distressed) the shoot grows up and up and turns a pretty green and puts out branches and slender hair-like leaves (fig. 6). Then tiny little white flowers appear in the axils of the leaves (figs. 7 and 8) like delicate lilies of the valley; in fact, the asparagus belongs to the same family, viz., Liliaceae. Eventually the corolla (this flower has only one set of leaves, not sepals and petals as most, and they are called collectively the corolla) falls, and leaves a tiny green berry (pistil) (fig. 7) which grows to be about the size of a pea, and then turns a lovely scarlet colour (fig. 9). These of course contain the seeds from which new plants are grown, but 'crowns' last for many years, and plants from seed are only grown by the wholesale growers. The foliage is much sought after for harvest festivals, because it is so pretty for decoration. E. M. Barlow.

A QUEER FRIENDSHIP.

VERY odd friendships sometimes spring up between animals for many different reasons. Animals have, in fact, been known to make friends simply in order to poach together. A Devonshire farmer had a spaniel, for instance, which he kept



"The dog and the fox were in the habit of carrying off the fowls."

unchained at night in the yard. One evening he went out to call his dog, but could not find him anywhere; but on getting up the following morning and going to the yard, he found the dog in its usual place. The farmer was naturally puzzled as to what happened to the spaniel the night before, and decided to watch him. The next night, very early in the morning, he saw the spaniel go through a hole in the hedge, and on getting over the hedge himself, he saw his dog trotting off with a well-grown fox. The farmer afterwards discovered that the dog and the fox were in the habit of frequenting neighbouring poultry yards together and carrying off the young fowls. The farmer watched the dog on several other occasions, and it was noticed that it met the fox every night at the same spot.

REGRET.

I HAD a flower — a lovely flower —
That in my garden grew,
Its leaves were of a tender green,
Its petals were of blue.
It blossomed through the summer hours,
With sweet and lovely grace,
And then I saw it fade and droop
With the first autumn days.
But till its petals died away,
Faded its leaves of green,
Oh, until then I never knew
How sweet my flower had been.

I heard a song — a lovely song —
Float earthwards from the sky;
'Twas carolled by a soaring lark,
That winged its way on high.
All day from morn till eve it sang
Its sweet and tender lay,
But when the westering sun went down,
Oh, then it died away.
But till its lovely song was mute,
The heaven and earth between,
Ah, me! till then I never knew
How sweet the song had been.

I had a gift — a lovely gift —
That unto me was given;
A time of childhood and of youth
Bestowed on me from Heaven;
Bright as the dew at morning time,
That rests upon the flowers,
Before the sun is risen high,
So were my childhood's hours.
It passed away, that time of youth,
It might no more be seen,
But till 'twas gone I never knew
How sweet my youth had been.

Frank Ellis.

AN INFORMAL SURRENDER.

A VERY informal surrender took place at the battle of Mobile Bay during the American Civil War. Captain Jouett, of the United States cruiser Metacomet, and Captain Murphy, of the Confederate gunboat Selma, had been intimate friends before the war broke out and put them on different sides. In this battle the Selma had the worst of it, and Murphy at last was compelled to surrender. Jouett made things as easy as he could for his unfortunate friend and foe. When Murphy came on board the Metacomet to give up his sword, Jouett pretended not to see it.

'Hallo, Murphy!' the victor exclaimed, 'breakfast has been waiting for you for two hours.'

In fact, Jouett had felt so sure of victory that he had had a special meal prepared in anticipation of sharing it with his friend.

Despite of defeat and wounds, Murphy smiled as he entered the cabin. 'Why,' he said, 'did you not signal what you had for breakfast, instead of pitching into me like that? I might then have surrendered sooner!'

LETA, THE ELEPHANT.

'LOOK, Father! look there!'

The Colonel turned his head lazily, and looked out across the hot compound to the group of palm-trees. Under them stood Leta, the elephant, shaking her great ears to keep the flies away. Her trunk was curled into the semblance of a seat, and on the coil, one arm thrown about it to steady himself, sat a slip of a lad, eating a large slice of melon, and dangling his long, brown legs.

'Father, I wish I had that elephant,' pursued Sidney, hanging over the back of his father's chair. 'Can I?'

'What would you do with it if you had it, my boy?' asked the Colonel.

'Why, ride on it, of course; we could take it to Calcutta with us, and I would have it for a pet! It's awfully intelligent! Rama can do anything he likes with it.'

'Surely you have enough pets, with the ponies and dogs.'

'They're not half so interesting as elephants.'

The Colonel sighed a little. 'I'm afraid it's the newest thing that is always the most interesting with you, lad,' he answered, rising.

'Well, but may I have it?' persisted the boy.

'I will see.' But Sidney knew his point was won.

Little Rama swung happily on his seat, all unwitting.

'We will never be parted, Leta,' he murmured, rubbing his cheek lovingly against the elephant's great trunk. 'We will be together always.'

The elephant merely grunted in reply; she was quite happy, standing half-asleep in the shade, with that caressing little voice in her ears; what did she know of parting or sorrow?

'Night is coming quickly, my Delight; we must go home,' said Rama presently, watching the tall figure of the English Colonel Sahib cross the compound.

He slipped down and trotted off, the great beast following deliberately, her trunk laid caressingly about the small shoulders as they sauntered in together. At the door of the elephant-sheds sat Mahassin, the head-man, his hands crossed and his head bowed in a way that brought the lad quickly to his side.

'What is it?' he cried, a sudden fear in his heart.

'Our master has sold Leta, the elephant, to the English Sahib, and he will take her away to the plains and we shall not see her again. The little Sahib is to be mahout (driver) to her; we are not needed.'

Rama stood as if turned to stone. 'I will go with her,' he burst out at length.

But Mahassin shook his head. 'It is impossible,' he said, 'quite impossible.'

The boy turned away in silence; there seemed no more to be said, and quietly he fed and watered his great pet and made her comfortable for the night.

That done he slipped away and ran, swift as a shadow, to where the English bungalow stood, across the road. On the verandah sat the Colonel, and with him his wife and son.

Rama sprang up the steps, then paused, his hands crossed on his breast, his head bowed, waiting for permission to speak.

'What is it, my lad?' asked the Colonel kindly.

'The elephant, Sahib — you have bought her.'

'Yes, certainly.'

'You will take her away?'

'Most likely.'

'Sahib, take me too. She is my Light, my Life, my Delight. I am but dust without her — take me too.'

The Colonel merely turned his head and looked at Sidney, who exclaimed impatiently, 'But we don't want you. I will be her mahout. I will sit on her head and drive her; we don't want you at all.'

The little Hindu fell at his feet. 'I would not burden you, Sahib,' he said. 'I would be as the smallest thing that is, out of sight when I am not wanted. Leta and I have been together always; she will miss me.'

'Oh, stuff!' The English boy walked away quickly to the other side of the verandah, conscious of an uncomfortable feeling in his heart.

'You see, Rama,' said the Colonel gently, 'we shall not want you.'

'Will the Colonel Sahib grant but one thing?'

'If it is in my power.'

'If Leta should be sick you will send for me to come.'

'Yes, I promise you that.'

With a grateful salaam Rama faded into the darkness of the night.

Two days afterwards the whole family moved down to the plains, taking the elephant with them. She trumpeted vainly for her little driver, who stood on a hill watching the departing cavalcade.

It was very hot in the plains after the breezy uplands, and the days dragged wearily. Sidney soon began to tire of his new pet, and the elephant herself seemed sad and listless.

'She is fretting, that's about the size of it,' said the Colonel's English orderly, eyeing her critically; and though Sidney said crossly that it was all nonsense, he could not help thinking of the little Hindu's pleading face.

One day a welcome diversion was caused by the suggestion of a tiger-hunt. They would take all the elephants they could muster, go right into the jungle and start a tiger. The natives had already brought in news of its whereabouts, and whoever shot it was to have the skin. The Colonel was going, of course, and when Sidney insisted upon going too, he foolishly gave in to him, though the rest of the party would not consent to the boy's carrying a gun, fearing they might fall to his prowess instead of the tiger.

He was bustling about in the yard full of importance, for he was to ride Leta, when he came suddenly face to face with her former mahout, ragged and footsore.

Sidney felt thoroughly angry. 'What have you come here for?' he cried. 'Do you think I can't look after your precious elephant without you coming spying round? Get out of the yard — you have no business here.'

'May I not see Leta just once?' said the soft, pleading voice.

'No; get out.'

Rama turned and limped away, and in another moment the Colonel appeared and the hunters started.

They had a most exciting day. The tiger fell to the gun of a young lieutenant, much to his delight; but Sidney did not enjoy it — why, he could not say. As they turned towards home at the end of the day, he and Leta dropped to the rear. He felt moody and cross; he let the chattering natives pass him and followed slowly in their tracks, until his father, who was on horseback, noticed his absence and fell back to keep him company.

'Don't lag too much, my boy,' he said; 'we're not clear of the jungle yet.'

As he spoke the elephant started, backed, and began to trumpet shrilly.

'What's the matter with her, Father?' asked Sidney, startled.

'Tiger, I'm afraid,' answered the Colonel, cocking his gun and peering into the dense undergrowth. 'I wish it wasn't so dark.'

The next instant doubt became certainty as a great striped beast launched himself at the elephant's head. Leta squealed madly and the Colonel fired. The tiger, with a savage snarl, dropped to the ground, to leap up again at once, with the force of his spring knocking horse and rider head-over-heels.

'Father! oh, Father!' shrieked poor Sidney, vainly trying to urge the elephant forward; but it was as much as he could do to prevent her turning tail and dashing away to safety. It would have gone hard with the Colonel if at that moment a little dark figure had not sprung out on the pathway.

'Leta!' he cried. 'Ah-hoo! ah-hoo!'

At that well-remembered voice Leta woke to sudden energy, and charging forward she seized the tiger in her trunk.

Sidney, crouching on her neck, saw the striped body whirling through the air, heard a sickening crash, and then ——

'Are you all right, my boy?' the Colonel called up. And Sidney answered faintly, 'Yes.'

That night when all the fuss was over he crept to his father's side. 'Father, you're not hurt much, are you?'

'No, Sid; the poor horse was killed, though.'

'I know. Father, I feel such a beast!'

'Yes?'

'I nearly kicked that chap out of the yard this morning.'

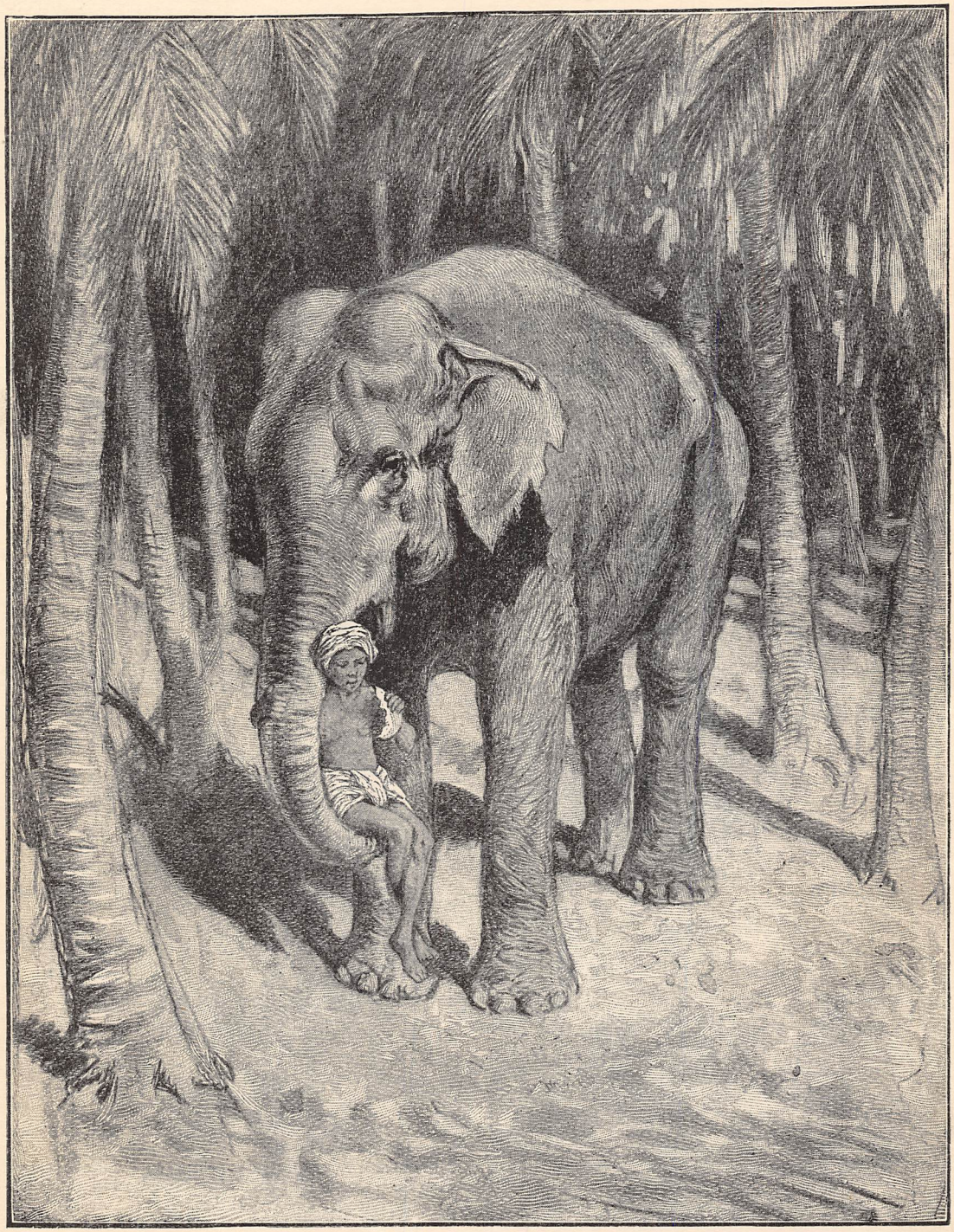
The Colonel put an arm round him as the boy went on falteringly, 'I — I — wish I hadn't. If he hadn't come just then, you'd — you'd ——'

The arm tightened. 'I know, my boy; what are you going to do?'

'They were just hugging each other down there, and I told Rama he could stay, and he looked so delighted. Father, I have been a beast.'

And the Colonel laughed softly as he answered, 'Now you have realised it, Sidney, I'm sure it won't happen again.'

M. C. Heward.



"Eating a slice of me'on, and dangling his long brown legs."

"'The house which you built I have destroyed for ever.'"

THE MERCHANT'S HOUSE.

A Fable.

ONCE upon a time a merchant and his wife lived in a little house at the end of a narrow street. The merchant worked so hard, getting up early and going to bed late, that he became rich, and by-and-by he could afford to build a better house in a pleasanter part of the city. Although the new house was larger and more important than the other, there was nothing in the least remarkable about it; yet, according to the merchant's wife, it was the most wonderful house which had ever been built; for whenever the merchant's wife talked about the things which belonged to her husband and herself, which was very often indeed, she always made them appear much bigger and more magnificent than they really were. The merchant tried very hard to cure his wife of this bad habit, but without success.

When the house was nearly built, the merchant was obliged to make a long journey. After he had gone away, the merchant's wife went every day to watch the builders at their work; and when at last the house was finished, she went all over it in great pride, from the garret to the cellar. Then she put on her best gown and went to visit her neighbours, and to each neighbour she boasted more than to the last, so that everybody who believed what the merchant's wife said thought that the new house must be more wonderful even than the King's palace. By-and-by this story came to the ears of the King himself, who summoned his Prime Minister.

'I am told,' said the King, with a terrible frown, 'that a merchant of this city has dared to build a house which is greater in beauty and size than the royal palace. Let him be instantly cast into prison!'

The Prime Minister, who was a kind-hearted man, explained to the King that the merchant's house was not really more wonderful than the house of any other merchant, but that he had a boastful wife, who made everything that belonged to her appear much greater than it was.

'The merchant must be a great fool,' said the King, 'to allow it. However, I will cure his wife of this habit myself.'

So the merchant's wife was ordered to come before the King, and, staying only to make herself fine and to tell her neighbours where she was going, she hurried to the royal palace, and flung herself on the ground at the King's feet.

'I hear,' said the King sternly, 'that you and your husband have built a noble house, with rooms which are greater in size than the royal banquet-chamber, and more in number than the Queen's jewels. Moreover, the gardens of this house extend for miles, with spacious courts and marble fountains, whilst the trees in your orchards bear three times as much fruit as any other trees in the kingdom. What have you to say?'

Now this was indeed the story which the merchant's wife had told to her neighbours, and her heart sank within her. 'It is not true,' said she, faintly, for she saw that the King was displeased.

'Nonsense!' said the King; 'for if it is untrue, how came such a story to the ears of your neighbours? It is plain that you and your husband have committed a great crime, since you have dared to build a house more magnificent even than the royal palace, and for this you deserve to be cast into prison. However, I intend to pardon you; but your house shall be instantly razed to the earth.'

The merchant's wife begged for mercy, but in vain. Then she wept bitter tears, for how could she face her husband, when he returned from his long journey, with the news that his new house had been pulled to the ground?

Meanwhile the royal heralds proclaimed throughout the city that the merchant's house was to be destroyed by the King's orders, so that the people ran in haste to the spot; and there also came the King with a grim smile, and with him the merchant's wife.

Then the merchant's wife gazed in wonder, for, in spite of the King's command, not a stone of the house had been moved.

'The house which you built,' said the King, 'I have destroyed for ever.'

'But,' said the merchant's wife in amazement, 'here is the house, and it stands unharmed!'

'You are wrong,' said the King. 'This is the house which was built by your husband, the merchant. But the house which I have destroyed was the house built by his boastful wife, for its rooms were more numerous than the rooms of the King's palace. It had wide gardens, marble courts, and stately fountains, whilst the fruit of its orchards was finer than the fruit of any other orchard in the kingdom! This house I have razed to the ground before all the people, that you may be punished for your crime!'

Then the people laughed, for they understood that the crime of the merchant's wife was her boastful habit.

So they laughed the merchant's wife to shame, and she went away weeping tears of misery and confusion. But when the merchant came home one thing caused him the greatest surprise: for his wife boasted no longer, and the King himself was not more truthful than the merchant's wife.

Joyce Cobb.

THE DISCOVERY OF COFFEE.

THIS is one story of how coffee was discovered — although we fancy that it is not the only one.

About the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab travelling through Abyssinia, and feeling very weary and faint, stopped near a grove to rest. As he needed fuel to cook his simple food, he cut down a branch of a tree, which was covered with dead berries. His meal ended, the traveller noticed that the half-burned berries had a pleasant fragrance. He collected a large number of them, and, on crushing them with a stone, found that they had a stronger aroma than before. While wondering at this, he accidentally let some of the crushed leaves fall into the can which held his scanty supply of water. He raised the can to his lips, and for the first time tasted coffee! Not only did he think it very nice, but it seemed to inspire him with new energy. He gathered as many of the berries as possible before continuing his journey. Arrived at Aden, he informed the mufti of his discovery. That gentleman was an inveterate opium-smoker, but after he had tasted an infusion of the roasted berries he felt able to give up the poisonous drug. So delighted was he with his new and invigorating beverage that, in gratitude to the tree which provided the berries, he called it 'cahuah,' which is Arabic for 'force.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7. — LOGOGRAM.

First think of me, and you may think of scented groves in Spain;
Of childhood's party-going days, that ne'er may come again;
Of festal boards, in later years, where still I held my own;
Of sharpness and of piquancy, of fragrance mine alone.
Take part of me, I'm almost blind and burrow underground;
Take part of me, and by myself in solitude I'm found;
With part you may begin to count, with part you answer Nay,
With part you come in contact when you settle down to stay.
Transpose me, you will find me still where the dessert is piled,
And dream, in summer's heat, of me, the cool, the bland, the mild. C. J. B.

(Answer on page 150.)

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM ON PAGE 75.

6. — 1. Robinson Crusoe.
2. Amyas Leigh.
3. Daniel Deronda.
4. Adam Bede.
5. Amy Robsart.
6. Ethel Newcome.

THE FAIREST FLOWER.

RED rose, sweet rose,
High upon the wall,
Pearled with gleaming dewdrops
At the even-fall,
In the flowery garden
Are you Queen of all?

Lily, lily,
Tall and fair and cold,
Snowy petals veiling
Heart of purest gold —
Does the world of blossoms
Richer treasure hold?

Tulip, tulip,
Clad in varied hue,
Flaunting gorgeous colours
In the sunshine new,
Is there any flower
To compare with you?

Heart's-ease, heart's-ease,
You are best, I ween;
Decked in purple velvet,
Laced with gold and green,
In the Realm of Flowers
You shall reign, the Queen!

Maud E. Sargent.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WHITTIER.

THE poet Whittier got on well with children. One day in winter, attired in a handsome ulster, he attended a school examination up among the hills. He was standing beside the teacher, who was putting questions in geography to a tiny tot of a girl.

'Name the provinces of Ireland,' said the teacher.

'Potatoes, flax, rope ——' began the child.

'No, no!' the teacher interrupted. 'I did not say products, but provinces.'

'Oh!' the girl said, 'Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and — and ——'

Here she stuck, and her eyes turned appealingly to the old poet's kindly face. He smiled encouragingly, then patted his coat.

'I know now!' she exclaimed; 'the provinces of Ireland are Connaught, Leinster, Munster, and Overcoat!'

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

IV. — FANCY MICE.

OF all pets that children can keep and look after for themselves, perhaps fancy mice are the most interesting and amusing. These graceful, pretty little animals, with their intelligent and affectionate ways, have made great strides in popularity during the last few years both as show and private pets. This is not to be wondered at when we consider the beautiful colourings of the modern varieties, their cheap diet, and the little space required for their cages.

As a rule fancy mice are shy and rather timid, but they soon get to know the person who feeds them, and if gentle movements are used and no fear shown, they will allow their owner to stroke and handle them, run all over his person, and even search for dainties hidden in his pocket. A stranger, however, they will rarely go to, and his efforts to catch them may often be rewarded by a sharp bite. When I was a child, my favourite mouse often accompanied me to lessons; he would lie quite still, curled up in the front of my blouse, until called by a chirp to show himself.

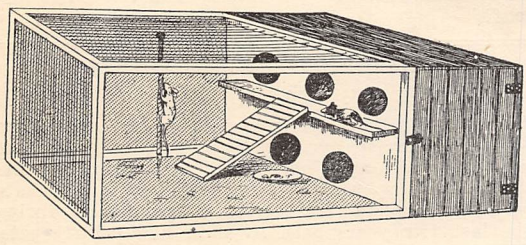
The colours of fancy mice vary a great deal; some are 'self-' or entire-coloured, as the white, fawn, black, &c., and others are mixed or parti-coloured, such as black and white, fawn and white, grey and white, tortoiseshell and piebald. But for pets the white or fawn are the best to keep; they are the most docile in character, and so can be more easily tamed and taught tricks.

There is a breed of fancy mice, too, called Japanese or waltzing mice, but I do not advise any boy or girl to keep them. They have a curious habit of constantly whirling round and round in the middle of the cage; but though it may amuse the thoughtless, it is really caused by a disease of the brain, and therefore no one should encourage the breeding and sale of these poor little creatures.

Mice can be taught several tricks when once they know you and allow you to handle them. A popular one is the bringing down a flag from the top of a pole. For this, you require a pole about two feet long and half an inch thick; make a little paper flag and attach it to a match-stick, then smear the match with tallow and allow your mouse to smell it; very soon, if you are patient with him, he will run up the pole and bring down the flag. Never give very long lessons, that is to say, more than a few minutes at a time, and always, when the trick has been done correctly, reward the tiny performer with a few biscuit crumbs or some other dainty.

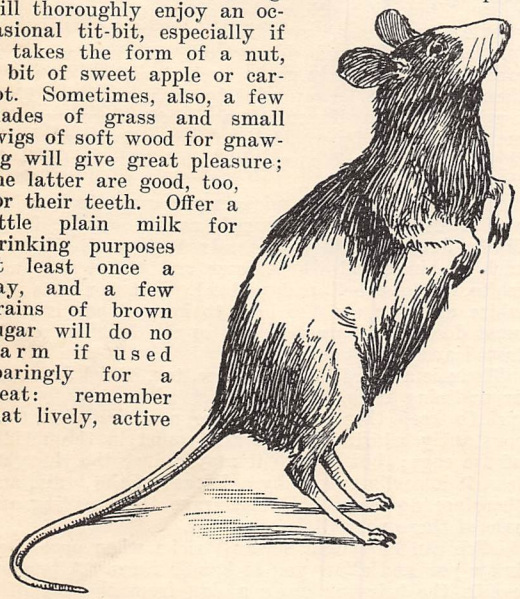
As a mouse cannot live without constant feeding, great care and attention must be paid to his meals.

The staple food for these little creatures in captivity is bread and milk, which must be given fresh every morning. Do not make it sloppy, but take a saucer of boiled milk and steep the bread in only as much as it will take up, then place the pieces in a feeding-glass in the run. I prefer the little round penny bird-glasses as food-vessels: they are far better than tins, as one can so easily keep them sweet and clean. When the mice have finished their meal, remove the bread-and-milk glass and put another in for them



A Model Cage for Pet Mice.

filled with canary and millet seed: this to be left in all day. Oats and crumbled biscuits may be used now and then for a change, but never give cheese, bacon, or strong vegetables such as cabbage, as these cause both the mice and cages to smell. Your pets will thoroughly enjoy an occasional tit-bit, especially if it takes the form of a nut, a bit of sweet apple or carrot. Sometimes, also, a few blades of grass and small twigs of soft wood for gnawing will give great pleasure; the latter are good, too, for their teeth. Offer a little plain milk for drinking purposes at least once a day, and a few grains of brown sugar will do no harm if used sparingly for a treat: remember that lively, active



The Piebald Mouse.

movement and smooth glossy coats are sure signs of health in the mousery.

There is one great objection to fancy mice, which puts many people against them as pets; and that is that both mice and cages are liable to have an unpleasant odour. Now this objection can be entirely overcome if you follow exactly the instructions I am going to give you on the management of your cages. The best are the ordinary stock cages, consisting of a sleeping compartment and a fair-sized open run, which can be bought at any bird-fancier's shop for a shilling or eighteen-pence. On no account buy a wheel-cage, as these usually have only a very small run, if any, and so the poor mice are for ever in the wheel, taking exercise, which leads to sore feet and constant wildness.

After buying one stock cage as a pattern, the boy who is clever with his fingers will be easily able to make his own, using for the purpose old Sunlight Soap catalogue-boxes. These make excellent roomy cages, and a wire front for them may be bought for about a shilling from any cage-maker's.

Having secured your cages, you must now get them ready for their little occupants, providing al-

The White Albino Mouse.

ways two cages to each pair of mice kept. On the floor of the run, scatter a half-inch layer of bran and sawdust mixed in equal parts; this helps to keep the cages sweet. In the sleeping compartment put a handful of fine hay and cotton-wool. Every day the run floor must be scraped out and fresh sawdust put down, but the bedding need only be changed twice a week.

Once a fortnight catch your mice and put them into the other cage, having first prepared it in the

Light Brown Mice.

usual way. Then thoroughly clean and scrub out the used cage with boiling water, to which can be added with advantage one per cent. (one hundredth part) of carbolic acid or ammonia. Let the cage dry outside in the fresh air, and only put the mice back in it when the other one's turn to be scrubbed

arrives. This two-cage plan is the great secret of keeping mice free from disease and offensive smells.

The mother, or doe mouse, makes a cosy little nest for her young, and care must be taken not to disturb her for at least ten days after they are born; the buck, as the father mouse is called, being placed in a separate cage. After a fortnight the young appear outside the nest, and you can begin to tame them at once. Fancy mice have so many little ones during their two or three years' existence that it would be impossible to keep them all; however, the owner of an animal shop will usually give a small sum for your surplus pets, and in this way you can help to pay for the food and cages.

I. E. N.

SMUGGLING DAYS AND SMUGGLING WAYS.

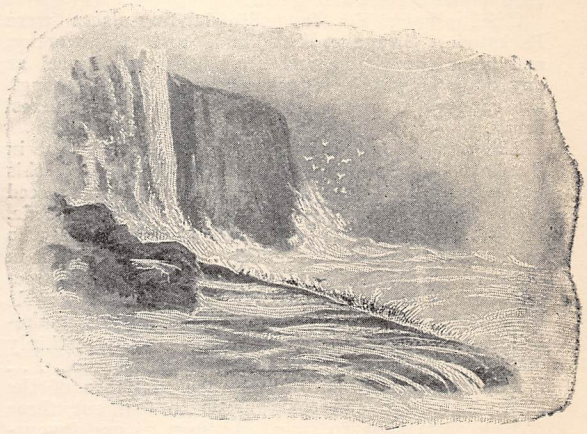
IN the 'good old times,' when famine prices, a long and costly war, high revenue charges, and last, though not least, a love of adventure amongst the hardy fisher-folk of our own coast, made smuggling a very profitable occupation, the Isle of Purbeck was one of the great haunts and most favoured spots of the runners of contraband. And though smuggling is now completely a thing of the past, it is almost startling to think that as recently as the middle of the nineteenth century — well within the memory of living men — cargoes

Tilly Whim Caves, near Swanage.

were 'run' on dark nights, tubs hauled, and ankers of spirits landed, none of which paid the Crown a penny of excise duty.

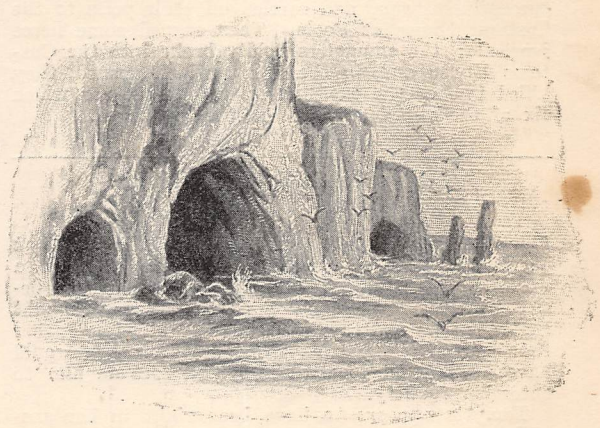
The chief attraction of Purbeck lay in its shallow bays, its caves, quarries, and other hiding-places. Studland, Swanage, and Durlston bays, north and south, were greatly liked by the smugglers. The wild, lonely valleys, deep cut, and running up from the sea between the various hills, gave easy access to the inland places where the lace, brandy, tobacco, and so on, could be readily disposed of; whilst the quaintly-built old stone houses, with their secret passages and roomy cellars, gave ample facilities for hiding the freshly-landed kegs and bales.

It was principally in open fishing-boats and small vessels, not as a rule exceeding thirty tons burden, that the trips across Channel were made. If, at any time, it was found impossible to land unseen, weights were made fast to the tubs to sink them, marking the spot, of course, by some small buoy



Dancing Ledge, Dorsetshire.

such as is used on lobster-pots, until an opportunity served for hauling them ashore. The tubs were generally slung with a piece of line passed round them in two places, and a loop connected the two lines in such a way as to form a handle. Then, on the first convenient moonless night, or whenever the exciseman's watch was slack, the shore-men, in collusion with the smugglers afloat, would row off



Old Harry and Parson's Barn Caves.

in search of the small buoy, pick up the end of the rope to which the sunken kegs were attached, lead it ashore, and then 'haul' the tubs under cover of the water. After they had been safely brought to land, the tubs were taken off the long rope and looped, two and two together, so that they could be easily carried across a horse's back, or a man's shoulders.

If the smugglers ever chanced to be surprised in shallow water, and the bottom was foul, they would tie the kegs to a long pole and fasten to the latter a line, seven or eight feet long, with a big stone at the end of it. The pole and kegs were thus kept suspended a few feet above the bottom, and quite clear of both rock and weed.

Chief among the favourite landing-places were Parkstone, Swanage, Studland, and Hamworthy, and after the contraband stuff had been landed at any of these places, it was conveyed inland through the country lanes, in carts, or slung across horses' backs.

The revenue cutter, which was then stationed in Swanage Bay, and cruised every night round this particular part of the coast, did not always succeed in its object, even after a capture had been made. Mr. W. M. Hardy, an old resident of Swanage, who saw a great deal of the doings of the smugglers in his early days, in an interesting little book of recollections writes: — 'There were false floors, double bulkheads, hollow beams, sham pumps, and make-believe drums of tar, with a little tar on top, thinly disguising the main part filled with tobacco . . . . it required all the shrewdness and vigilance of the Customs officers and coastguards to find out these dodges, from time to time. As soon as one favourite hiding-place had been found out, it became necessary to devise a new one in its stead.'

Ashore, the same perverse ingenuity was displayed, and amongst other devices, a resident at Poole used to let out a hearse and mourning coaches which, beyond all doubt, were constantly used for the carriage of contraband goods. Parson's Barn, a great cavern near the Pinnacle, was used for many years as a place of concealment, and in 1747 the Customs officers made a descent on the place, seized a large quantity of tea which had just been successfully 'run,' and carried off their prize to the Customs House at Poole. Then ensued some fierce reprisals; the smugglers boldly broke into the Customs House and, in the affray which ensued, they killed two of the excisemen: an outrage for which six of the offenders were eventually hanged.

(Concluded on page 119.)

THE DEATH OF CYRUS.

A Tale from Herodotus.

THE Greek historian, Herodotus, tells us that Cyrus, king of Persia, sent ambassadors to a widowed Queen named Tomyris, saying that he desired to marry her. Tomyris, however, thought that what he really wanted was her kingdom rather than herself. She said, therefore, that she would have nothing to do with him, and forbade him to enter her country.

Tomyris appears to have been right in her suspicions as to the real desires of Cyrus, for when he received her reply he threw off all pretence of friendship, and advanced against the Massagetae (as the people whom Tomyris governed were called). He went as far as the river Araxes, across which he threw a bridge of boats for the passage of his troops. He also built some turrets to protect his soldiers.

While Cyrus was thus engaged, ambassadors came to him from Queen Tomyris. This was the message sent by the Queen: —

'King of the Persians! we advise you to abandon your purpose of fighting with us. Be contented with your own kingdom, and leave us in peace. But if you persist in your intention to encounter the Massagetae, waste no more time over your bridge. Either we will retire three days' march into our own country, and you may follow us at your leisure; or do you retire and await us.'

Upon receiving this message, the King called a council of his principal officers, and laid the matter before them. 'Let us retire into our own country, and there wait for Tomyris,' said the officers.

But there was one man present — Croesus the Lydian — who thought differently.

'Better advance than retire,' said Croesus. 'Think what a disgrace it would be for Cyrus, the great King, to retire before a woman! I have thought of a splendid plan. Let us march towards the enemy. The Massagetae — as I have been told — are very poor, and obliged to live plainly. They know nothing of Persian luxuries and delicacies. Let us make a camp in their country, and place in the tents, tables loaded with rich things to eat, and an abundance of good wine. Then let us retire towards the river, leaving only a few of our most worthless soldiers in the camp. You will see what will happen!'

Cyrus took this advice, and sent word to Queen Tomyris that he would advance into her country.

The King led his troops in person, leaving his kingdom in charge of his son Cambyses. Croesus also remained in Persia. Cyrus crossed the river, and, after advancing a day's march, set up his camp, as Croesus had advised. Then, leaving there a few Persian soldiers, he retreated with the greater part of his army towards the river. The Massagetae fell into the snare prepared for them. They attacked the camp, very soon overpowered and killed the small Persian force so cruelly deserted by their own king, and then sat down to eat and drink. The artful plan of Croesus proved a complete success. The foolish Massagetae, unused to the strong wine, were overcome by it. While they were in this condition the Persians advanced and fell upon them, and, of course, gained an easy victory.

Among the many prisoners taken by the Persians was the leader, Spargapises, the son of Tomyris. As soon as the Queen heard the bad news, she sent yet another message to Cyrus.

'Do not be too much pleased with yourself,' she said. 'You have conquered my son by means of this poison which you call wine, and not at all by your valour. For the second time I venture to advise you. Give my son his liberty, and, satisfied with the disgrace which you have inflicted, depart unharmed from my realm. But if you refuse to do this, I will, since you have such an insatiable thirst for war, give you plenty of it!'

And Tomyris fulfilled this threat. Cyrus released her son, but he refused to return in peace to Persia. The Queen collected all her forces; there was a tremendous, prolonged battle; but the Massagetae were eventually the victors, and a very large number of the Persians, including Cyrus himself, were slain.

It is only right to add that other historians give a different account of the death of Cyrus; but this is the story as told by Herodotus.

E. Dyke.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 99.)

KIRBY rose to his feet. 'You're not going to fag any more, aren't you?'

'No!' Fitzgerald said, bravely. 'Not for you, or Smith, or Page, or Dickyns! Never again! I have done with it!'

Page, Smith, and Dickyns instantly became more keenly interested. Until that point they had been rather amused than otherwise by this defiance of Kirby. But now they themselves were defied.

'Fetch me that fives bat, Fitzgerald!' Kirby commanded, with a kind of forced calm.

Fitz went rather white quite suddenly, but his courage held. 'I won't!' he said.

Dickyns himself fetched the instrument of punishment, and handed it to Kirby.

'Bend over that desk!' the latter ordered.

'I won't!' Fitzgerald cried once more, and with the words he made a sudden dash, reached the door, and disappeared.

'Come on, after him!' Kirby shouted, and the four plunged in chase of the fugitive.

The rest of the form were left to face the situation. All of them were intensely thrilled.

'They'll catch him for a cert. in the quad!' Mason said, sadly.

'Fitz can't run for toffee!'

'They'll bring him back here to lick him!' Digby said, gloomily.

'What are we to do?' Piggy asked. 'We — we ought to back Fitz up. He's got some pluck.'

The form agreed that Fitzgerald was certainly plucky, but some of them were disposed to be annoyed with him. He seemed to have placed them all in an awkward position. It was much easier to talk about rebellion than to face actual fives bats. On the other hand, they could not be very proud of themselves if they let Fitzgerald suffer alone!

Then, as they stared at each other, Gerald spoke. He simply had to speak. He felt nervous and frightened, but he had been boiling over ever since Fitzgerald faced Kirby. 'Oh, we must back him up!' he cried.

They did not tell him to shut up, as they would have done in more normal circumstances. Such trifles as his being a new guv'nor were forgotten in that thrilling hour.

'We could go for them, of course, when they come back,' Piggy said, rather doubtfully.

The first steps of a rebellion against established authority are quite extraordinarily difficult. They require courage of a rather unusual quality.

'Let's do it!' Gerald cried, hotly. 'Why, we're fifteen to four!'

'I know,' Piggy answered. 'But they're much bigger than us.'

There was a hearty murmur of agreement from the timid ones. And then, 'They're coming back now!' Mason hissed. 'I can hear them on the stairs!'

The four were indeed bringing back their captive. The rebels looked blankly at each other. Something must be decided. Piggy temporised with some skill. He sprang to the door and thrust a pencil into the old-fashioned latch. 'That'll keep 'em out,' he whispered, 'and they daren't lick Fitz in the passage or the quad! Some one might see them!'

The delay did not seem very effective to Gerald, but there was no time for thought. The latch was tried. Then there came a heavy kick on the door.

'Open the door at once!' Kirby ordered.

No one answered or spoke.

'By Jove, if you don't open at once, we'll lick every one of you!' roared Dickyns from without.

Again there was silence within.

'Do you hear, you cheeky little rotters?' raged Smith, kicking steadily at the door.

It was terrifying to hear those kicks and threats. Some of the weaker rebels began to waver visibly and to fidget. It is difficult to guess what would have happened, but at that moment, in response to a more violent kick and jerk, the pencil fell out of the latch! The door opened, and the four entered, Kirby leading Fitzgerald by the collar.

What followed shall be told briefly and with regret. It has to be recorded that the Second Form failed Fitzgerald badly at his need. It can only be said in their excuse that they were new to rebellion. But some of them, notably Piggy and Gerald and Danvers, were to know shame for some little while whenever they recalled their own behaviour.

Dickyns glared round him. 'Lucky for you that pencil fell out!' he snorted. 'A cheeky lot of little brutes you are, I don't think! We don't want to lick the lot of you, but we will if this sort of thing goes on!'

No one spoke or moved.

When the fives bat was produced once more, Fitzgerald made one appeal to his allies.

'Go for them!' he cried. 'All together! You'll lick 'em easily! You're not going to stand by and let 'em lick me?'

Piggy and Gerald stood up irresolutely. No one else stirred. Danvers explained afterwards that he had wanted to, but his legs felt queer. Piggy and Gerald encountered the eyes of the great four, and — sat down again! This is a painful thing to put on record.

Page and Smith bent Fitzgerald over a form.

'We shall lick you until you agree to fetch that impot paper,' Kirby said grimly.

Fitzgerald only stood four cuts. He hated physical pain, but it was not really that which made him throw up the sponge. The refusal of the others to answer to his call for help had almost broken his heart.

'I'll — I'll go,' he said brokenly, and was at once released.

Dickyns looked round on the rest. 'That's right!' he said. 'And now you all see what you'll get if we have any more rot!'

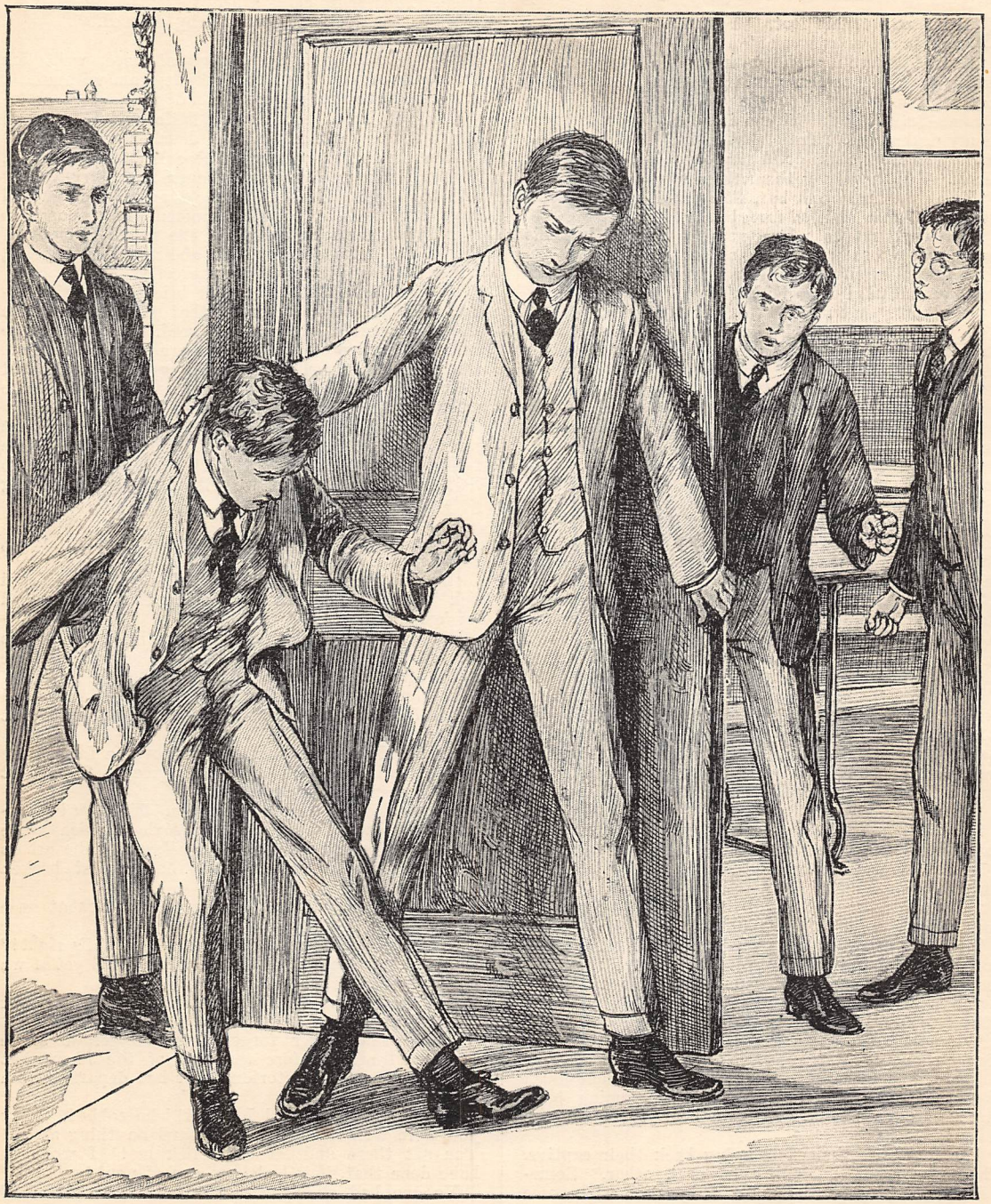
No one answered. The rebellion was stamped out for the time.

But Gerald never forgot how Fitzgerald broke down and cried before the rest of the form that evening, when the victorious four had departed from the room.

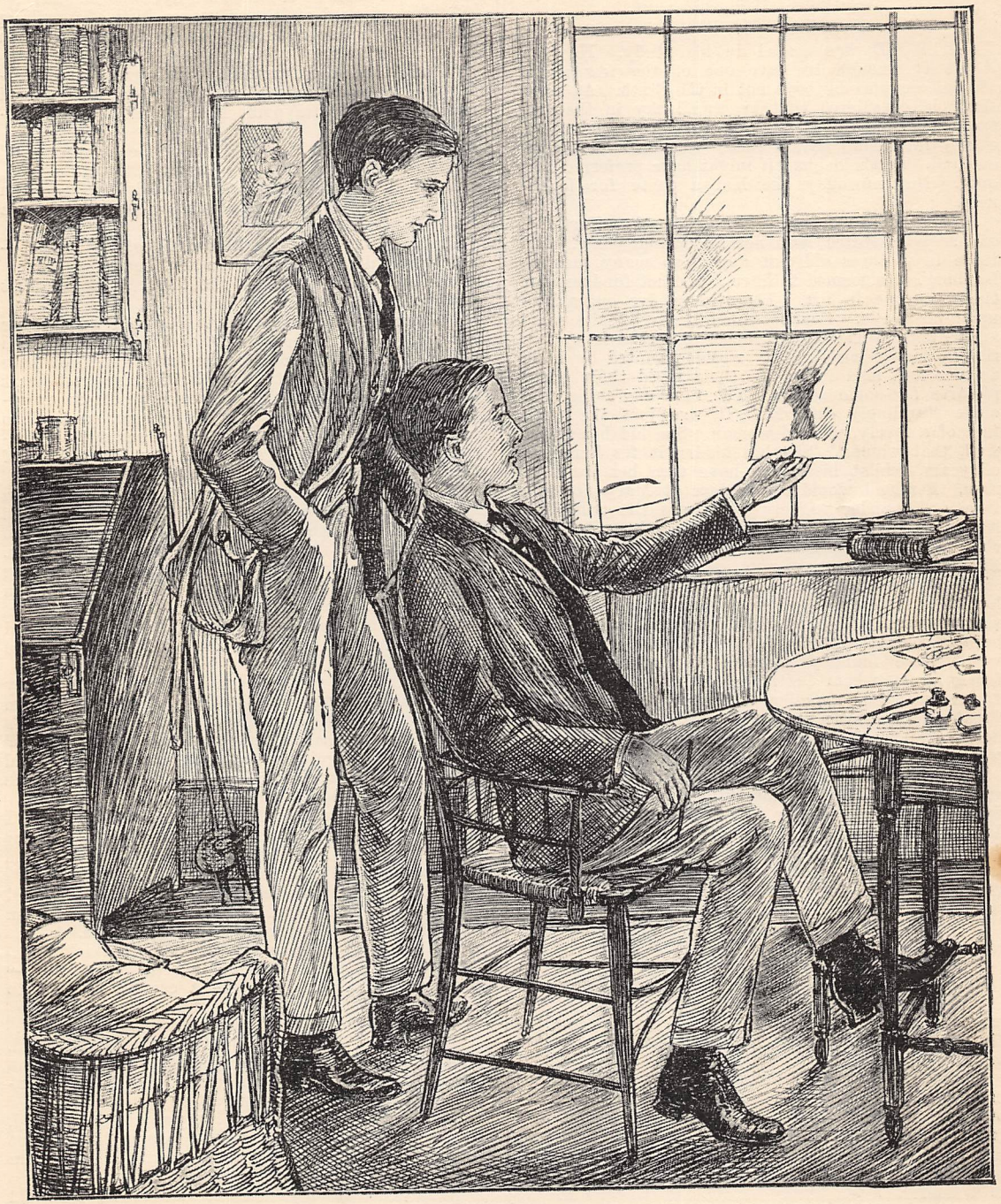
'I was a coward and I failed!' he sobbed. 'But you were worse! You didn't stand anything at all! You sat there and let them lick me! I wouldn't have done that, if it had been one of you!'

No one had the heart to answer him. Most of them were bitterly ashamed. But perhaps in reality that shame promised well for the future of the rebellion.

(Continued on page 114.)



"Kirby leading Fitzgerald by the collar."



"It was a sketch of a hairy poodle."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 111.)

CHAPTER VII.

BERTHOLD was seated in his study. He was lucky enough to have one of the few single studies occupied by boys not in the Sixth. At least, Berthold considered that he was lucky in that respect. Most boys at Dunbury preferred the noisy, cheery fellowship that a study with four occupants ensured. Berthold himself might have preferred this once. But nowadays he had a taste for loneliness.

It was not an ordinary study, but then Berthold, as has been stated, was not an ordinary boy. His taste in pictures did not appeal to many men at Dunbury. He seemed to have a distinct fondness for the grotesque in art. There were five engravings upon his walls. Four of them were by the same artist, and he had let his rather distorted fancy run riot in portraying shadowy worlds haunted by little demons and mad imps. Berthold loved those queer pictures for some reason. The fifth engraving was quite startlingly different. It was just the worn face of a lovely, wistful woman. She hid her secret well, that woman. She has hidden it for hundreds of years, whilst historians have torn her fame to rags. Berthold would often stare at Mary Stuart's face, and wonder vaguely what was the truth behind those eyes. You would scarcely have believed that of him, if you had seen him playing footer. But then, once more, he was not an ordinary boy.

There were many books on the shelves. And they looked as though they were often read. Berthold was accustomed to lend his belongings lavishly, but he was seldom asked to lend his books. Most boys would have found them dull or heavy. Carlyle, for example, whom Berthold worshipped. He loved his strength and apparent harshness. Frederick the Great's long heroic struggle against crushing odds held unfailing fascination for Berthold. And there was much poetry besides upon the shelves.

Berthold was making a rapid sketch with pen and ink. He worked furiously, but once or twice he would stop with a queer little sound in his throat. It was as though he had forgotten something for a little while, and then remembered. Each time he took a letter from his pocket and read it, every word. And as he read, his wide mouth twisted painfully.

The door opened and Melton came in. Berthold looked up and nodded.

'Are you busy?' Melton asked.

'No. I've just finished,' Berthold answered.

'What are you up to?'

'It is a work of art,' Berthold said solemnly, 'intended for the latest exhibition that the Poodle is arranging.'

'The Poodle' was the nickname given to a certain master whose real name was Bryant. He was a well-meaning man whose best efforts were spoilt by fussy tactlessness. He seldom said the right thing, and he never failed to see the things that he should not have seen. Tactful blindness can be a great gift in a master.

Berthold held out his work for Melton's inspection. It was a sketch of a hairy poodle erect upon its hind legs in a begging posture. The work might be unfinished, but it was quite strikingly clever. The whole had all Berthold's quality of brilliant dash. The look in the poodle's eye was masterly.

Melton glanced at it, and gave a kind of unwilling chuckle. 'You're not really going to hand this in to Bryant?'

'I am,' Berthold answered. 'He's great on sketching and exhibitions generally, as you know, and I should hate to disappoint him by not being represented.'

'I should think he would rather be disappointed,' Melton said bluntly. 'He — won't like this a bit.'

Berthold nodded with his queer, faint smile. 'I'm afraid myself that it may touch the Poodle up a little,' he admitted gently.

Melton glanced at him half anxiously. 'I wish — I wish you'd stop playing the ass,' he said.

Berthold shrugged his shoulders. 'I shouldn't worry about me, old man,' he said.

Melton's feelings in regard to Berthold were rather curious. He was the skipper of the School Fifteen himself, and he did not in the least under-estimate the importance of that office; but in his secret heart he considered himself inferior to Berthold in everything save bodily strength. He did not pretend to understand Berthold; no one at Dunbury did, except perhaps the Head, and even he was ignorant of Berthold's real secret.

'I know it's no good arguing with you,' Melton said. 'But — I wish you'd go slow a bit. You seem mad keen this term on getting yourself into hot water. A rag's a rag, but there are limits. Look how you began, with that mad ventriloquising business! The Head let you off pretty lightly, you must admit. Why, he might have sacked you.'

'I've nothing against the Head,' Berthold admitted in his most casual drawl. 'In general, I believe he does mean well.'

'And I know you've been out of bounds pretty often since,' Melton continued; 'and for no reason at all except natural madness that I can see. It's only thanks to chance that you haven't been caught.'

'I have a prejudice against bounds,' Berthold drawled. 'Put a place out of bounds, and I at once want to go there, for some odd reason.'

'It's all very well,' Melton grumbled; 'but, as I say, there are limits. And, then, there's the Poodle; you've been on fighting terms with him since the term began.'

'Oh! scarcely fighting terms,' Berthold objected mildly. 'I admit frankly that the Poodle gets on my nerves, and — apparently — I get on his.'

'It's a pity you're in his form,' Melton said.

'It is, in a way,' Berthold agreed. 'And yet — ragging the Poodle does give a certain interest to life.'

'You may find it pretty expensive.'

'Oh! then I'll pay up all right,' Berthold drawled. 'But — I do wish at times that the Poodle was a more subtle foe. His methods are childishly simple. And yet I've done my best to educate him.'

'He's ageing fast under it, anyway,' Melton said, with a touch of humour rather rare in him. 'But why not give him a rest? At any rate, don't let him see that silly sketch.'

'What, waste my artistic labours?' Berthold cried. 'Man, it would be sinful!'

'It will be simply asking for trouble. He knows quite well that he's called the Poodle; and he simply loathes the name. Why, he turns purple at the

very mention of any sort of dog, in form or anywhere.'

'He does,' Berthold agreed. 'That's why I'm wasting so much valuable time over him. A man of his age has simply got to be educated.'

'He will make you pay for it,' Melton warned.

'Very good,' said Berthold, quietly; 'let him.'

Melton stared again at his friend. 'There's something wrong with you this term,' he said. 'You've always been pretty mad, but there were limits before. You've altered since the holidays.'

And Berthold said nothing at all to that.

'Even your footer's not what it might be. You're brilliant enough, but you play almost as though you wanted to get laid out. It's spoiling your game.'

Berthold only shrugged his shoulders.

'What's wrong with you, old man?' Melton asked bluntly.

Berthold laughed rather queerly. 'Oh, nothing — nothing worth talking about. What should be wrong with me? I'm a little sick of things in general, that's all.'

'I won't ask you again,' Melton said.

'No, don't, old man,' Berthold said with another laugh. 'I hate people who ask questions. Nothing makes any difference to anybody, does it?'

'I don't know,' Melton answered. 'But I happen to be silly enough to like you rather ——'

Berthold looked at him curiously. 'I wonder why you do,' he said slowly. 'A more loathsome person than myself I can't conceive.'

'You're not a bad sort in your sober moments,' Melton assured him.

'Thanks. Now, I like you best when you're, very occasionally, a little mad. I've seen you go baresark once or twice —— It's queer we should like each other, isn't it? We're different enough. You have all the virtues, and will be Prime Minister one day; and I — I shall certainly end up on the scaffold.' He jumped to his feet, picking up the sketch. 'But we've jawed enough. I want to give this work of art to the Poodle.'

Melton went away, rather vexed and anxious, and Berthold walked sedately to Mr. Bryant's rooms.

(Continued on page 127.)

TIME'S REGIMENT.

TRAMP! tramp! tramp! tramp! Do you hear
them marching —
All the little soldiers in the regiment of Time?
The seconds are the privates, and the minutes sergeants burly,
As they go gaily marching on in every land and clime.

'Left! right! left! right!' the officers are calling,
For every hour's a captain and each major is a day.
'Eyes front! Mark time!' The officer commanding
Must keep the soldiers moving, even sluggards must obey.

'Left! right! left! right!' Onward, ever onward!
It's always pressing forward to the music of a chime.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! No waiting and no stopping
For gallant little soldiers in the regiment of Time!

Daisy Wilson-Gunn.

WROTH SILVER.

EVER since the times of the Normans the residents of Coventry, Rugby, and Leamington betake themselves at break of day on the eleventh of November to Knighton Hill, six miles out of Coventry, there to pay wroth silver to the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensbury. The amount now due from the Hundred is about nine shillings and fourpence, this sum covering the liability of no less than twenty-five parishes. Seven of them are liable to the payment of one penny each, while Harbury and Long Itchington, two of the more important villages, have to contribute over two shillings. Public notices are inserted in the newspapers, and all from whom payments are due are also served with notices by post requiring them to attend. The fine for non-payment of the collection was one pound for every penny due, or else the forfeiture of a white bull 'with red ears and a red nose.'

The company meet in the highway and then adjourn to a field, where the dues are paid into a hollow stone. After the ceremony the party betake themselves to the Dun Cow Hotel, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, where a feast is held at which the Duke's agent usually presides, and to the cost of which his Grace generously contributes.

It is supposed that the custom is a survival of the days when in ancient Druidical times such places were bound to furnish a victim for the annual sacrifice. As time went on this was altered to the slaughter of an animal, and subsequently to the payment of a sum of money.

G. D. Lynch.

HE LIVED TO REPENT.

MANY years ago there were two brothers, owners of cotton-mills and calico-printing works, who had made themselves beloved far and wide by their deeds of kindness and generosity. But, like many other deserving persons, they met with some who bore them ill-will, and refused to believe that they were worthy of the praise which others gave them.

One of these detractors allowed his envious illnature to get the better of him to such a degree that he published a pamphlet holding the brothers up to ridicule. When William, the elder of them, heard of this, he merely remarked that the man would probably live to repent of his folly.

In course of time the writer of the pamphlet became involved in difficulties and failed in business. Before he could be allowed to make a fresh start he was compelled by law to obtain a legal certificate, signed by those to whom he owed money. The signature of the brothers whom he had libelled was necessary for this certificate, but he could not think they would ever give him it, after what had occurred. But when he saw the sufferings of his family he felt compelled to visit these rich men, and to ask them at least for their help. So he called upon them, and explained his business.

'You once wrote something against us, did you not?' the elder brother asked.

The poor man was forced to acknowledge that he had done so.

'Ah, well,' said the mill-owner, 'we make it a rule never to refuse to sign the certificate of an honest trader; and we believe that you are honest.'

The poor man was overcome. He felt the tears gathering in his eyes.

'My saying has come true, I think,' the generous mill-owner continued. 'You have lived to repent what you have done against us?'

'I have, indeed,' the man replied.

'Yes, you know us better now,' his benefactor said. 'But what are you going to do?'

The man explained that he had offers of help when his certificate was completed, and he hoped to start in business again.

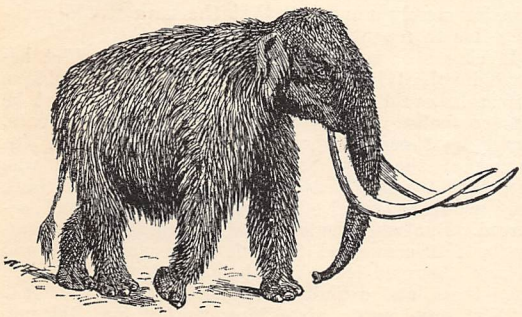
In the meantime, having given to his creditors nearly everything which he possessed, he had the utmost difficulty in providing the barest necessities for his family.

'That will never do,' the kindly mill-owner replied. 'Will you take this ten-pound note to your wife from me? It will help you at this moment. And, pluck up your spirits, and set to work; and I venture to predict that you will soon be able to hold up your head once more, and take your place by the side of the best of us.' W. A. A.

THE BEASTS OF PRE-HISTORIC BRITAIN.

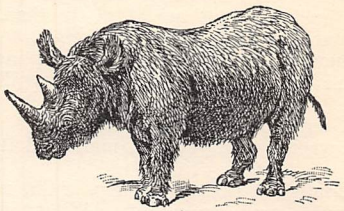
I.

THOSE of us who love Nature often find a keen enjoyment, if tinged with regret, in comparing the wild life of to-day with what was to be seen in this country say three hundred or four hundred years ago. Then, on the fens and meres, the bittern boomed, and harriers, buzzards, kites, the great osprey, and the otter hunted all day long. On the lonely moorlands the peregrine, the merlin, and the raven found a secure retreat. The forest glades harboured deer, wild cat, foxes, badgers, the beautiful marten, and the polecat. Trackless heaths formed the chosen dwelling-place of the great bustard, the stone curley and the dotterel, and the sea-girt cliffs gave a home to the great auk and the chough. All these creatures have been more or less completely exterminated by man, some unintentionally, some designedly. But from whatever cause, this blotting out of living things has left the world the poorer. It is easy to take life, it is another matter to restore it.



The Mammoth.

But I am thinking, just now, of the world as it was when man first came into his inheritance. And I am going to try and trace for you, at least in outline, the history of the animal life of our islands during these early periods of their being. But the records of these early days are hard to read, for they are but fragments which only experts are able properly to interpret. Thus, at best, we can form but a shadowy picture of any given period of this ancient past. These fragments we call fossils, and while some are found beautifully perfect, others are broken and twisted and flattened; often, indeed, not more than a few bits of the whole animal can be found. But we are fortunate in finding even these: for only by an accident were they preserved from complete destruction, and only by another accident are they to be discovered. Of all the myriads of creatures which have lived and died during the early history of the world, only a very, very few have become fossilised and thus preserved for us to see. Most of the lowlier forms of life had soft bodies, so that when they died they quickly decayed and vanished. Only creatures with bony skeletons like fish, reptiles, birds, and so on, or with hard shells like ammonites and oysters, sea-lilies and sea-orchis, for example, could have any chance of preservation; and these only in the case of land animals when they died near swamps and were quickly buried before they were crushed or decayed, or were washed into the rivers by great floods and were carried out to sea and covered up by the mud which the rivers carried down with them. Of these victims only a few would get buried whole; the rest would gradually drop to pieces and be scattered over the sea-floor, or would be eaten by other animals. In course of time, we know, these ancient seas vanished and the sea-floor became dry land; then, ages afterwards this dry land sank and was covered once



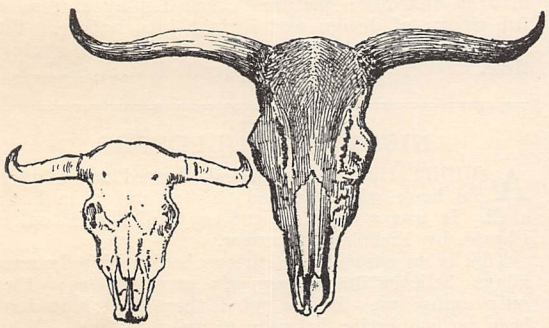
The Woolly Rhinoceros.

The Irish Deer.

again by sea. And changes of this kind took place many times. Each new sea harboured new kinds of animals whose remains were buried in mud made up of the earth washed down into the rivers of the period and carried out to sea as it is to-day. Since each of these seas lasted thousands and thousands of years, a vast accumulation of soil took place, and these sediments of successive seas piled one on the top of the other by their weight crushed the earlier fossils out of shape; and still further damage has been done in many cases by movements in the crust of the earth since it has become dry land.

The chalk cliffs of Old England are but a part of a mass of evidence showing us that the land which we hold so dear has been built up, in the course of ages, by the work of piling one sea-bed on another. And these beds contain signs of the creatures which lived on the land, and in the sea, at the time they were being formed.

There are some fossils, however, which were not preserved after the fashion first outlined. These are represented by the remains of animals which lived on the soil which now forms Great Britain and Ireland, but which, at the time these creatures lived,

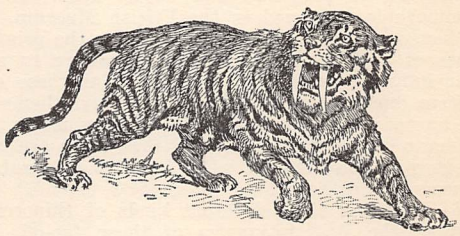


Skulls of Common Ox (left), and Extinct Wild Ox (right), in proportion.

formed one great area joined to the mainland of Europe. It is of these that I propose to speak first.

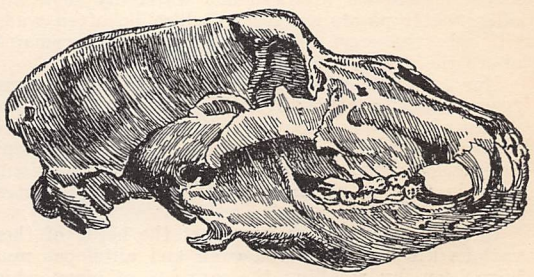
If, by the touch of some magician's wand, we could have a vision of England as it was just before it was cut off from the mainland of Europe, we should see a land very different from the England of to-day; there would be no fields, no hedges, no roads, and no houses. Mankind would be represented only by a few wandering tribes of savages using stone axes and spear-heads, and living by their prowess as hunters; as yet they had made no mark on the land. Mighty forests would cover all the drier ground, while the rest of the country would be covered by vast stretches of water, more or less completely masked during the summer with water-lilies; and this water would be surrounded on every side by enormous swamps, reed-covered, and studded with clumps of alder and willow trees, which, in turn, on the outer margin of the swamps, when they approached the drier ground, would give place to oak and other forest trees.

It is not very difficult to shut one's eyes and conjure up such scenes as these: scenes of silent grandeur, broken only by the songs of birds and the cries of the various beasts, which then swarmed over the land. But it requires a greater effort to picture England as a part of the mainland of Europe, and Father Thames as a tributary of the Rhine! Yet so it was. Where now is the North Sea was then dry land, extending northwards beyond Scotland, though separated from the southern shore of Scandinavia by a deep gulf. The Rhine ran along the middle of this now submerged area, and emptied



The Sabre-toothed Tiger.

into the sea almost midway between the Shetlands and Sweden. The Thames, the Trent, and the Ouse were tributaries of that mighty river, and much of the land along what is now the bed of the North Sea was covered by great forests, in whose glades roamed great herds of elephants, of the kind known as mammoths. These were evidently nearly related to the Indian elephants of to-day, from which they differed, however, in the enormous size and great curving of the tusks, and in having the body clothed in long black hair, with an under-covering of red woolly fur. But besides the mammoth, herds of other elephants, related to the African elephant of to-day, and a giant which stood some fourteen or fifteen feet high, also ploughed their way through



Skull of Cave Bear.

jungles where now lies the dreaded Dogger-bank! No other elephant, before or since, has ever attained such vast proportions as this, known as the 'Southern Elephant' from the fact that its remains are never found in the far North, as are those of the mammoth. Whole carcases of mammoths, it is to be noticed, have been found within the Arctic Circle embedded in ice, and from such remains we have learned all that is known about their hairiness and their colour. More than once the wolves of to-day

have feasted on the flesh of mammoths which died thousands of years ago! Just nine years ago the whole carcase of a mammoth was exposed by a landslip on the banks of a river in the government of Yakutsk, in Siberia, which had died in a sad way. Evidently, when feeding, it had fallen into a hole, and in attempting to scramble out had broken a blood-vessel, for the chest was found filled with clotted blood, and the jaws at the moment of death had closed on a mouthful of grass. This specimen is now to be seen in the museum in St. Petersburg. A piece of the long hair and woolly under-fur of a mammoth is preserved in the British Museum.

What days these must have been for the primitive tribes of people who were now beginning to make their influence felt in the world! But these early hunters must often have suddenly found themselves the hunted; and there must have been many fatal accidents before man discovered that there are many things you must not do when hunting elephants, or rhinoceroses, or bears!

No less than three different kinds of rhinoceroses haunted the British jungles of those far-off days. One of these, at any rate, like the mammoth, wore a woolly coat, though much less thick. How widely they were distributed may be guessed from the fact that their bones are dredged up from the bottom of the North Sea, where once stood a forest, as well as in the heart of London. Not long ago, while the foundations were being dug for new offices for the Daily Telegraph, in Fleet Street, London, a magnificent skull of a rhinoceros was dug up.

The rivers of this far-off age similarly contained herds of unwieldy hippopotamuses, creatures which, as you know, are found to-day in the wilds of Africa. But the great forests sheltered yet other interesting animals, such as the giant ox, or urus, a huge beast, compared with which the largest oxen of to-day are small, and a bison, the descendants of which are still living to-day in the great forests of Lithuania. In the great rivers and swamps lived colonies of beavers, while among them the huge moose hunted for his favourite water-lily roots, and other water plants, to secure which he often waded till only the crest of his great shoulders remained above the water.

Nor does this exhaust the list of the strange creatures which roamed over England at this time. Along what is now known as the Thames Valley, for instance, wandered great herds of saiga antelopes and musk oxen, creatures which to-day are found only in regions of the far North, and in Eastern Europe and Western Asia.

One can only picture how vast the herds of these various kinds of deer and oxen and antelopes must have been, by recalling the myriads of bison which we know lived on the prairies of North America only a generation ago, or the enormous herds of springbuck antelopes which at about the same time wandered over Southern Africa. Firearms and 'civilisation' in a few years have practically exterminated both. But in those remote ages man hunted only with rude weapons made from flint-stones, and the few animals that he could kill made no difference to the numbers of the survivors. The hosts of lions, sabre-toothed tigers, leopards, wolves, bears, and hyaenas which also throve and multiplied in the land that has since been carved out by the sea to form the 'British Islands,' destructive as they can be, did no more than keep the numbers of the oxen and deer, and their like, from increasing too rapidly and so creating famine.

Much of our knowledge of the animal life of those bygone ages we owe to the cave-bears and hyaenas, and this because these creatures, as is their wont, lived in caves, and thither they dragged the bones of the animals which the lions and sabre-toothed tigers had slain and abandoned, after feasting on the choicest morsels. These caves, too, tell us another story, and this concerns the dawn of man's rule. For we find that in many cases primitive man had already triumphed over the beasts of the field, and had driven the hyaenas from their dens to make a dwelling-place for himself. Rude implements, fashioned in flint, and charcoal on the floors showing where he had feasted, and where, on winter nights, he had sheltered from the cold outside to enjoy the pleasant glow of his fireside, while, probably, his wife fashioned garments of the hides of animals killed in the chase, and he chipped his spear-heads from the stubborn flint, or fashioned needles of bones. By some such fireside the more advanced men carved pictures of the creatures they hunted on the antlers of deer, or on the larger bones of oxen and deer: pictures which display a wonderful vigour of design and insight into nature. But that is another story, and must be told at another time.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S.

NICHOLAS CULPEPPER.

A SHORT time ago a friend showed me a queer old book which he had 'picked up' at a bookstall. It was a very ancient copy of The School of Physic, by Nicholas Culpepper.

This is an exceedingly curious book. Nobody nowadays believes in Culpepper's prescriptions; they only amuse us. In his mind there seems to have been no connection between cause and effect. Why, for instance, should an egg laid on Thursday have more virtue than one laid on any other day of the week? Of what possible use could it be to lay a piece of raw beef upon the forehead of a person who had lost his voice? Or, how should the burial of elder-berries send away warts?

Some of the prescriptions are cruel as well as queer. A person suffering from quinsy is directed to make a plaster of young swallows and their nest, all burnt together, and apply it to his throat. And there are worse things than that!

The story of Culpepper's life is more interesting than his book. He was born in Kent, in the year 1616. His father (who died before his birth) was a clergyman, his grandfather was a baronet. He received his early education in Sussex, whither his mother had removed, and went afterwards to Cambridge. For some years he remained at the University, spending much, and acquiring in exchange 'all manner of learning.' While still a student, he fell in love with a young Sussex heiress, whom he persuaded to run away from home for the purpose of marrying him. The lady took her most valuable jewels, Nicholas obtained two hundred pounds from his mother, and the two set out with the intention of meeting half-way. After their marriage, they were going to live quietly at Lewes, until they were forgiven by their parents.

But things turned out very differently. A terrific thunderstorm came on; the lady and her servants, far from any shelter, were exposed to the full force of it, and a flash of lightning struck the young heiress. Sir Nicholas Astey came upon the frightened little party, and, finding that the lady was dead, rode on with the sad news to the other Nicholas.

None of Culpepper's nostrums availed to save him from consumption, and he died in his thirty-eighth year. In the course of his short life he had numerous adventures and many troubles, besides the tragedy of which we have spoken. He went to the wars, and was wounded. Later, he wounded some one else in a duel, and was compelled to flee to France. He was imprisoned. He was unfortunate in the apothecaries with whom he was placed as a pupil — one decamping with the premium of fifty pounds paid for Culpepper's instruction, and the other dying before the term of apprenticeship had expired. His grandfather so strongly disapproved of his choice of a profession that he divided the bulk of his fortune between his other grandchildren, and 'cut off' Nicholas with a legacy of forty shillings.

But if he was not enriched by his grandfather, he was (we may suppose) enriched by his wife, for he sufficiently recovered from the shock of losing his early love to marry another.

Culpepper was almost, if not quite, the first doctor to write books in English concerning diseases and their remedies. Certainly he possessed considerable capacity, and was not more superstitious than many other learned men of his time. E. Dyke.

SMUGGLING DAYS AND SMUGGLING WAYS.

(Concluded from page 110.)

SWANAGE BAY was always a very favourite resort of smugglers, with its long stretches of sandy shallows which enabled the cargoes to be easily 'hauled.' Once landed, the goods were carried across the fields to Calton Barn, or up the White Cliff Chine and hidden in an old stone house. Another well-patronised spot, at night, was the stream running beneath the old county bridge into the Bay; and thereby hangs a tale.

One dark November night a number of smugglers were 'hauling' their tubs ashore, under the bridge, when one of the coastguards, hastening to relieve his colleague at Shore Villa, found that he was much behind his time. The ordinary way for the coastguards to go was along the road from the High Street; but, being in a hurry, the coastguard determined to cut off a corner, and accordingly went down the road which leads to the sands. As he was passing the stream, his foot caught in a rope and he fell. Immediately suspecting that smugglers were at work, he promptly gave the alarm by firing off his pistol. On hearing this, those 'hauling' tubs at once saw that the game was up, abandoned their tubs and fled. The hastily summoned coastguards were quickly on the spot, and made an easy capture of the whole cargo.

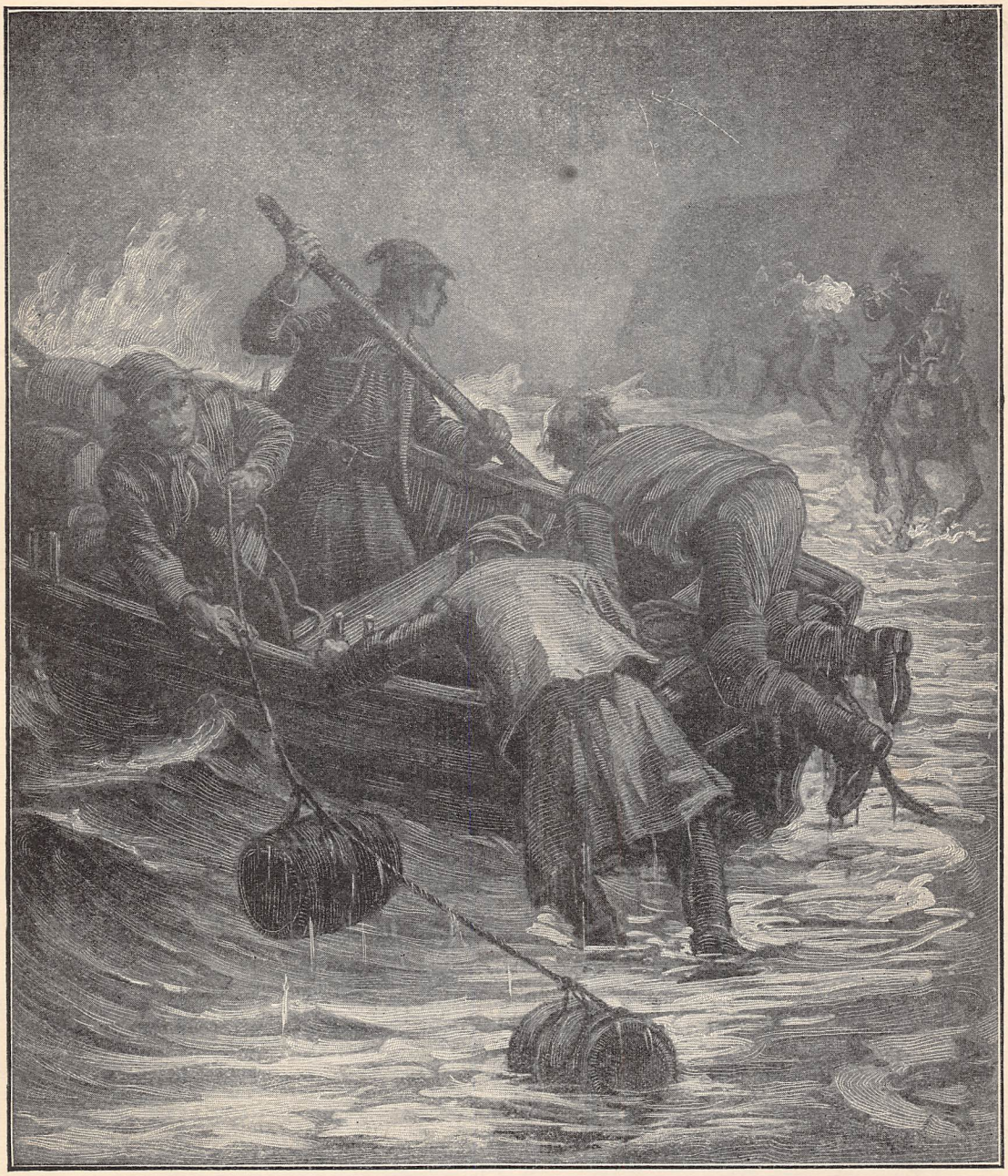
Amongst other ingenious hiding-places in the quarries was a huge stack of stones. This stack, instead of being solid, as it seemed to be, was built up with thick outside walls, and strong timbers laid across the top: stone was also packed upon the timbers, hiding them entirely. Inside was a large space for storing tubs and bales, and many of such things were kept there securely for years. There was a hole, near the ground, just large enough to enable a man to crawl in and out, and a few heavy stones sufficed to stop up this opening when it was not being used. Treachery, at last, was responsible for the secret being divulged. These quarries, near Durlston Head and Tilly Whim Caves, gave plenty of secure hiding-places, and in one of the quarries was a cave with a quarryman's bench, on which to 'work' the stone; just behind this bench was a smaller cave with a very narrow opening. The bench was built against this, and unfinished work was always left thereon. This served as a valuable cupboard, of the existence of which the coastguards had no suspicion.

But the boldest — and therefore, probably, the safest — scheme of all for hiding away the contraband treasure was devised somewhere about the year 1830, when the idea of actually concealing the kegs and bales in the roof of Langton Matravers Church occurred to one of the quarrymen. Access could only be gained to this place by going up inside the tower, and naturally, a church was hardly the sort of spot that was likely to be suspected by the coastguard. The cargoes were 'run' to a place called Dancing Ledge, and then the stuff was carried up the cliff and over the fields to the old church. But for the betrayal of the secret by one of the band, this quaint hiding-place might never have been found out.

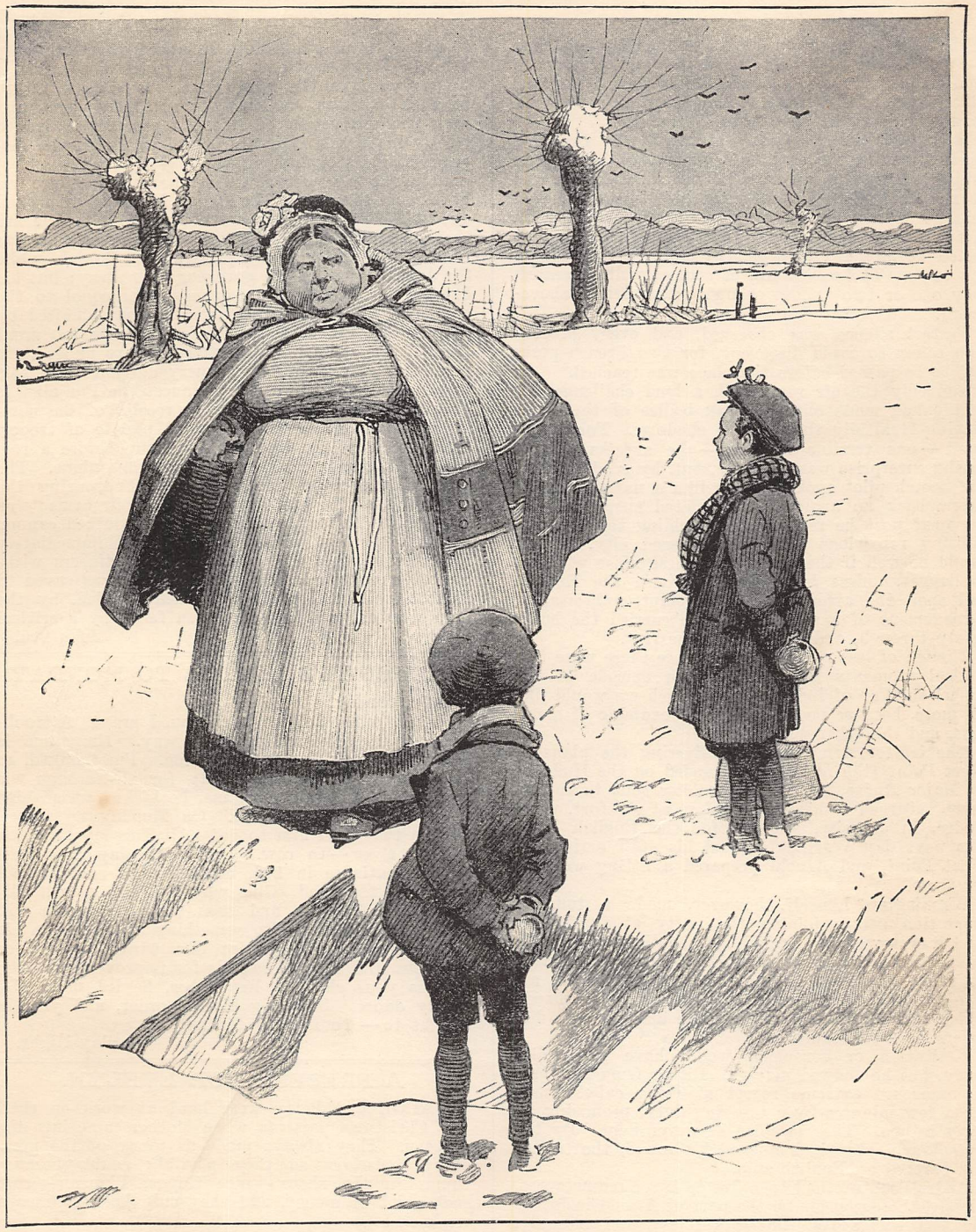
As a general rule it was a case of 'give and take' in the constant war waged between the excise and the smugglers — one would win to-day, whilst victory rested with the other on the morrow. But, in the exchange of rough treatment, the law-breakers certainly had the worst of it on the occasion of the following incident.

Information having arrived that a cargo had been 'run' close to Durlston Head, and landed at Tilly Whim, in a thick fog, a strong posse of coastguards started out and made close search of the great caves there. But nothing was discovered and they were about to abandon their search in despair, when, through a crack in the rocks below his feet, one of the coastguards saw some moving object which aroused his suspicions. This particular cave could only be approached from the sea, so the chief coastguard, after posting three or four of his men in order to keep a strict watch, immediately hurried off to headquarters to consult with his superior officer. The chief coastguard, being certain that there were men hidden in the cave, suggested that the revenue cutter at Swanage should be sailed round to Tilly Whim, so that her crew might explore the mouth of the cave. This was quickly done, and the vigilance of the excise officers was rewarded by the discovery and seizure of a considerable party of smugglers and the whole of their cargo. Prisoners and kegs were all transferred to the cutter which, in accordance with orders, after heaving to off Swanage, put to sea again for a whole fortnight, the wretched prisoners being confined below, in the dark, stuffy hold — a far worse punishment, at least in their own opinion, than the six months' imprisonment, which followed it, in Dorchester Gaol.

Fox Russell.



"The coastguards were quickly on the spot."



OUTFLANKED.

A Story without Words.

CRITICAL MOMENTS.

BETWEEN intention and fulfilment there has often lain a moment of doubt and perplexity, the manner of handling which has meant glorious success or total failure. The story of many an immortal feat will give us instances.

Everybody knows that General Wolfe captured Quebec, but in the chain of events that led to the triumph there was an extremely weak link. It was at midnight when he embarked his sixteen hundred soldiers in a number of river barges, and began drifting down the St. Lawrence toward the point at which he intended to scale the cliffs in the rear of the town. The men were, of course, well concealed, only one or two 'pilots' showing themselves aboveboard.

Perfect silence was observed, and every precaution taken to avoid discovery, for two French posts had to be passed before the place was reached.

Suddenly the air rang with a loud challenge. A sentry had made out the dark bodies of the boats moving stealthily through the shadows. For a moment — one terrible moment — the success of the daring enterprise was at stake, but, by good fortune, the Scotch pilot spoke French like a native, and he threw back an answer that quieted suspicion. At the next post he replied again, adding that he was piloting provisions into the besieged city, and it would be well if the picket made less noise with his challenges, unless he wished to rouse the English and spoil the attempt. This prompt, unhesitating management of a critical position carried the boats safely through, and — we know the rest.

Though of less national importance there were two critical moments in a well-known episode of the American War of Independence, which we would like to quote, because one furnishes an example of alertness, and the other does not.

The traitor Arnold, after delivering the plans of West Point (the fort he commanded on the Hudson) to Major Andre, the English soldier sent to receive them, returned to his headquarters at the fort, while Andre, in disguise, set out for the English lines. The next day Washington and his staff arrived at West Point, and Arnold prepared a fitting welcome for them.

Washington himself, however, made a tour of inspection before joining the party at the house. And it was well for Arnold that he did so, for while the latter and the company of officers were sitting at table, a messenger, hot and travel-stained, arrived on the scene, and placed papers in his hands which told him of Andre's capture and his own discovery as a consequence.

Hesitation or confusion would have given him away, but he showed neither. Rising from his chair he expressed extreme regret at being called away for a few minutes by a pressing duty, promising an early return. That promise he never kept. By the time Washington had finished his round, the traitor had reached an English ship.

Andre's capture had been due to two circumstances. Firstly, the deception on the part of Arnold in bringing him within the American lines; and secondly, an error of his own. A long day's ride had brought him to within a very short distance of an English outpost, when his further progress was stopped by a little company of men whose nationality was doubtful, on account of the nondescript uniform they wore. Andre's hope that they were friends led him to put a fatal question. He asked them if 'they were of his party,' and, thinking him an American, they replied in the affirmative. The thankfulness he then expressed naturally aroused suspicion, and even the production of Arnold's passport failed to rectify matters. They searched him, found the dispatches, and took him prisoner.

In a far worthier cause is the last instance we have room to quote. The Indian Mutiny had broken out at Meerut, and was spreading like a prairie fire through all the Oudh provinces. The news of it was received at Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, while Sir John Lawrence, the governor, was away; but his deputy, Mr. Robert Montgomery, was equal to the occasion. One of the fatal weaknesses exhibited by local authorities at this terrible time was too great faith in the loyalty of the native troops under their particular rule. Mr. Montgomery did not show this weakness, though to all appearances the Punjab was quite tranquil. Immediately on receipt of the news he issued an order for a general parade of troops, arranging that the lines be drawn up before a row of loaded cannon manned by Europeans alone. The order having been executed without arousing the suspicions of the soldiers, a sudden 'pile arms' was sounded. The men, seeing the open-mouthed cannon in front of them, sullenly obeyed, and immediately afterwards joined the ranks of the mutineers without their weapons. Thus the Punjab was saved to English rule, and much bloodshed avoided, by the man who did not hesitate when faced by a critical moment.

John Lea.

SATURDAY'S LETTER TO MONDAY.

Dear Monday,

Look out! Let me warn you, I pray! A troublesome fellow is coming your way. His name is Tom Teaser. He's just under ten. I'm thankful to say I shan't meet him again; for all through the week that is ending with me, he kicked up a shine that was dreadful to see. On Monday no school, though they told him to go! All Tuesday he spent on the river — to row. On Wednesday he tossed with impatience in bed, because of a cold he had caught in the head. But why tell you more? All the rest is as bad, and soon, very soon, you will meet with this lad. Do something to teach him his follies are vain! Chastise him with sunshine, or pelt him with rain. He spoils for improvement: then now is your chance. Remember, he led us a nice pretty dance. So bring him to order, and yield a delight to — Yours very feelingly,

Saturday Night.

A PRESENT FOR EVELYN.

MADGE and Betty were hard at work on their Christmas presents when Mother came into the nursery. They always made as many of the presents themselves as they possibly could, because things in the shops — nice things, I mean — cost such a lot of money, and they only had sixpence a week each.

It was Christmas Eve, and a very cold, snowy day. Mother stood by the fire and warmed her hands while she talked to the children. 'I have a piece of news for you, Madge and Betty,' she said. 'A letter

has just come from Aunt Molly, and she tells me that she and your Cousin Evelyn will be able to come here for Christmas after all. Won't that be nice, dears? Evelyn is just Madge's age, so you will be sure to have splendid times together.'

'Oh, Mother! how lovely,' cried Betty, dropping a pair of scissors so as to be able to clap her hands. 'We do so love having other children to stay. What time will they come, and shall we see Evelyn to-day?'

'No, I'm afraid not,' Mother answered. 'For they have a long journey, and the train does not get in till past nine o'clock, after your bed-time, dears; but to-morrow morning you shall make friends with your cousin.'

Madge and Betty had never seen Evelyn before, and, indeed, did not remember having heard of this cousin. They had so many cousins that they sometimes got their names rather mixed up together. Besides, Aunt Molly and her children lived up in Scotland, and seldom came to London.

When Mother had gone away, the two little girls went back to their presents, and while they pasted and painted and sewed, they talked about Evelyn and the happy times that they would have with her.

'I wonder what she will be like,' said Madge, 'and how long she is going to stay. I hope till quite the end of the holidays.'

It was not till late in the afternoon that the Christmas presents were finished, and then the children spread them all out on the table and looked at them proudly.

There was the work-bag for Mother, with her initials worked on it in floss silk — Madge had worked the blue letter and Betty the red one; then there was the pincushion for Aunt Jessie, the tea-cosy for Nurse, the kettle-holder for Cook, and the woollen comforter for the old man who swept the crossing in the Square. There was a needle-book, too, for Mary the under-nurse, and a pair of warm, knitted cuffs for Cook's little niece.

'Seven presents,' said Betty, counting them over on her fingers. 'A present for everybody,' and then Madge suddenly remembered Aunt Molly and Evelyn.

'What shall we do?' said Betty, with tears in her eyes, but Madge had already opened the money-box and was turning out a little heap of pennies and sixpences on to the table.

'Three shillings,' she said, at last. 'We shall have to do without that new jig-saw puzzle that we meant to give each other. It is much too late, Betty, to make presents now, but you can buy a lot with three shillings.'

They decided, after a great deal of talking and planning, that an almanack would be a nice present for Aunt Molly. It would only cost sixpence, too, and that would leave half-a-crown for Evelyn.

A doll or a book or a paint-box, it was very difficult to decide which the new cousin would like best, but at last they fixed on a doll. 'We don't know which books she has read,' Betty said. 'And she is sure to have a paint-box, but a doll is always useful, and the more dolls you have the better.' So after tea, Mary the under-nurse was sent off to the shops with orders to buy the nicest almanack and the prettiest doll that she could find.

Mary was not away very long, and when she came back the children found that she had remembered all their directions. The doll was a beauty, and before they went to bed it was safely packed up in a white cardboard box, wrapped in brown paper, tied with string and labelled 'For Evelyn, from Madge and Betty.'

The next morning the two little girls were up very early, and when they had turned out their Christmas stockings and looked at their cards, they ran down to the dining-room, where all the presents for every one were lying on the breakfast table.

'Two parcels, three boxes, and ever so many little things,' said Madge, counting the presents that were arranged round her own plate, and then she went to look for Evelyn's place, and found it at the end of the table. The parcel from Betty herself was lying on the top of quite a large pile of presents.

A few minutes later the grown-up people came downstairs and Madge and Betty were introduced to Aunt Molly. 'Evelyn is late this morning,' she said. 'I expect he was tired after the long journey,' and then, what do you think happened? The door opened, and a boy, quite a big boy of nine years old, with short, curly hair and a sunburnt face, came into the room.

'A merry Christmas, Evelyn,' said Mother, holding out her hand to him. 'Here are your cousins, Betty and Madge.'

The two little girls stared at the newcomer and at each other with wide, horrified eyes.

So Evelyn was a boy and not a girl! What should they do? And, oh, what would happen when he opened the box and found that they had given him a doll for a Christmas present?

'Now we must all open our parcels,' said Mother. 'Evelyn, you are the greatest stranger, you shall look at your presents first.'

'All right,' said Evelyn. Really he was a very nice-looking boy, with his brown face and merry, blue eyes. 'What a lot of things I have got,' and then he picked up the top parcel — the doll parcel — and began to untie the string with which it was fastened.

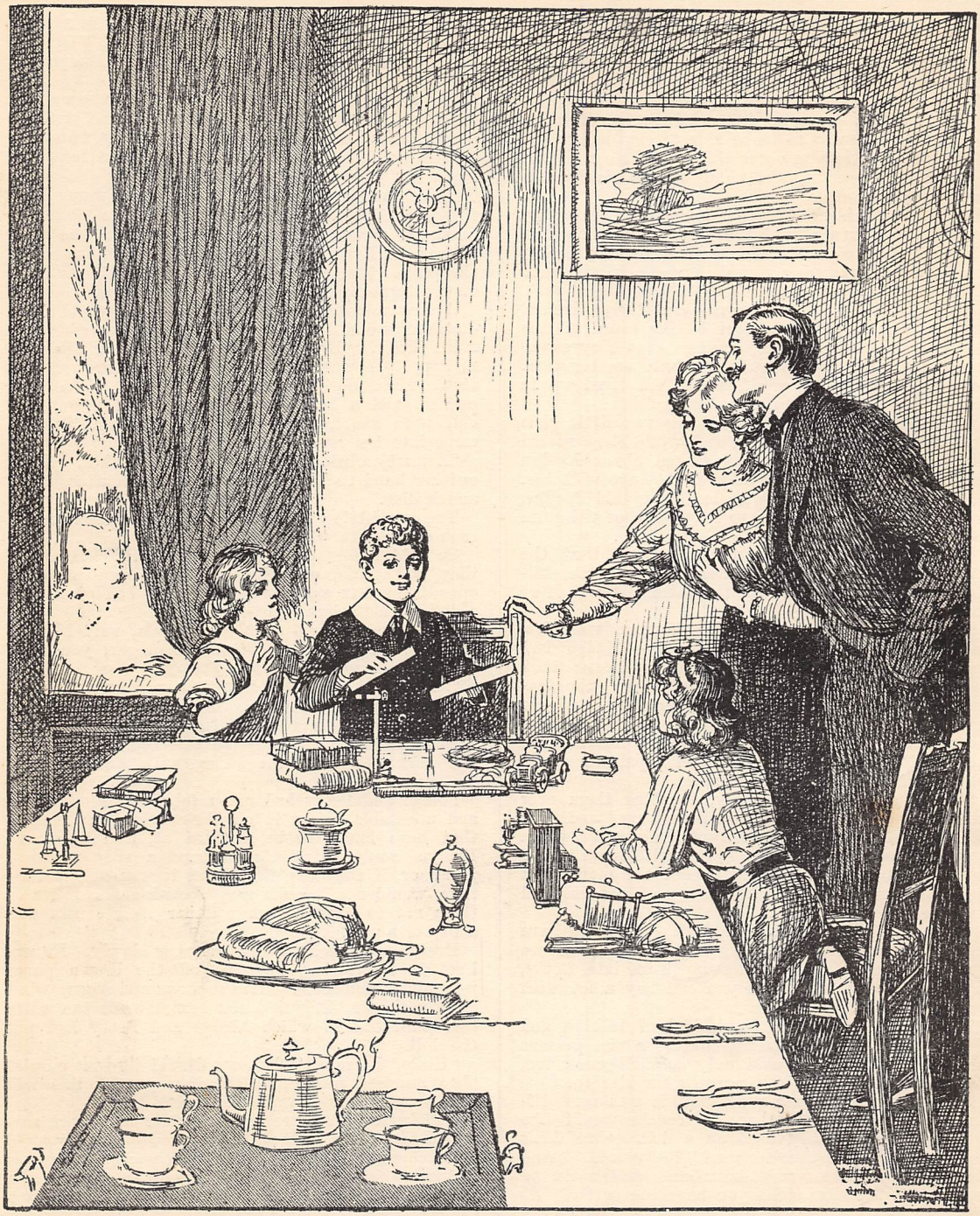
Madge and Betty had never felt so uncomfortable and miserable before in all their lives. They knew that boys hated to be laughed at, and of course Evelyn would think that it was a silly practical joke; or, if they explained that it was only a mistake, would not it seem very foolish and careless of them not to have known whether their cousin was a boy or a girl?

Evelyn unpacked the present very slowly. He unknotted the string, stripped off the brown paper wrappings and took out the box, and then, what do you think? It was a red box and not the white cardboard one in which Madge and Betty had put the doll.

'Hullo,' he said, 'what a splendid jig-saw puzzle! Two hundred pieces! I should say that this will take us pretty nearly the whole day to do.'

The little girls' eyes grew rounder and more surprised than ever. What had happened? Who could have changed the presents? It seemed to them as if some kind witch or fairy, or even perhaps Santa Claus himself, had come to help them.

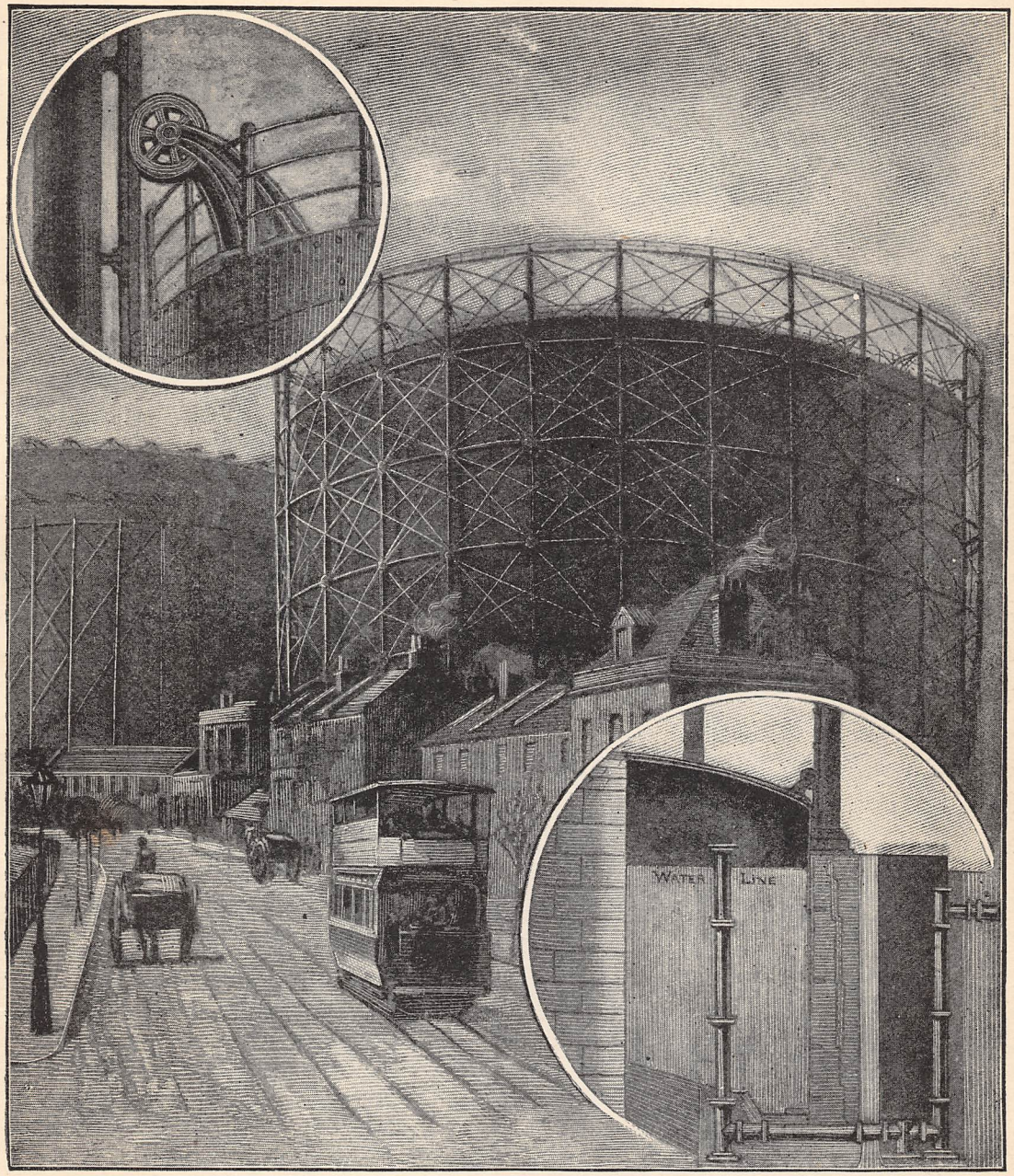
'Yes, I did it, dears,' said Mother, after breakfast, when she was alone with her little daughters in the nursery, and they had told her the whole story. 'You see, when I came home last night, Mary and Nurse told me about the presents and how you had bought a doll for Evelyn. Yes, Madge, Evelyn is a



"'What a splendid jig-saw puzzle!'"

funny name for a boy; boys sometimes have it, but I don't wonder a bit that you made the mistake, so I changed the presents, and now everything is all right. I had bought the jig-saw to give to you and Betty, so it really is your present to Evelyn.'

A. A. Methley.



Outside Wheel and Rail. A Gasholder. Section showing Mechanism.

MARVELS OF MAN'S MAKING.

III. — A GASHOLDER.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, a great scientist and President of the Royal Society, made an excursion in the year 1814 with the object of examining the gasworks at Westminster. He did not go alone, but took with him several members of that distinguished society; for when you are asked to express an opinion on an important matter, it is satisfactory to be able to say that there are other capable judges who quite agree with you. The little group of visitors

made a careful examination of everything they saw at the gasworks, peeping into this and peeping into that; and when they went away there was one thing they were quite sure about. 'We strongly urge,' said they to the Government, to whom they reported, 'that no gas company be permitted to construct a holder which is capable of containing more than six thousand cubic feet of gas. It is a public danger, and even when this limit as to size is adhered to, the holder should be enclosed in a very strong building, the walls of which could resist a possible explosion.'

But before we decide that Sir Joseph Banks and his companions were wanting in judgment, we must remember that in those days the world did not know so much about the making and management of gas as we do now. Though it had been in use for various minor purposes for some years past (the first gasholder having been invented in 1781 by Monsieur Lavoisier), it had not been employed for public places, and it was necessary to handle it with care.

Many of the first holders were square in design, and consequently ill adapted to their purpose. They rose and fell in wooden tanks, and were quite small. You see, to reach perfection, the world must always go in steps, but we can hurry past the toiling engineers, with their compasses and their notebooks, to look at the gasholder as it is made to-day.

The same methods are not always employed to reach the same end, but the systems are very similar. The spot being chosen on which the holder is to be erected, the nature of the ground is carefully studied, for in all cases a well in the form of a huge circle has to be sunk. This well must be nearly as deep as the height of the holder. Sometimes it happens that before a sufficient depth can be reached, water is found. Then the digging must cease, and the walls of the well must be continued above the surface of the ground to secure the depth required. When starting work, it is sometimes the practice to erect a tall post in the centre of the space round which the well is to be dug. To this post a long rod of steel is hinged, stretching out its arm to the well limits. The length of the rod is exactly half the diameter of the intended holder; so it is easy to understand that if it is swung slowly round it will describe a circle, showing accurately what the curve of the inside of the well wall ought to be. Sometimes this wall is of brick, sometimes of other material, but as it grows there grow with it, at fixed intervals apart, strong piers of masonry. These are to support the tall iron columns which we see surround so many gasholders. The well being finished, the steel columns begin to grow around it. To build these, a small railway is laid down right round the outside of the well, and on this a monster pair of shear-legs travels, carrying to each standard the sections of which it is built. At the same time the holder itself makes progress, the iron plates being lowered into the well, where workmen with powerful riveting machines fix them together one after another, till the metal wall rises in a huge circle round them. It was the universal custom, until recent years, to support the roof and strengthen the sides by a number of tie-bars, or trusses, but these are now seldom used, as engineers are of the opinion that if the additional weight of these tie-bars is included in the plates of which the holder is constructed, thus making them thicker and stiffer, no such supports are needed. It was only taking the strength from one device to give it to another.

Through an opening in the lower part of the well two pipes pass into the holder, standing with their open mouths just above the level of the water with which the well is eventually filled. One pipe is to deliver the gas from the works, the other to take it out to the mains for use. When all is in readiness the gas rushes through the inlet pipe, and, pressing itself between the surface of the water and the roof of the holder, causes the latter slowly to rise, while the steel columns prevent the huge body from swaying from side to side. In some instances the weight of the holder is partly balanced by hanging blocks of metal, the difference being necessary to furnish a downward pressure for forcing the gas through the outlet into the mains.

In order to increase the size of the holder without having to deepen the well, many of them are now made telescopic, in three, four, and even six sections. If we could see inside one of these, we should discover a very clever plan, which is adopted to prevent the gas escaping through the narrow space between the sliding parts. All round the lower edge of each section the metal plates are turned outward and up, somewhat in the manner of a hat-brim, while those at the upper end are turned down and inward. Thus, as a section slowly rises from the well, it carries in the trough, or brim, that is formed round it by the bent plates, a quantity of water, into which the curved-inward edge of the next section dips as soon as it is reached. This arrangement is called the Piggott's cup system, and forms an effectual seal.

It was feared at first that these telescopic holders, rising as they necessarily do, to a greater height than the ordinary kind, would prove dangerous in storm-time; but this is not the case, and they have been growing for years past. The largest in the world has recently been erected at East Greenwich, at a cost of sixty-one thousand pounds. It is formed in six sections, and when full of gas rises to a height of one hundred and eighty feet. Four of the sections, or 'lifts' as they are called, are thirty-one feet deep, and two are thirty-two feet deep. The diameter of the holder is three hundred feet, and its total weight two thousand two hundred tons.

When this giant receptacle is full, it contains twelve million, one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, six hundred cubic feet of gas. What would Sir Joseph Banks and his learned friends have said to this?

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

IV. — APRIL.

NOW we welcome many a friend,
Come from further south to spend
Nesting-time with us again;
Summer brings them in her train.

One of those who come the first
Ere the hawthorn buds are burst
Is the wryneck, songless bird —
'Gui-gui-gui,' his only word.

Willow-wren and chiff-chaff, too,
Come before the month is through,
Mingling songs with those who stay
Through the winter, cold and grey.

MONUMENTS TO POTATOES.

OFFENBERG, in Germany, has put up a monument in honour of the potato. The upper part is a statue of Sir Francis Drake, who introduced the plant into Europe. This, and the pedestal also, is draped with garlands of the potato plant, with full-grown tubers. On one side of the pedestal is Drake's name; on another an inscription in praise of the potato; on another the name of the donor. The town of Murz has a similar erection, and it is said that there are others in several small towns.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 114.)

THE 'Poodle' was surrounded by many works of art. He had a harmless passion for organizing affairs like sketching and wood-carving exhibitions. His great weakness was an entire absence of humour. Also he took most things far too seriously, including himself. 'Come in,' he called in answer to Berthold's tap, and he showed a certain surprise at Berthold's entrance.

'I have brought a sketch for the exhibition, sir,' Berthold said, and there was a demureness in his voice that should have suggested danger to Mr. Bryant. But he never learned by experience.

'Ah, I'm glad to hear it,' he answered briskly. 'You're about the best sketcher we have, when you take the trouble, Berthold. But that's one of your faults — a want of application, a sad want of application. That, and a grievous habit of studied frivolity ——'

'Yes, sir,' put in Berthold sedately.

Mr. Bryant met his eye and reddened slightly, sorely against his will. He hated Berthold's eye; it seemed to mean so much, always. And an eye is a thing that cannot be caned, or controlled, or disciplined. Mr. Bryant often wished it could. 'Let me see your sketch, Berthold,' he said.

Berthold handed it over.

Mr. Bryant gave it one glance, and literally leaped to his feet, purpling with vexation. 'This — this is a studied insult!' he cried. 'How dare you — how dare you bring this to me?'

Berthold's manner was faultless. 'I don't understand, sir.'

'It is a falsehood! You do understand. Do you think that I don't know that you — you all call me the Poodle? It has been shouted after me, in the dark, by little junior boys who know no better. But you — you are in the Upper School.'

Berthold shrugged his shoulders. He did not feel very markedly proud of himself at the moment.

'And now you — you dare to bring me a disgusting sketch of a poodle! I won't stand it! It shall be put a stop to!'

Berthold began to feel happier at once. He never minded threats of punishment. He was always prepared to pay for his folly; but a suggestion of pathos on the part of his victim was apt to spoil the joke. 'I'm sorry you think the sketch disgusting, sir,' he said. 'I worked quite hard at it.'

'The impertinence of it is disgusting. I shall "send you up." The Head Master shall deal with you; he shall put a stop to this kind of insult.'

'Very good, sir,' Berthold answered cheerfully, and prepared to take his departure.

But Mr. Bryant checked him with a motion of his hand. He was stamping up and down the room. It is probable that he was regretting his own lack of restraint. It would have been much wiser to ignore the inner meaning of the sketch, or to reject it without comment. As it was, if Berthold was punished by the Head Master, all the school would know the reason. He himself would be made to look ridiculous, and that hateful name would cling to him more closely than ever. The Head Master would support him, of course, but he would perceive the want of judgment that Mr. Bryant had shown. That boy with the quiet face and mocking eyes had got him in a trap, as usual. He was too clever; he would have to be dismissed without punishment. But, as usual, Mr. Bryant could do nothing without overmuch speech. 'Why poodle, Berthold, why poodle?' he asked with sudden peevishness. 'I am not like a poodle that I am aware of.'

Berthold suppressed a strong inclination towards laughter. It seemed best to say nothing.

'It is not right, it is not kind or gentlemanly, to give such names,' Mr. Bryant went on fretfully. 'It wounds me, although undeserved. And for you, a boy of your standing, to accentuate the insult like this!' He glanced at the sketch in his hand.

'When am I to go up to the Head Master, sir?' Berthold asked.

'I have not yet decided,' snapped Mr. Bryant, and continued to pace the room. He turned abruptly some few minutes later. 'You will not be sent up to the Head Master. I shall take no official notice of this. Here is your sketch. I do not choose that it should appear in the exhibition; but for private circulation it will have, no doubt, a gratifying success.'

Berthold looked with some surprise at Mr. Bryant. He had never before suspected him of a gift for irony. He felt somehow rather small. 'May I use your fire, sir?' he asked, with the sketch in his hand.

Mr. Bryant stared in wonder. 'If you wish,' he said shortly.

Berthold crumpled the offending sketch and dropped it into the flames. Mr. Bryant, watching the operation, seemed to be upon the point of speech, but for once decided upon silence.

Berthold left the room. 'Poor old Poodle!' he thought to himself. 'How he hates the name. But he got the best of that round. Rather clever of him. It was the only way out. I prefer him when he's breathing fire and slaughter. It isn't quite fair to make you feel a cad. I suppose it was rather mean and beastly of me. But I thought he'd make me pay all right. The Poodle is learning slowly under my tuition.' He laughed softly as he walked, and then quite suddenly, all in a moment, he seemed to remember something, and that something appeared to hurt sharply. 'I only did it to keep from thinking,' he whispered to himself. 'If only one needn't remember! Oh! it's all pretty horrible. If only things would straighten out! But they won't, they won't.' He walked on, wondering drearily what he could do to help him to forget. 'No footer to-day, worse luck!' he thought. 'There's nothing like footer when you feel bad. Better head for the Roman Road, I suppose; it'll give the Poodle a chance to get a bit of his own back. I know he's yearning to catch me out of bounds. What joy for him if he could only succeed!'

(Continued on page 130.)

"'This is a studied insult! How dare you?'"

A CLOSE GAME

"He sprang aside from the mongrel's rush."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 127.)

CHAPTER VIII.

IN spite of his resolve, Berthold was not to break bounds that day. He met Billy at the lodge, and the master stopped him. 'No footer to-day, Berthold, is there?' he said. 'Do you feel like a little trot with me?'

'I should like it awfully, sir,' Berthold answered.

'Feel like ten miles?' Billy asked with a smile.

'I feel rather like twenty!' Berthold said. And so he did. He wanted to tire himself out thoroughly if he could.

'Good!' Billy answered. 'Buck up and change, and we will meet here in ten minutes.'

Billy was famous for his runs. He had got his 'half-Blue' at Cambridge for cross-country running, and he still kept himself fit. He could go his own pace, and no bad pace either, for an unlimited time. You simply could not tire him out. It was his habit every now and then to ask one of the school distance runners to accompany him upon a 'little trot,' and the invitations were accounted a great honour. But those little trots were something of an ordeal, all the same. There was a legend in the school that once Billy had brought home a game but exhausted victim upon his shoulders!

Berthold and Billy, in knickers and sweaters, duly met at the lodge.

'I want some exercise badly myself,' Billy remarked. 'Getting too fat. You'll never be fat — luckily for you — but there's the Tedford match next Saturday. I'll see that you're fit for it. Come on.'

They started at a smart trot side by side. Billy was a dogged sort of runner, not pretty to look at with his short, jerky stride, but very hard to live with, all the same. Berthold, long and lean, had a beautiful stride and a very easy action. Down the avenue they went and over the rising ground towards the heath. The going was rough at first, and both of them suffered a trifle in the process of getting 'second winds.' All runners know that painful feeling. But when that stage was passed both settled down to the work, and the miles slid by.

Berthold was happy as he ran. He had forgotten everything that hurt. He was only conscious of the ground before his eyes and beneath his feet, and of a grim resolve not to be disgraced as a runner in Billy's opinion. Billy himself lolloped on like a machine, breathing rather loudly through his nose, his face a trifle flushed, but apparently made of cast-iron. They followed a narrow turf ride across the thickly tree'd heat, struck along a lane for a mile or so, then hit off a bridle-path that began a long circle across country.

Berthold knew that run well. Last Easter term he had got bottom place in the school running team against Bridlington College. He would not soon forget that circle of ten miles. Every sensation of the struggle came back to him now. He had not felt very fit in health, somehow, but he had been doggedly determined not to let Dunbury down. He and a Bridlington man had gone neck and neck most of the way, just as he was running now with Billy. He had hated the Bridlington man at the time rather bitterly, and yet he had admired him too. He held on so pluckily. Almost every second of the run Berthold had been wondering if he himself would be able to hold out to the end; he had a stitch, and his legs felt leadenly heavy, but he kept on somehow. How he remembered it all now! Here was the hedge at which he had nearly fallen. The take-off had been wet and clayey — it was all right to-day. The Bridlington man had slipped twenty yards ahead of him by the time he got into his stride once more, and it had taken two painful fields to creep up to him again. Here was the little stream at which the Bridlington man himself had pecked and stumbled! Berthold had got clear over, and had heard the gasp and splash at his side with rather cruel joy. He forced himself to spurt a very little. No sounds of feet behind him for a bit; he thought he had won a clear lead at last. And then — a dogged pattering behind him, and there was the stubborn, flushed face, streaked with wet mud, of that good man in the Bridlington colours! So it had gone on, mile after weary mile, just as he and Billy were plodding now. But there had been far more excitement that day, of course, and he had felt far worse.

It would be long enough before he forgot the finish that day. They had reached the avenue, still neck and neck, and each had tried to force himself to sprint. The avenue was lined, every yard of the way, with Dunbury men, who waved their caps and cheered like mad. Berthold had felt that he could not be beaten with those yells in his ears, that it simply would not do to let the school down; but what a sticker that Bridlington man was! He answered every attempt at a spurt with another just as game. He would not be beaten. They were very near the line now. Both of them were rolling as they ran. How bad Berthold had felt! His stitch was like hot iron, and he could not see in front of him. Ten yards more now! The Bridlington man still beside him! Berthold had got up on to his toes somehow, and put all he had of strength into one last spurt. No Bridlington man beside him now, and — here was the line! He passed it with yells faintly heard all round him, and then — everything got dark.

He was in the sick-house for ten days after that run. It seemed that he had had influenza coming on all the time. The matron had said that he had been wickedly mad to run at all. But Berthold never regretted it. Very few boys would have been wise enough to do so.

Berthold was trotting mechanically, thinking of that great struggle. An angry shout and the fierce barking of a dog brought him back abruptly to the present. They were running parallel to a high hedge near a farmhouse.

'Hullo, here seems to be trouble!' Billy jerked out, pulling up short.

A large mongrel dog had appeared, whooped on by a stoutish red-faced farmer. There was no doubt about the dog's intentions — they were not kindly. He came on at a great pace, with his head low down and a wolfish gleam of yellow teeth. It was decidedly a moment for flight or swift action — and flight was useless. Berthold snatched a stick from the hedge, and struck hard and clean for the mongrel's head as he sprang aside from his rush. The blow went home, and the mongrel proved true to his breeding. A good dog would only have been made fiercer by the pain. That dog tucked in his

tail, turned, and fled back to his master, howling as he went.

His owner, angry to begin with, was not softened by Berthold's action. 'What d'you mean by trespassing on my land and knocking my dog about?' he roared as he came up.

'Your dog meant business. We had to hit him,' Billy answered pleasantly. 'As for trespassing, we had no idea of it. We have come this way a hundred times, and no one has ever objected.'

The farmer was not a pleasant-looking man, and apparently his looks did no injustice to his nature.

'I don't care what you've done before!' he snarled. 'It's what you're doing now. I won't have people trapesing over my land! I've just moved into this farm, and ——'

'Ah, that accounts for it,' Billy responded. 'Mr. Marston has never objected to our running here. I am a master from Dunbury School ——'

The farmer glared at him with honest unbelief. To tell the truth, Billy did not look very much like a master, in knickers and sweater, very hot and considerably splashed with mud!

'You a master! Go on with you, I don't believe it! A liar, that's what you are, and I'll have the law on ye, if you don't pay up!'

'If we have done any damage ——' Billy began, and then he was interrupted.

Whilst they talked the mongrel had sneaked up. He had never taken his eyes off the person who had struck him, although he did not appear to be looking at anything in particular. But suddenly he made a growling spring for Berthold, who leapt aside just in time. As it was, his knickers were torn. But he still held the stick, and he brought it down again with a goodwill. The dog scuttled off yelping dismally, and the farmer lost what little control of his temper he had retained.

'Be hanged if I'll stand it!' he roared. 'Here, Bill, Tom, Alf — come this way quick, and bring your forks!'

Several grinning farm-hands had been attracted by the noise, and were gazing from a little distance. Now at the summons they came on at a clumsy trot. Things looked rather ugly.

'We may have a go at them, sir!' Berthold said appealingly. His eyes were shining curiously. He looked thoroughly awake for once, and very happy. Billy seemed tempted, but only for a moment.

'No, too long odds!' he said. 'And besides, it wouldn't do. Come on, Berthold, we must run for it. We have the heels of these fellows!'

Berthold obeyed unwillingly. The pursuit was not prolonged. The dog was the only speedy member of the offensive party, and he had learned discretion. He made a good deal of noise, but was resolute to keep his distance. The farmer and his men abandoned the chase after a hundred yards, and confined themselves to abusive yells.

(Continued on page 139.)

LOSS AND RESCUE AT SEA.

TO most of us the sea means a happy holiday, where glittering waves toss their white crests down with a roar, and do no more harm than wash away our sand castles, or ripple round our feet in little lakes of cool and sparkling foam. But it is another sea at other times, when the lifeboat-men go out to save those who are in its angry clutches. And the records kept of the number of lives the men have rescued not only prove what a glorious institution the lifeboat is, but also how great and sad a toll the sea takes in ships and sailors. Of course all years are not alike in the dangers they bring, and the numbers of wrecks, therefore, vary; but by taking twenty years in succession, we are able to form an idea of what the perils of the deep really are.

Thus, between 1889 and 1909, there were eight thousand three hundred and thirty-one vessels, belonging to the United Kingdom alone, totally wrecked. This represents in loss of life no less than twenty-three thousand two hundred and seventy-four persons, of whom nineteen thousand were sailors, and the rest passengers.

But now let us look at the less unhappy side, and see how many are rescued, both from our own and foreign ships, by the various means employed. Between July 1st, 1908, and June 30th, 1909, two thousand five hundred and forty-nine lives were saved on the coasts of the United Kingdom. Add to these, two thousand one hundred and eight on the shores of the British possessions; one thousand six hundred and eighty-five from British vessels in foreign waters; and one thousand four hundred and seventy-eight taken off their sinking ships in mid-ocean, and we have a total of seven thousand eight hundred and twenty in one year. On the English coasts the lifeboats rescued three hundred and three; the rocket and line brought off two hundred and forty-nine, and the coastguards' boats two hundred and sixty-four.

Now, the year we have mentioned may be taken as quite an ordinary one, so that if we multiply the seven thousand eight hundred and twenty by twenty, we shall have the noble sum of one hundred and fifty-six thousand four hundred lives brought out of danger, to set against the sad figures already mentioned, twenty-three thousand two hundred and seventy-four lost, in twenty years.

John Lea.

OLD ENGLAND.

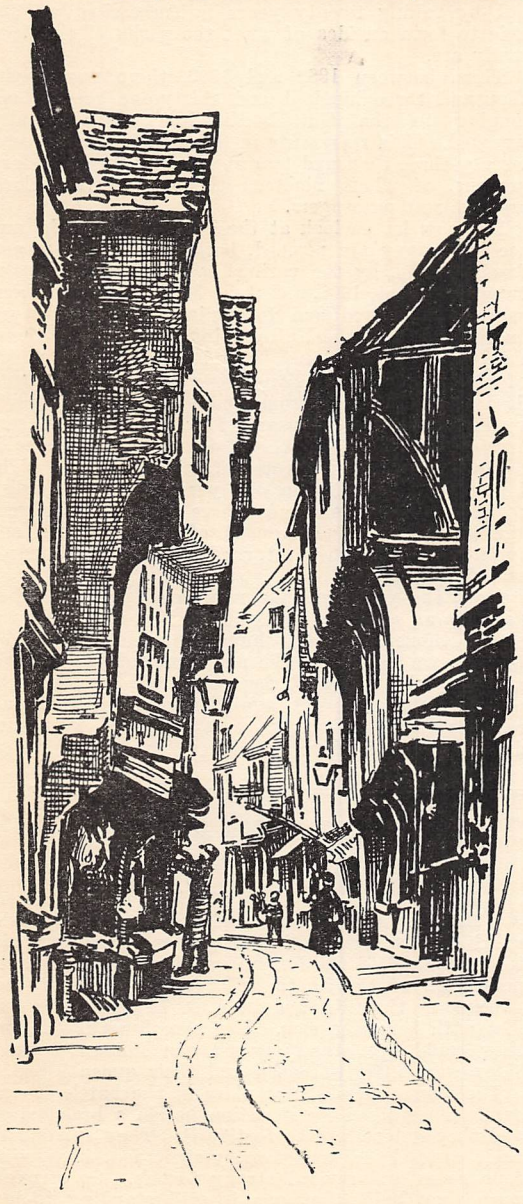
II. — THE STORY OF YORK.

A LONG time ago there lived in the North of Britain a queen named Cartismandua, who ruled over a tribe called Brigantes. She was bitterly opposed to the Roman invaders who had taken possession of the South. They were gradually advancing northwards, and in A. D. 70 came into conflict with her tribesmen. Her men fought well, but they could not stand against the Roman Legions. They were utterly beaten and their queen killed.

The Romans called the place of the battle Eboracum. They liked its situation beside a broad river, and they determined to fortify it. They surrounded their camp by a wall twenty-eight feet high, with four gates and several strong towers. So strongly were they built that one is still standing to-day. When Britain was made a province of the Roman Empire, Eboracum became its capital, an arsenal and large barracks being erected, from which men were sent to guard the two walls that had been built farther north to keep back the invasions of the Picts and Scots. Many beautiful villas rose outside the walls and several of the emperors visited

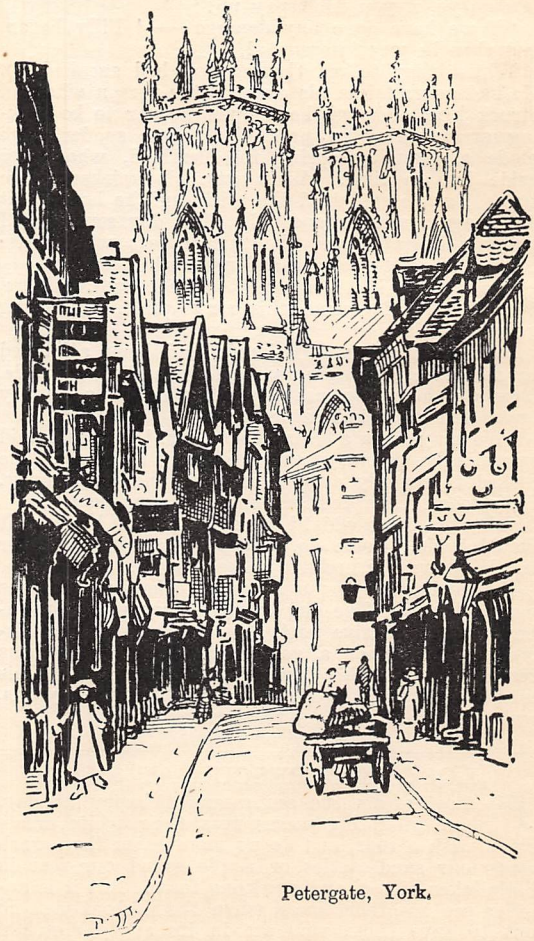
the place. It is even said that Constantine the Great was born there, and it is known that in his time there was a Christian settlement presided over by a bishop.

In 367 A. D. the country was overrun by the Picts and Scots, and in 405 the Romans, harried by

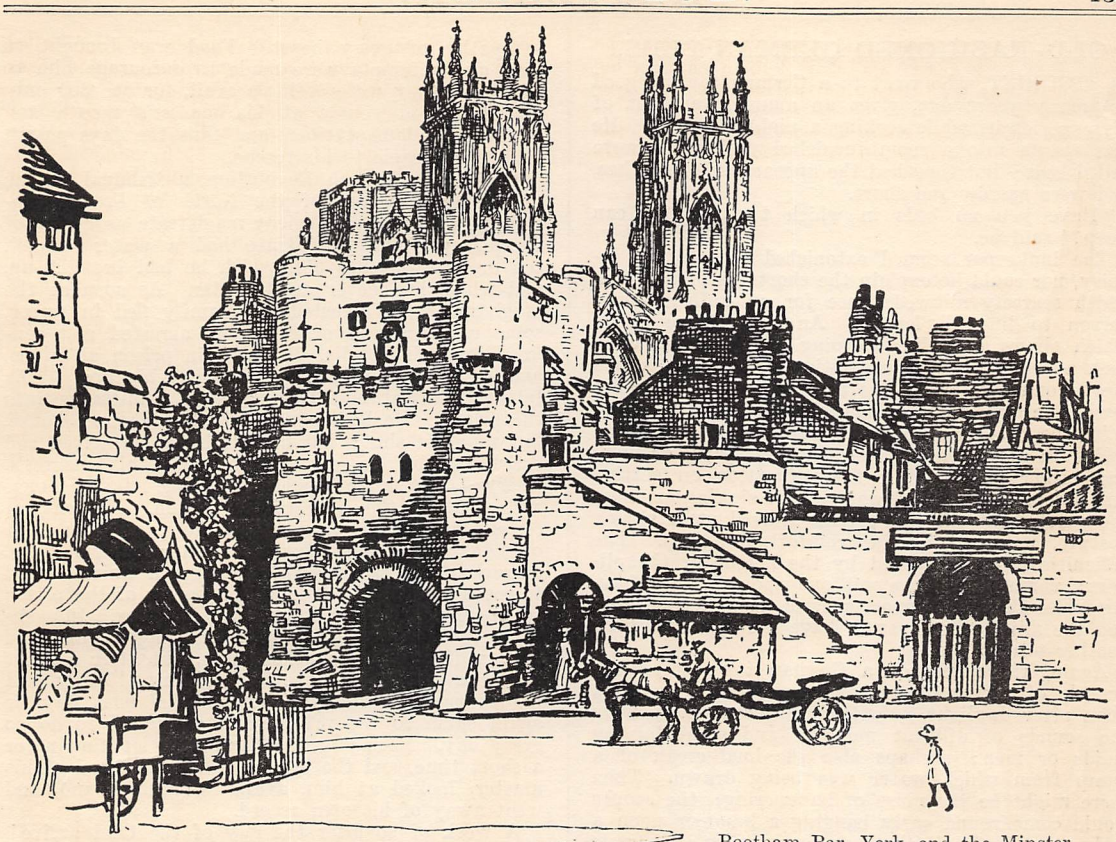


The Shambles, York.

invasions at home, withdrew their troops from Britain. York, under the name of Caer Ebraec, became the chief of twenty-seven fortified British towns. When the Saxons founded the kingdom of Northumbria, the city, with its name changed to Eoferwic, became its capital under a king called Aella. His son-in-law and successor, Edwin, was converted to Christianity by Paulinus in 627. He was baptized on Easter Day, and to commemorate the event built a small wooden church. The Danes captured York in 867, Iorwic, their name for it, sounding much like our own. Cnut, one of their rulers, was buried in the church, on the site of which afterwards stood the Minster. For many years there was constant fighting among the different tribes for possession of the place. Even after William the Conqueror had captured it, the Danes again completely destroyed it, and William in a furious mood returned and drove them away. He did much to beautify the city, but in 1137 it was again destroyed, this time by fire. In 1156 the first English Parliament was held there. Thomas of Bayeux was made the first Norman Archbishop, and in 1070 he began to build a large stone Minster, to take the place of the early wooden church. This Norman building now forms the crypt of the beautiful Gothic Cathedral that rises above it, which was begun in 1154 and continued till 1553, so that since the sixteenth century the Minster has remained just as it is seen to-day.



Petergate, York.



Bootham Bar, York, and the Minster.

During the reign of Richard I. the wealthiest inhabitants of York were the Jews; they were the bankers of the North of England. There were a great many of them, so that a certain quarter of the city was given up for them to live in. The rest of the people hated them and plotted to destroy them. Most of the Jews fled to the castle, but seeing that the situation was hopeless they set fire to it themselves and five hundred perished. The few survivors who had promised to accept Christianity were treacherously murdered, but when their numbers again increased Henry III. expelled them all from the city.

A large gold cross from the Minster was pawned to help provide the ransom for Richard I. From time to time York was visited by the kings and queens of England, and with Charles I. it had many intimate connections. He was fond of the city, and gave many gifts to the Minster. He was constantly there during the Civil War, and when his queen Henrietta came back from Holland in 1642 with a large sum of money, York was strongly fortified. On June 3rd the Parliamentary army arrived before its gates and laid siege to it. The siege was raised for a few days on the approach of the King's nephew, Prince Rupert, with his army. But after the decisive defeat of the Royalists at Marston Moor on July 2nd, 1644, Sir Thomas Glenham surrendered the city. It was much damaged by the Roundheads, but the Minster escaped owing to the care of one of their leaders, a native of York. Although largely restored the city walls remain nearly intact and several of the gates still stand.

Bootham Bar, the most picturesque of these gates, is said to have been built on the foundations of the Roman Praetorian (or chief) Gate, and in early times guides used to stand there ready to conduct people across the Forest of Galtres, which began just outside, and where there were many wild animals. The Royal Arms were torn down from the gate by Cromwell's soldiers, many of whose heads were hung from the battlements at the Restoration. Micklegate Bar is the oldest gate, though the most modern-looking, owing to the restorations. From there King Charles is said to have watched the fugitives returning from Marston Moor. Monk Bar and Walmgate are both interesting specimens of early fortifications. Inside the walls many of the narrow streets of quaint houses with overhanging stories and steep roofs remain just as they were many years ago.

The chief glory of York lies in the Minster, as it towers above the houses, unaltered by lapse of time and the changes that have taken place around it. It holds records of many great events, for in the crypt underneath the choir are shown a pagan altar, the well where Edwin was baptized, and the pillars and arches of the Early Norman church; while above, the nave and choir with their wonderful early stained-glass windows and marvellous arches and stonework show the genius of the Middle Ages builders.

Ruth Cobb.

OLD-FASHIONED GERMAN BEDS.

A TOURIST, who went to a German town a good many years ago, gives an amusing account of his experiences while seeking a night's lodging. He was shown into a room furnished with what were called beds; but they had the appearance of couches, and were narrow and short.

'Have you no beds in which two persons can sleep?' said he.

The innkeeper seemed astonished at such an inquiry, nor could he explain the shortness of his beds, which scarcely allowed space for an ordinary-sized person to lie full length. An old picture exists which shows a soldier sleeping in a cottage upon such a bed, with the rats biting at his toes, which are beyond the foot of the bed! Then this traveller found the quilt far too small to allow any 'tucking in.' The favourite German mode was to cover oneself with a mattress, about two feet thick or more and rather heavy. The first sensation on getting into a true German bed was that of sinking amongst the mattresses till the person arrived at a sitting posture, not inviting for comfortable sleep. The difficulties were increased by the height of the pillows: three used to be put one upon another, having under them as support a hard, triangular bolster, and the finish often was to have the feet raised by another pillow.

Again, the noises of a German town were frequently of a kind to prevent sleep towards morning. Soon after daylight, this traveller says, there were the sounds of diligent mopping and scrubbing by maids or men; perhaps also the loud creak of a pump from which water was being drawn. Then there might be the noise of hammering: the cooper would come round early banging a hammer upon a wedge, to inquire if there were any tubs or barrels that needed mending. About the same hour the seller of sand, largely used by the Germans, announced his approach by shrill cries. Several times during the night some watchman or police officer made his round of the streets, to see that the doors and windows were secure. Like most Germans he was apt to be musical, and either whistled or sang, disturbing those who were light sleepers.

J. R. S. C.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

OF all animals there is little doubt that the dog is the most faithful to man. In many cases he will deprive himself of everything to be near his master, or to guard his master's property, even at the risk of his own life. To the blind man in the street his dog is, in many cases, his only comfort. The animal leads his master about often with more care than a human being would, and the look of thankfulness on the animal's face when a copper is put into his cup more than repays the donor for his gift.

A story is told of Sabinus, a Roman general who was executed for so-called treason. After the execution his body was exposed to the public upon the precipice of the Gemoniae as a warning to all who should dare to befriend the house of Germanicus, which he had supported. No friend, however, had the courage to approach the body except his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body, and his pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought to him, and attempts were made to encourage him to eat. But they were of little avail, for the dog only laid the food gently at his master's mouth and renewed his lamentations, and thus the days passed until death came to his rescue.

During the French Revolution, a tribunal in one of the departments of the North of France condemned to death an ancient magistrate as guilty of conspiracy. The magistrate had a water spaniel, ten or twelve years old, which he had brought up, and which had never quitted him. As soon as the magistrate was arrested, his family fled in terror, some escaping and others being arrested and confined in various jails. He was in prison all alone, and no one thought of him except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, but found it shut; but at last he was received and cared for by an old neighbour of his master's. Every day at a certain hour the dog left the house and went to the door of the prison. He was, of course, refused admission, but he passed an hour outside, and then returned. After several days, however, the way in which the poor animal tried to reach his master affected the porter of the prison so greatly that he allowed him to enter. Immediately the dog saw his master he clung to him, and it was difficult to separate them, but after a short time the jailer forced the faithful animal away, and he returned to his new home. The next day he again came to the prison, and continued to do so every day. Each morning the porter let him in for a short time, and the animal licked the hand of his master, looked at him, again licked his hand, and went away of his own accord.

A week or so later the day of the trial arrived, and, in spite of the crowd and guard, the dog entered the hall and crouched down at his master's feet. After a short consultation the judges condemned the prisoner, and he was again placed in prison to await execution. At length the fatal hour arrived, and the unfortunate man was met at the door by his dog, who walked with him to the scaffold. After execution, the body was carried away to be buried, the faithful animal still following. A day or so afterwards the neighbour who had sheltered the dog grew anxious about him and went in search of him. Naturally he found the animal at his master's grave, and with great difficulty brought him back to the house, where he gave him a good meal. It was not long before he escaped again, however, and returned to the grave of his master. The next morning the dog was again brought back to the house, and this time an attempt was made to chain him up; but he broke his fetters, and was soon at his master's grave once more. But this time he was not content with being at his master's grave; he began to dig away the earth with his paws, working with all his strength. Hours passed away, and just as the animal reached his long-lost master's body, his strength gave way, and his heart ceased to beat.

Several years ago a sweep dropped a bag of soot, by mistake, in the midst of a narrow street in Southampton, and his bulldog remained there to guard it. Presently a loaded coal-cart came rumbling along, and the driver attempted to make the dog move away. At first he shouted, and then he

used his whip, but still the animal would not move. The driver then became furious, and drove his cart towards the animal. This, however, did not move the faithful creature, who attempted to stop the cart by biting the wheel, but was crushed to pieces in the act. A. E. D.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

LITTLE May is always laughing,
Always happy, bright, and gay;
She has smiles for everybody,
Every moment, every day.

If the sky be dark and cloudy,
Bringing hail, or snow, or rain,
May will tell you not to worry,
For the sun will shine again.

If you see the roses fading,
Roses that you love so dear,
May will smile, and sweetly tell you,
'They will bloom again next year.'

Would you like to know the secret
Of such happiness as May's?
Listen then, and I will tell you —
She is quite content always.

Daisy Wilson-Gunn.

'A SHARK! A SHARK!'

Founded on Fact.

'BOOM!' went the minute gun with its sullen roar, startling the silence of the African dawn, and waking from peaceful slumber the Dutch farmer whose house overlooked Table Bay.

He sprang from his bed, and throwing open the window could just make out the lines of a small brig over which heavy seas were breaking from time to time, completely hiding her in the waves.

'Boom!' Once again across the wild water came the loud roar, so unmistakably appealing for help. This time it roused the stolid house-vrow who had been sleeping by the man's side. She knew what it meant — she had heard it too often before, and sitting up she said, quietly: 'Ship in distress, Hans?'

The man nodded — he had no words to spare, as he threw on his clothes at express speed, and the next minute he had left the room, whilst she got up, lighted the fire, and made all preparations she could to receive a probable arrival of shipwrecked visitors.

Shipwrecks were, and indeed still are, but too frequent on that dangerous coast, and many times had storm-tossed and half-drowned travellers found a welcome and rough hospitality at that seaside farm.

Hans lost no time in making his way to the stable, and having slipped a halter over his horse's neck, he mounted him without more ado, for the shore was half a mile away, and no Boer walks a step if he can find a horse to carry him.

In another minute the doomed ship lay right before his eyes: not a couple of hundred yards separated her from the shore, but it was a space of cruel, foaming breakers, and worse still, it was a shark-infested coast.

Already Hans could make out dark heads bobbing up and down in the waves — the strong swimmers who were vainly striving to reach the shore; but the current kept sweeping them away just as they thought they were within reach of land.

Hans grasped the situation, and at once rode his horse into the sea, calling out at the top of his voice: 'Make for the horse, mates! Swim to him, and catch hold of his tail — it's your only chance.'

The men were not slow to follow this advice, and with some difficulty three of them caught hold of the good beast's tail, and were soon on land — helped on shore by many willing hands, for the beach was now crowded with spectators, all of whom were ready to help in any way they could.

One man threw a long rope to a sinking sailor and dragged him through the cruel waves — battered and buffeted, it is true, but still with life in him; whilst another brawny helper stood on the rocks and shouted directions as to the best place for landing.

But most lives were saved by Hans, who again and again turned his horse into the boiling surf and brought man after man to safety.

The sailors who had till now stuck to the ship at last realised that she was breaking up, and hastily climbing down the rigging they swung themselves over the side, and caught hold of spars, or boards, or anything they could, to keep afloat till Hans and his good horse came to tow them to shore.

A journey was all but safely over when one of the men holding on to the tail gave an agonised shriek, which could be plainly heard even above the roar of the waves.

'A shark! a shark! It's got hold of my ankle! Oh, save me!'

'Kick out! Kick out! Keep kicking,' shouted Hans; 'we will save you,' and urging his willing horse to yet greater efforts he made for the land, where brave men rushed into the surf with knives to dispatch the dreaded monster.

All of a sudden a roar of laughter went up from the crowd, for on dragging the man to land no shark was found, but only a poor little cabin-boy, who in his terror of drowning had caught hold of the first thing within his reach, and was still clinging to the man's ankle with the fierce clasp of despair.

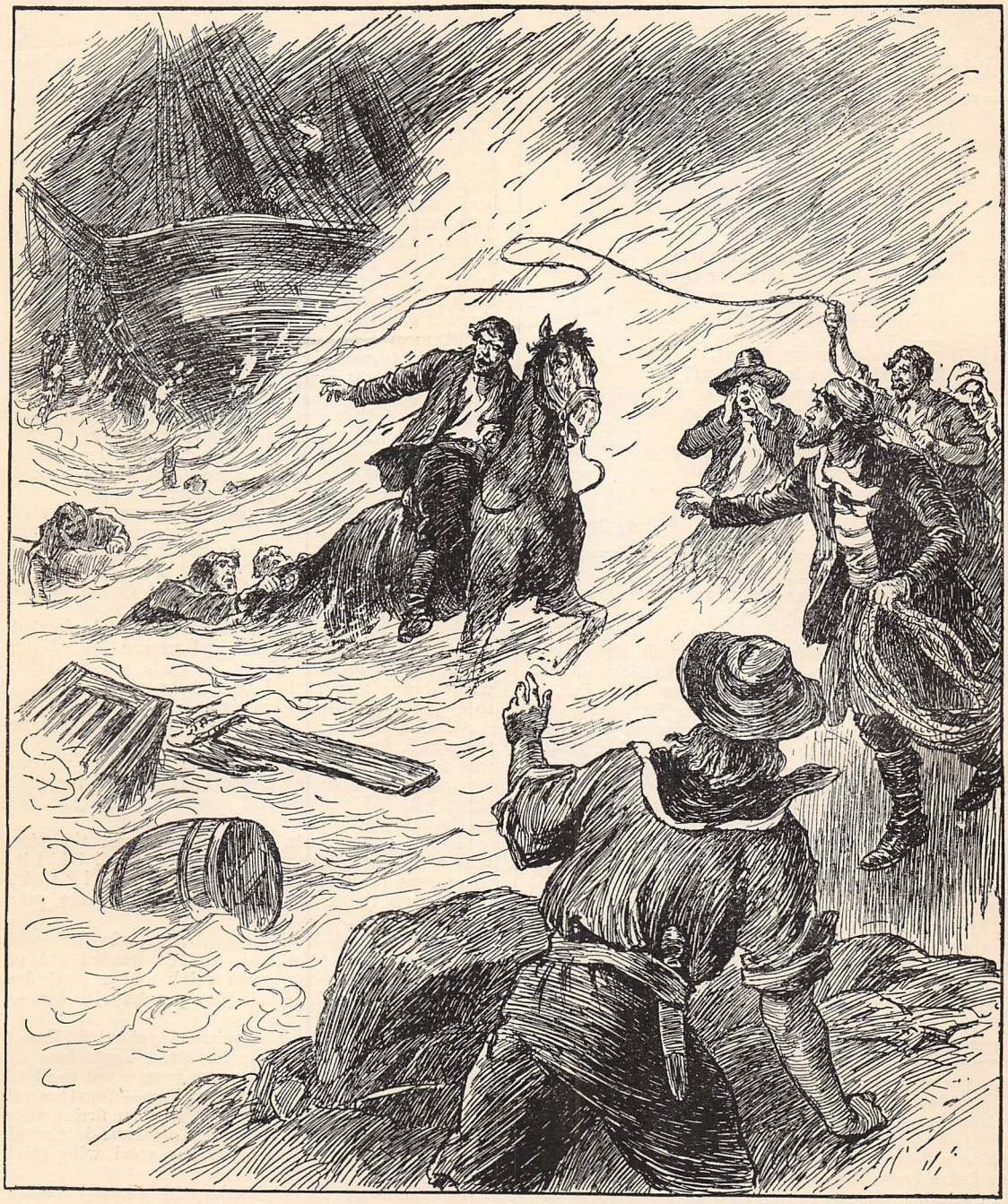
'Here's your shark, mate!' called out the man who had dragged the sailor ashore. 'Shall I kill it, to prevent it doing further mischief?' As he spoke he held up the now unconscious form of the poor little fellow.

'Give me the lad!' interposed a man in the dress of a Jack Tar; 'the life's all but washed out of him; he wants some warm drink and a good fire to bring him round. Don't play pranks with him — shark or no shark.'

'Take him up to the missus!' shouted Hans; 'she will know what to do for him. You'd best all go there; I will follow when we have saved the lot.'

Before long the shipwrecked sailors — fourteen all told — were seated round Hans' kitchen fire, drinking hot coffee and enjoying the generous hunks of bread and cheese with which the good wife plied them.

The cabin-boy was fast asleep in bed, and seemed none the worse for his perilous adventure, whilst the men — light-hearted as only sailors can be — would from time to time break out into peals of laughter as they recalled their mate's escape from 'the shark!' E. A. B.



"'Swim to the horse, and catch hold of his tail.'"

The ex-Emperor of Korea.

EMPIRES AND EMPERORS.

III. — THE EX-EMPEROR OF KOREA.

KOREA, once called the Hermit Kingdom, on account of its rigorous exclusion of all foreigners, has had of late years not only to allow the entry of foreigners, but to submit to be governed by them.

Korea is no longer an independent state; since October 1910 it has been annexed by Japan, and the Japanese have not only assumed the reins of government, but have changed the name of the country — or rather have reverted to the old name of Cho-Sen, which, loosely translated, means 'Morning Calm.' The Emperor has been deposed and pensioned.

Korea, as we still call it, however, is a peninsula about the size of Great Britain. At the north it touches Russian and Chinese Manchuria, and at the south only a hundred miles of sea separate it from Japan. The climate of Korea is delightful for nine months of the year, and though there are three months of heat and rain and damp, yet even this season is not unhealthy, and Europeans can live here all the year round and bring up robust children. The inhabitants are also a sturdy race, though seldom more than five feet four inches in height; the porters will cheerfully carry loads of anything under two hundred pounds for seven hours a day, whereas in other parts of the East sixty pounds is usually considered the proper porter's burden.

Every one — man, woman, and child — invariably wears white clothes, and one traveller describes his surprise at seeing 'the white-coated, white-trousered, white-socked, and white-booted native' striding slowly along the filthy, dusty tracks, which can in very few places be dignified by the name of roads.

The women of the upper classes are kept strictly shut up all day, but may come out at night — with a lantern.

The lower-class women are, however, allowed out in the day, and indeed do most of the work.

The characteristic garment of the Koreans is the tall black top-hat worn by the men. This hat is made of black gauze with a bamboo frame, and as it spoils easily with rain, every man carries a covering of oiled silk up his sleeve, and slips this over the precious hat at the first drop of rain.

In mourning, however, this top-hat is exchanged for what is practically a large clothes-basket, and this is worn on the head, and utterly covers not only the man's head, but also his chest and shoulders.

The roads of the country are very bad, and no carts can be used; all goods are carried on the backs of bullocks or ponies. There are also no permanent bridges over the many rivers; there are a few bridges made of bamboo, but these are only for summer use, and are taken up during the three months of winter.

The administration of the laws, as is usual in the East, is carried on with great cruelty, and till recent times the family of the criminal had to suffer with him; for instance, if a man was found guilty of murder, not only was his head cut off, but his wife must also be poisoned! Whilst if any man injured a grave (the very worst offence in an ancestor-worshipping country), he, and all his male relatives to the fifth degree, would be beheaded, and his mother, wife, and daughter put to death by poison.

However, the Japanese are introducing more humane laws into the country, and the days of poisoning, at any rate, are now past.

The emperors or kings of Korea were always held in high honour by their subjects, and almost worshipped as gods. They wore a special dress with many chains and much barbaric jewellery, and a cloak of tiger-skin fastened with a very gorgeous clasp. On their head was a high black cap, much embroidered, and from this hung the universal pig-tail. The ex-emperor, whose portrait we give, was asked by his ministers to wear the costume of a European general, but for some time he refused, fearing it would hurt him to cut off his pig-tail! On being assured, however, that this operation was absolutely painless, and a general's helmet with its waving plumes being dangled before his eyes, he at last consented to be shorn, and assumed the general's uniform; but, from a photograph I have seen, there is no doubt the Korean dress was the more becoming to his Royal Highness.

Korea has many wild animals — tigers are extremely numerous; foxes, wolves, and sables abound, and a good commerce is carried on with their skins. The manufactures of the country are, generally speaking, coarse, but excellent sabres and poignards, which are much sought after by the Chinese, are made in some of the bigger villages. Good paper, too, is made in Korea, and used for the construction of numerous articles.

FROM OUR READERS.

III. — THE KING OF BOOKLAND.

COME, boys and girls, both big and small,
In one large, merry band;
Who will you choose to reign as King
Of Mystic, fair Bookland?

Such lots of elves are waiting, dears,
Some staid, some dry, some grim;
But one is full of merry jests
And laughter to the brim.

His coat is most attractive, dears,
It draws one at first sight;
Oh! boys and girls, you can't resist
The spells of this wee sprite.

I see it in your faces, dears,
I hear your voices ring,
'With one accord we do proclaim
Our Chatterbox the King.'

Audrey E. Curtis (aged 15).

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S PET.

A True Anecdote.

THERE died not long ago a brown trout, whose history was a peculiar one. It was caught by an engine-driver's son, kept alive, and made a pet of. About eleven years ago, the engine-driver transferred it to the tank of his engine, and it lived in the tanks of three different engines. It was so tame that it would take food from the driver's hand, and when a pail was dropped into the tank to take it out, it would flop in at once. Occasionally the man would take his pet home with him, and the last time that he did so a fatal accident occurred. A box of matches fell into the tank, with the result that the trout was poisoned. It was much lamented by the railway-men. It had travelled (in

tanks) some thousands of miles, and once, when there was a snow-block and the water ran down, its life was only saved by water being poured over it. The fish was a beautifully spotted specimen. Its residence in engine-tanks had made it famous, and the last time we heard of it, it was about to be placed in a museum.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 131.)

BILLY and Berthold finished their run without further incident. As they pulled up at the lodge, Billy said, 'Come to my room when you have changed. There's time for a cup of tea before form.'

Berthold accepted the invitation gladly. He was feeling pleasantly tired, and a wash and change were very welcome. Billy, spruce once more, greeted him from behind a remarkably well-appointed tea-table.

'We've both been pretty smart! Sit down by the fire. We've earned a meal, I think. Nothing like a ten-mile trot for making you enjoy tea!'

Billy was a first-rate host. He knew how to make a man feel at home. He spoke in a little while, between meditative munches at buttered toast: 'Are we going to beat Tedford, do you think?'

'I hope so,' Berthold answered. 'It's time we did. What do you think, sir?'

There was not much that Billy did not know about footer. 'Hope so, I'm sure. But — Tedford are always a big lot and well trained. Wish it was a little later in the term. We're not quite as well together as Mr. Kortright would like.'

'We're heavy forward,' Berthold suggested.

'Ye—es, a good beefy lot of forwards. Almost too beefy. I should like to see a little more liveliness in the rushes. Still, they're coming on every day. Like a hint about your own game, Berthold?'

'I should be only too glad, sir.'

'Well, you're playing a very decent game, but —— Last Saturday, for instance, against Caius, you hung on to the ball too much. You did really. You seemed to enjoy being tackled, and having a bit of a fight. I know it wasn't selfishness. You don't play a selfish game. Do you know what I mean?'

'Melton said much the same thing, sir,' Berthold admitted with a grin.

'Ah, Melton knows what he's talking about — very often. I like to see a half try to break through himself at times; no good being too mechanical, but you rather overdid it. At least, that was my impression. Of course, it's easy enough to talk and criticise.'

'Thanks, sir,' Berthold said. 'I'll remember.'

'Going to have a good house team?' Billy went on, filling up Berthold's cup and hewing the cake into wedges.

'I don't know, sir. Rather doubtful, I'm afraid. No Big-side men at all beside myself, and a small lot. I want to have a look at our firsts and seconds.'

'I have two of your youngsters in my form,' Billy said with a smile. 'Not bad material, either. They're keen as mustard on footer, anyway. Danvers and Wilding are their names. I stood near them during the match on Saturday, and — I'm still a little deaf!'

'Ah, they're both in our second team, I fancy,' Berthold said.

'I couldn't help hearing them talking about you, after you put in Danks for the winning try,' Billy said slowly. 'I rather envied you, Berthold. It's not a bad thing to have two decent youngsters almost — worshipping you.'

Berthold moved uncomfortably in his chair. 'Oh, I expect you mistook what they said, sir!' he began.

'I didn't. I'm not exactly a fool. I know something of what a small boy feels towards a big man in his house who can do most things pretty well. It's fine, in a way. But — it's a bit of a responsibility too, I suppose.'

Berthold loooked rather wretched. 'I wish — they never thought about me,' he said in a low voice.

'I know what you mean. But no man's able to stand alone. Other people around him are always the better or the worse for him. See what I mean?'

'Yes, I see,' Berthold answered. 'And — I hate to think it.'

Billy did not speak for about five minutes. He had his faults, probably, but he never preached offensively. And he never rubbed things in. He could give other people credit for a little intelligence. Which is sadly rare. 'Anything wrong with you this term, Berthold?' he said casually at last.

Berthold waited a few seconds before he answered. 'Yes,' he said in a muffled sort of voice. 'But I have told no one here about it.'

'Don't tell me, if you'd rather not,' Billy said gently.

Berthold seemed to think it over. When he spoke it was with a kind of rush. 'I think I'd rather. I believe it might help a bit. I know you won't speak about it to me again, sir. It's not — easy to talk about. It's my brother ——' He stopped abruptly. Billy waited, without speaking. 'They think he's dying, and it will be I who killed him,' Berthold said thickly at last. 'I was fooling about with a gun in the holidays, and I shot him — somewhere in the back, near the spine. He's hardly moved since. It's not — not nice for me to think of him lying there!'

He had risen to his feet with his hands clenched. Billy was careful not to look at his face. 'I'm frightfully sorry, Berthold. But — it was an accident, after all.'

'Of course. But that makes no difference. It was I who did it. And it seems — such a cruel sort of thing! He may be dying, or he may be a cripple for life. They can't tell yet. And he is — he was such a fine chap — better than me at everything.'

'I can understand what it means to you, Berthold.'

'It's only right I should pay, of course. I can never forget about it, except for a little while. Of course, I oughtn't to want to forget about it. But I can't do any good by thinking. Whenever a letter comes from home I think it will be to say that George is dead or worse. And so, because I'm a bit of a cur, I try to forget for a little while — by playing the fool. . . . You'll tell no one what I have told you, sir?'

'Of course not, if you wish it. But — try not to let it make you morbid, Berthold.'

Berthold looked at Billy. 'I didn't think I was morbid. But — it doesn't matter much. I suppose if you think of anything a great deal —— I must go now, sir. Thank you very much for — everything.'

Billy saw that he could not bear to talk any more

"He held out his hand, and Berthold shook it."

just then. 'Good-bye, Berthold. If I can ever help at all, you might let me try.'

He held out his hand and Berthold shook it.

'Thank you, sir. I won't forget.' And he left the room.

(Continued on page 150.)

"'If there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, he can do so.'"

NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA.

ON February 24th, 1815, H.M.S. Partridge dropped anchor outside the harbour of Porto Ferrajo, in the little island of Elba, to which the Emperor Napoleon had been confined after his disastrous defeat by the allied armies of Europe. A boat was let down, and Captain Adye was rowed to the shore. As he landed, an officer in a French uniform came up to him and held out his hand.

'Welcome back, Monsieur,' he said. 'I hope you took Colonel Campbell safely to Leghorn, and that his health is better?'

Captain Adye answered stiffly that Colonel Campbell, who had been appointed by the British Government to keep a careful watch upon Napoleon in Elba, was much better in health and would return shortly.

'When shall we have the pleasure of seeing Colonel Campbell again?' asked the French officer.

'I am to call at Leghorn for him two days from now, the 26th,' retorted Captain Adye.

The Frenchman exchanged some commonplace remarks, and then, saluting the British officer, walked away. A few minutes later he stood in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon.

'You have the information I asked for, Bertrand?' questioned the Emperor abruptly.

'Yes, your Majesty. The Partridge will be at Leghorn on the 26th, and the road will be clear for France.'

The Emperor strode up and down the floor in silence for a few moments. His wonderful brain was thinking rapidly. News had reached him that Louis XVIII., the King of France, was unpopular, and that a military plot was on foot to dethrone him. Should he, Napoleon, dare to land in France with his thousand soldiers and try and win back the crown that he had lost? It was an exploit daring in the extreme, to attempt to overturn an established government with but a thousand men. If he was to attempt it, he must act at once, while Colonel Campbell was in Italy, and the British guardship was away. All these thoughts flashed through his mind. Suddenly he stopped in his walk and turned to General Bertrand.

'We sail for France the day after to-morrow,' he announced calmly. 'Sit down and write, Bertrand.'

For several hours General Bertrand wrote from the Emperor's dictation. At the end of that time all the plans of the daring adventure, which was to astonish Europe, were drawn up. At 9 p.m. on Sunday, February 26th, the Emperor and his soldiers embarked on seven small ships, which at once set sail with a favourable wind. Night hid them from the sight of the French guardship, the Fleur-de-Lys, and then, at the Emperor's orders, the flotilla scattered. The next day, off the coast of Corsica, a French cruiser hailed the Emperor's ship, and by signals inquired after the health of Napoleon. 'Marvellously well,' the captain signalled back at Napoleon's instructions.

On March 1st the Emperor and his little force landed on the coast of Provence, and at once marched northwards towards Paris. At the commencement the adventure seemed doomed to failure. The first garrison at Antibes, that was asked to declare for the Emperor, remained loyal to the King, and captured the small detachment Napoleon had sent against them. Undaunted, Napoleon pressed on to Grenoble, where General Marchand with a large body of men upheld the cause of the King. As the Emperor and his guards came in view, orders were given to bar his progress. The soldiers got their muskets ready, and then suddenly the little familiar figure of the great Emperor was seen to advance.

'There he is; fire on him!' cried a Royalist officer.

Not a shot rang out. The Emperor rode slowly forward until he came within speaking distance.

'Soldiers,' he cried, 'if there is one among you who wishes to kill his Emperor, he can do so. Here I am!'

At the sound of the familiar voice a great shout of 'Vive l'Empereur!' burst forth, and the men rushed forward enthusiastically to crowd round him.

From there on to Paris the Emperor's march was a triumphal procession. Regiment after regiment deserted from the King. Marshal Ney, 'the bravest of the brave,' who had sworn to King Louis to bring back Napoleon a prisoner, if necessary in an iron cage, deserted with his troops to his old master. Within three weeks of his wonderful escape from Elba, Napoleon was installed again in Paris as Emperor, having by his amazing daring re-won, for a Hundred Days, an empire and an army.

THE LADY OF SPRING.

THE Lady of Spring walked the country,
All laden with treasures rare,
And, pitying the bare brown earth-world,
She hastened her gifts to share.

From the depths of her scented pockets
Came violets, white and blue,
And these she hid in the corners,
To feast on the morning dew.

She emptied o'er copse and roadside
Choice treasure of primrose gold,
Then, bending above the meadows,
Her cowslip carpet unrolled.

With gauzes of green and amber
She daintily draped the trees,
And lit gay daffodil lanterns,
Which flickered in every breeze.

She gladdened the dusky forest
With many an azure bell;
And the rest of the pretty story —
Why, that is for you to tell.

Eileen Carfrae.

AN AVIATOR'S EPITAPH.

THIS twentieth century of ours is not the only one in which aerial navigation and aviation have been practised. A monumental tablet in the porch of St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, tells how an aviator lost his life in 1737. The following words appear on the slab: —

'Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How, by 'n attempt to fly from this high spire
Across Sabrina's stream * he did acquire
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill
Nor courage to perform the task he fell.
No, no, a faulty thread, a screw not tight,
Hurried his soul to take its flight
And bid the body here beneath, Good-night!'

CHUBS.

THE black boy found his young master sitting on the verandah sulking.

'It's no good,' he shouted, when the boy appeared. 'We can't go!'

'Can't go, Massa Jack?' echoed Chubs, inquiringly.

* The Severn.

'No,' growled Jack; 'Father has to go to Billah, and won't be back for several days, and of course I must stay at home and keep house.' Then stretching out his foot, 'Put my boots on.'

Chubs obeyed thoughtfully, while from behind the creeper-covered trellis came the sound of voices.

'Nonsense, Courtney,' Jack's father was saying; 'it's only a scare; you know what these black fellows are.'

'Yes, sir; that is true enough,' the overseer answered; 'but is there any foundation for it? It's the children I'm thinking of, and with you away ——' he broke off.

'That's right enough.' The planter spoke a trifle impatiently. 'But do you think that if I considered there was the least danger I should leave them here? or you either, for the matter of that?'

'Of course not, sir, but ——'

'You think I don't treat this rumour with sufficient respect, eh? Well, Courtney, I have been here considerably longer than you, and I have never known such a thing occur yet. If you are at all nervous,' he added, with a smile, 'you had better go over to Borrowdale this afternoon and see.'

'Thank you, sir, I will; as you say, it may be only a scare, but it won't do any harm to find out.'

'None at all; but I must be getting on. Where's Jack?'

'Here, Father!' The boy pushed aside the greenery and stood by his father's horse.

'I'm sorry to have had to disappoint you, Jack,' Mr. Delors said; 'but you shall go another day, and in the meantime you will take care of your sister, won't you?'

Then, as the boy did not answer at once, 'I can trust you, Jack, can't I?'

'Father,' cried Jack, indignantly, 'as if you ——'

'There, there, I know I can. Never had cause to do otherwise yet, have I?' and he laughed easily. 'Good-bye.'

'Good-bye. Oh! I say, Father, what was it you and Courtney meant just now?'

'Oh! you heard us, did you, you young monkey? It's nothing more than that the waters are out on the uplands, and they are afraid they will come down here too; but I don't for a moment think so; it would take a tremendous quantity of water to come over Willton Ridges, though if that occurs we shall all be swept off the face of the earth. Don't you worry, lad; I shouldn't leave you if there was any danger.'

The day passed drearily enough to Jack. No pleasant fishing excursion down the river with Chubs, only mooning about or playing with little Gwennie.

Chubs saw his young master to bed, then went slowly down stairs. Surely it was late for Mr. Courtney to be out; he had meant to be back by nine. There was, too, an unusual stir in the servants' quarters; what was going on? 'Might as well go and see.'

The black boy made his way to the kitchen, then paused in amazement. Everything was in confusion, every one seemed busy packing up; all were talking, and among them stood a stranger.

'What's the matter?' asked Chubs.

'Matter enough,' he was answered. 'Get away quick as you can, dere's a waterspout, hurricane, or something coming along.'

'De water am coming over de Ridges fast; 'twill be here before morning,' said another.

'What are you gwine to do den?' asked the boy sharply.

'Get away while we can,' cried a terrified old negress as she rushed out, wringing her hands, but with a fair-sized bundle of her property over her shoulder.

One moment all was confusion and panic, the next they were gone, with never a thought but for themselves, and Chubs was left alone, listening to the tramp of feet dying away in the distance.

Alone, save for the two children sleeping peacefully upstairs! He went to the door and looked out. Overhead the stars, as yet, shone brightly; on the bushes around innumerable fire-flies gleamed; away over the hill hung that threatening black cloud. Chubs knew — none perhaps so well as he — what was likely to happen when the waters came over the Ridges. Presently he turned and went softly upstairs. Outside his little master's door stood the top-boots he was so proud of, ready for the morning; before morning what might not have happened? Tears came to the black boy's eyes as he looked. He opened the door. Jack lay sound asleep beneath his mosquito curtain.

Chubs shook him gently by the shoulder. 'Wake up, Massa Jack,' he cried.

The boy stirred uneasily in his sleep. 'What's the matter? It isn't morning yet.'

'Massa wake up and dress while I wake Missy. De water comin' by-um-bye; you dress quick.'

Jack sat up with wide-open eyes. 'What's that, Chubs?'

Chubs explained, adding, 'I'll wake little Missy, then we will go quite safe place. Chubs knows, but Massa must be quick.'

'Oh, yes, I will be quick,' answered Jack, springing out of bed and dressing hurriedly.

Chubs passed into the nursery, roused Gwennie with some difficulty, and explained to her that she must dress quickly and come with them.

'Why, where's Nursie?' she asked, rubbing her eyes sleepily.

'Nursie has gone away; Chubs is taking care of you now.'

But Gwennie began to cry piteously for Nursie.

'Massa Jack!' cried Chubs, despairingly, and the boy appeared at the door.

'Gwennie come with brother,' he said persuasively; 'brother's going out too. Come and dress.'

She submitted in a moment, and the boys helped her as well as they could.

Presently Jack looked up. 'Where are the others gone, Chubs?'

'Up to Billah; dey'll be safe enough dere; it's higher dan dis a good bit.'

'Are we going there too?'

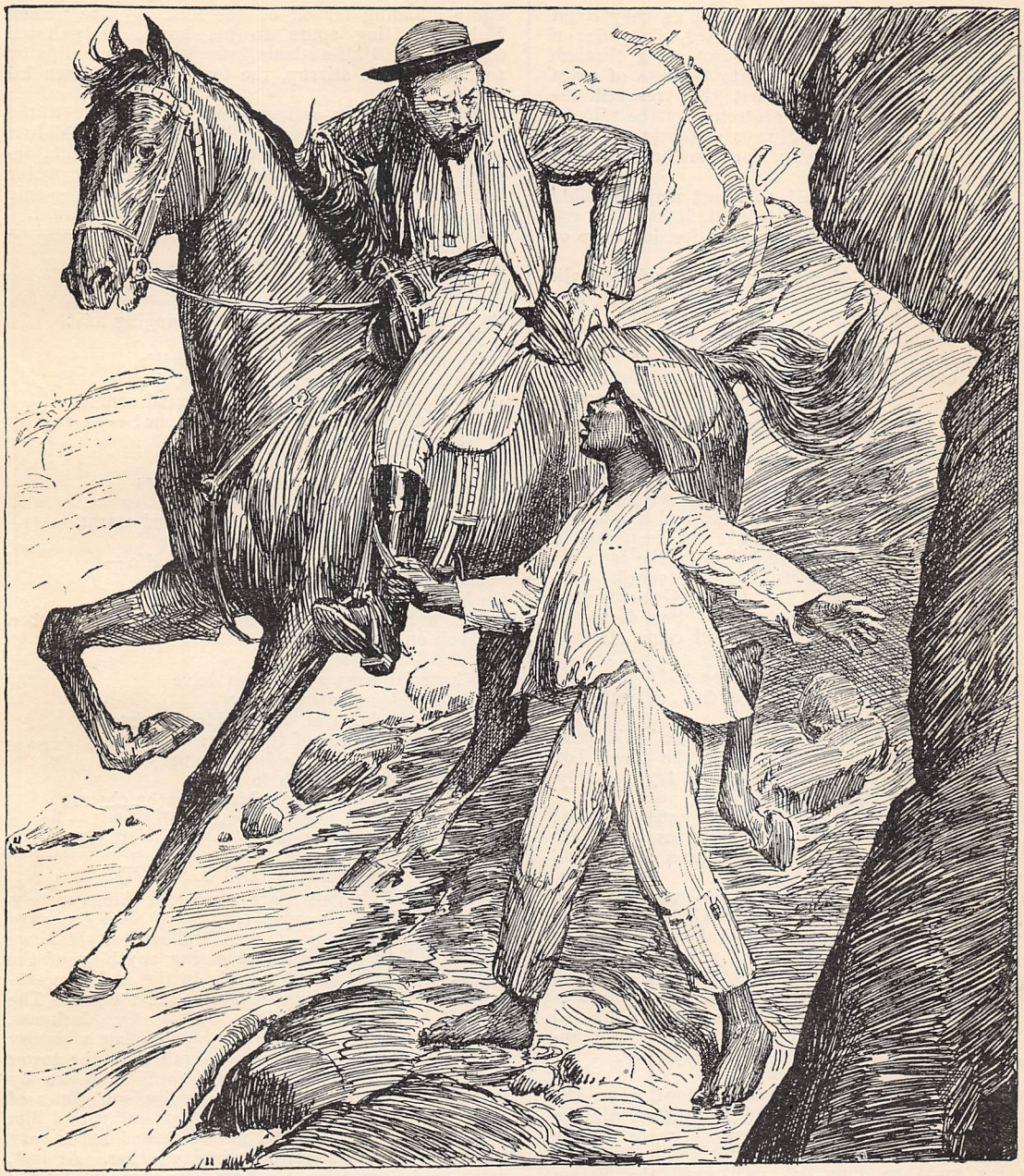
Chubs shook his head. 'Missy couldn't get dere, and' — with a glance outside — 'dere wouldn't be time.'

Jack stooped to fasten his little sister's shoes as he asked, 'Where are we going then, Chubs? There's no place so high as Billah except the Hook, and there's no getting up that.'

'No, Massa, but dat's where I'm gwine. Is Missy warm enough? Now we must be off,' and he led the way downstairs.

(Concluded on page 146.)

"Jack stooped to fasten his little sister's shoes."



"Chubs was clinging to his master's stirrup."

CHUBS.

(Concluded from page 143.)

TAKING with them as much food as they could carry, the three children started, Gwennie on Chubs' back. They went stumbling along through the thick vegetation, plunging into thickets of grass for a long time; until at last they reached the 'Black Hole,' overhung and protected by the 'Hook,' a great crag. There was always water in the deep hole that lay under the crag, the hole that was said to have no bottom.

'Now, Massa,' Chubs said, 'I'll just make a light.' He drew a candle from his pocket, lighted it, and leaning over the hole held it low. 'See dat ledge of rock, Massa?'

Jack did see it, a ledge just broad enough to walk upon with care; one false step would plunge him into the black water below.

'Dat goes into cave. We go dar,' said Chubs.

'Chubs,' gasped the boy, 'it's impossible!'

'No, Massa; see!' and with the candle in his hand he ran swiftly down the ledge and disappeared. In a second he returned. 'I take Missy, Massa follow Chubs,' he said.

'Of course,' answered Jack, nettled, 'where you can go I can.'

The descent was made carefully and with many a qualm, but Jack was on his mettle, and would not show what he felt; still, he could not keep back a sigh of relief when they were safely in the cave.

'Won't the water reach us here?' he asked.

'No, Massa,' replied Chubs, laying Gwennie tenderly down on a heap of dry grass. 'See, de top of de rock curls over, so de water will come straight down into de pool.'

'Won't the pool fill up and swamp us?'

'I don't t'ink so; it'll take a deal of water to fill de Black Hole.'

'Father will come back when he knows,' said Jack.

'Won't know in time,' answered the black boy tersely. 'Now, Massa, lie down and try to sleep. Not be able to, perhaps, presently.'

Excited as he was, Jack saw the sense of this; he flung himself down on the dry grass beside his little sister, and in spite of himself soon dropped off to sleep.

They seemed to have been asleep a long time when they were awakened suddenly. Outside, all creation seemed at war; the cave was shaken to its very foundations. Over the entrance poured a mighty sheet of water, with a roar like thunder, into the pool below. The stream was already a raging torrent dashing away into the distant plains, but so great was the noise that they could hear no thunder, although the lightning flashed brilliantly.

Mr. Delors' feelings may be imagined when the blacks reached Billah with the news that all the country was under water. In vain he regretted the folly which had made him stick to his own opinion. Nothing could be done but wait until the waters subsided, which they did almost as quickly as they had risen.

Long before others thought it safe he rode down to the farm. To his surprise it was still standing; the force of the flood had spent itself in time. But no shout of welcome was heard. He drew rein and looked despairingly over the sodden ground: only three short days before he had left his children, and now ——

Suddenly he caught sight of a slim, white-clad figure standing far off on the rocks by the 'Black Hole.' Setting spurs to his horse, he galloped towards it. Half-an-hour later Chubs was clinging to his master's stirrup, the tears running down his cheeks.

Eager questions and answers followed, then the perilous journey along the ledge, and the children were in their father's arms — white and weak, indeed, for the food had not held out, and the water had risen terribly near the entrance, but safe — safe after all. M. E. Heward.

THE MOLE.

I DELVE and dig, and burrow my way
Under the pastures green;
On a winter's morn, through the hanging mist
My new-cast mounds are seen.
Oh, the life of the mole is a merry life,
His love and his hate are strong,
No obstacle daunting his underground course,
He rapidly tunnels along, — Ha! ha! — he rapidly tunnels along.

Dry brown leaves and bundles of grass
I drag from above to below;
My nursery bed must be sheltered and warm,
Or how would the babies grow?
Oh, the life of the mole is a careful life —
He studies the lie of the land,
On his velvety coat not a hair misplaced,
Not a soil on head or hand, — Ha! ha! — not a soil on head or hand.

The long fat worms who also delve
(Poor feeble creatures they),
I hunt them down in their hidden homes
And eat them out of the way;
For the life of the mole is the hungry life,
He greedily grinds his fare,
And the worm who meets him in paths obscure
Has a terrible trial to bear, — Ha! ha! — has a terrible trial to bear. W. M. E. F.

LIGHTHOUSE LAMPS.

THOUGH lighthouses are wonderful things merely as buildings, because they have nearly always been built in the face of great difficulties, yet if we visited a lighthouse without seeing anything of the lamps, we should surely remain in the dark concerning the most important part of the subject. The beautiful ray that shines across the darkness, making itself visible on the far horizon, has a history no less interesting and full of detail than the tower itself. Long ago in the past this light began by being nothing more than a smoky fire, sometimes of wood and sometimes of coal; often sulky and dim when the stoker neglected his duty, and never very serviceable, particularly in misty weather. At last, after many centuries, the fires were put out by the modest yet more useful tallow candle, grouped in clusters in front of bright reflectors. These came into use during the first half of the eighteenth century, and Smeaton had them put in the lantern of his new tower at the Eddystone Reef, even though oil lamps suited to the same purpose had made their appearance nearly ten years before.

It was in 1748 that a famous Frenchman named Argand showed the world how to burn a lampwick in the form of a tube so that the flame arose from its upper end like a hollow pipe of light. When a tall glass chimney was placed over this, the flame burned with great brilliance, for the air not only found its way between the glass and the flame, but also up the inside of the hollow flame itself. Now though, of course, fuel is the life of every flame, its health depends on the amount of air it gets, and the experiments which were carried out to improve the Argand burner made this very clear. In the first instance, the inventor did nothing but bend the wick into a tube; then it was discovered that a glass chimney would compel the air to pass through the lamp at a greater speed, because, as the heated air rose in the chimney, the draught it caused naturally drew in the fresh, unburned air from below. After that, it was pointed out that if you pinched the chimney so as to draw its sides nearer to the flame, the air would not be able to get by without coming into actual contact with it. The experiment was tried, and the Argand burner became more successful in consequence.

But it is time we carried it to the lighthouse tower, where it was to reign supreme for so many years, and where it is still very frequently found. Now, the object of the lighthouse, as everybody knows, is to throw a warning beam across the sea. It is not wanted on the land; it is not wanted in the sky, nor even close against the shore; so (as was pointed out by those who gave thought to the subject) any light from the tower that shines in these directions is wholly wasted. Far better gather such wandering beams together and direct them over the water in the way they should go.

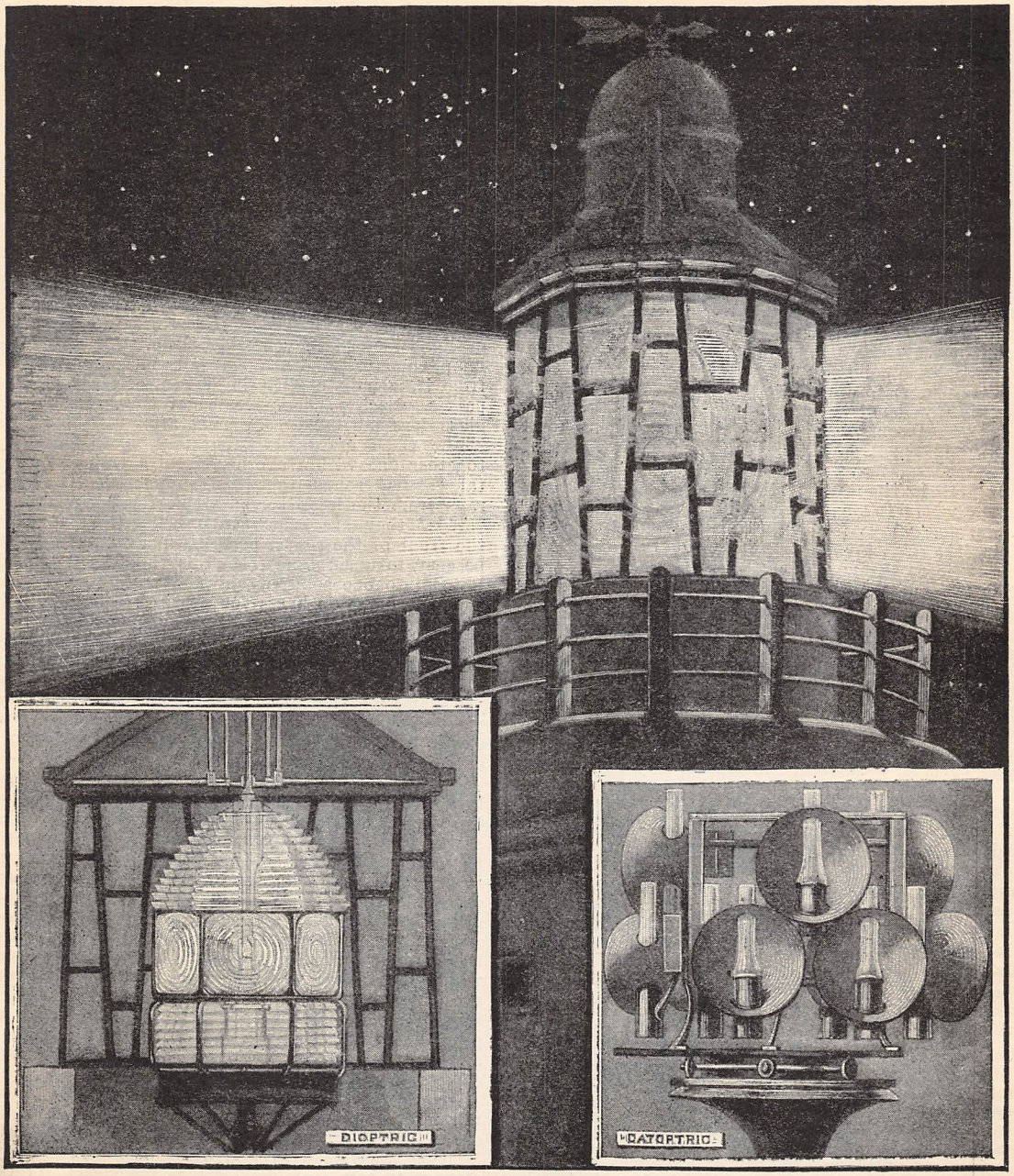
With the object of obtaining such a desirable end, carefully-made reflectors were placed behind the Argand burners, each curved in such a way as to concentrate the beams of light and stop them from wandering. This manner of reflecting light is known in lighthouse language as the 'Catoptric' system, and was certainly a great improvement on the old 'ungoverned' lamps. But the radiance it secured was as a mere speck when compared with the system now in use. This is the invention of another Frenchman named Fresnel, and in all the history of the lighthouse lamp there is no greater name than his.

Monsieur Fresnel, even while a very young man, had given his attention to the study of light, or rather to the manner in which light may be caused to travel in certain directions. This led him to the discovery that when a beam of light enters a piece of glass that has been shaped like a pyramid, it will pass out at the opposite side in another direction; that is, it will be 'bent' while passing through the glass. Therefore, he concluded that if, instead of placing reflectors behind the lamps, we were to erect in front of them a curtain of glass designed in such a way that every beam, in passing through it, would be bent into parallel lines, instead of going off at different angles and spreading too widely apart, we should obtain the strongest possible light that the lamp could give. The suggestion was immediately adopted, and there is not a remote corner of the world in which the Fresnel lens does not lend its aid to lighting the sea. We must look at it a little more closely and find out why, when it first came into use, it was very badly treated by those who did not understand it.

Let us visit a lighthouse tower that is built upon a lonely rock, because here it will be necessary for the light to be seen all round; and the lamp in consequence is a very important one. In this instance, let us suppose, it is formed of powerful Argand burners, with the most modern pattern of reflectors behind them — bent copper bowls thickly silvered over. The curves were beaten by hand, carefully calculated so as to suit this particular lamp, its power, its height above the sea, and the distance between the horizon and the tower. But to give the light its full strength we must add to it the system invented by Fresnel and improved by modern developments. This is called the 'Dioptric' system, because it bends (or 'refracts') the rays of light instead of reflecting them. All round the lamp, therefore, and at a carefully measured distance from it, is built a glittering screen of glass in eight panels. Each panel is formed of one large circular glass lens surrounded by ring after ring of glass. These rings are made separately, and, when put together one within another, form a series of crystal 'steps' round the lens. When the diverging rays from the lamp behind strike the back of these 'steps' they are bent into one line, and so leave the front of the screen perfectly parallel. It should be easy to understand from this that the light, collected into one solid ray by the 'Dioptric' system, will pierce the darkness for a greater distance than if it were weakened by being spread fan-shape in all directions, up and down. But when Fresnel's lenses first surrounded the lamp, a most important matter was overlooked. It was not noticed that the flame of the light must be in just the right position before it can send its rays against the angles of the 'steps' so as to have them bent 'in accordance with requirements.'

By reason of this oversight many lanterns in England failed to do their best, and excellent work on the part of the lens-makers was thrown away. The shifting of the flame of the lamp the merest fraction of an inch was often enough to put matters right. When at last this important point was understood, the engineers who made the lens were also allowed to make the lantern, and were furnished with most necessary information as to how high the light would be above the sea, how far away from the horizon, and at how many distances it was necessary for the light to be seen. Without a knowledge of all these points it is not possible to grind the 'steps' of the lens at exactly the right angles; a hair-breadth in the grinding may turn success to failure and radiance to dimness.

Some years ago the authorities of Trinity House made experiments extending over some months to see whether oil, gas, or electricity was best for lighting their towers and lightships. Electricity, strange to say, they decided was too good; for the captains and sailors who watched from the sea said its radiance dazzled them. It was so powerful that it shed a glow above the horizon before the lamp itself was in sight. But the principal drawback was the fact that much machinery and skill was necessary to make the electricity. The same difficulty attended the use of gas, while, with regard to the latter, it was found that the heat in the lantern became so great as to be dangerous. However,



A Lighthouse Lamp, showing the two forms of light.

in many shore lighthouses both gas and electricity (with the modern mantles) have taken up their residence now, while oil (scarcely at all inferior in lighting power) maintains its old kingdom on the far-away reefs and rocks of the open ocean. Indeed, recent inventions, which have fitted the oil lamps with incandescent burners, so as to cause a flame of greater brilliance than when it arose from the oil-soaked wick alone, have entitled them to take a place beside the finest electric arc lamp, and in many towers where electric light is employed the oil burners are kept for immediate use in case of emergency. They are said to show an even brighter beam through foggy weather.

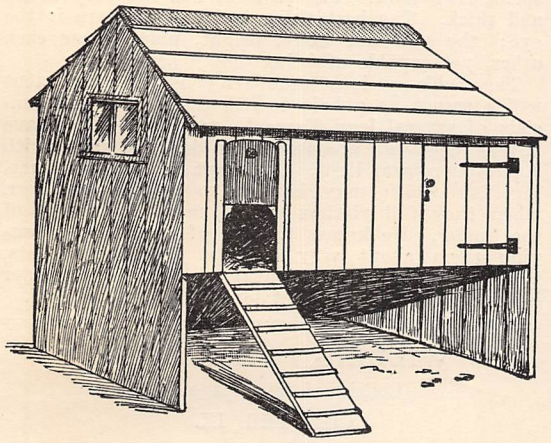
PETS AND THEIR CARE.

V.—BANTAMS.

BANTAMS, those pretty little miniature fowls, make interesting and profitable pets for either boys or girls, and, being small in size, they do not require so much space as ordinary poultry.

Bantams get their rather peculiar name from a town on the northern coast of Java. About three centuries ago, this town was a great resort of European shipping, and it appears that the little jungle-fowl of the country were domesticated and sold to the sailors there. Some of these tiny fowls, probably brought home as pets, were, it is thought, the original breed from which most of our present bantams are descended.

There are now any number of different kinds of bantams for you to choose your pets from, including Game, Rosecombs, Pekins, Sebrights, Japanese,



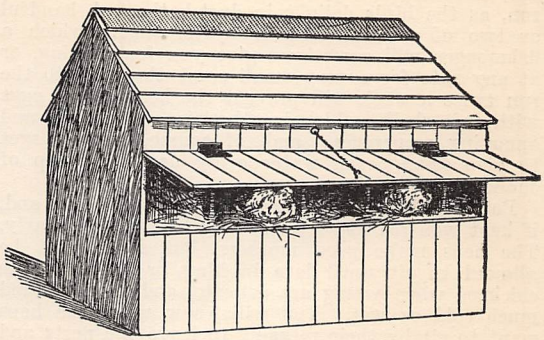
Front of an Improved Bantam-house.

Hamburgh, and many others; but we have not space to describe each breed and its characteristics. There is a little book called Bantams as a Hobby, by P. Proud, which can be obtained from the Feathered World office, 9 Arundel Street, London, for one and eightpence, which the young fancier may well study with advantage. I will just briefly describe two of the breeds mentioned, either of them making suitable and amusing pets.

First, the Game—Duckwing, Red-black, or Old English—are particularly handsome little birds; they are exact miniatures of the ordinary fowl, and have the same bold, warlike bearing as that bird, and also its brilliant colouring and long, clean legs. The hens are good layers and sitters, and the tiny cocks are so exceedingly quarrelsome that they will fight furiously with the cocks of any other species. I once had a little Duckwing game bantam cock called David, and for his especial enemy he chose, out of all the poultry-yard, a huge Brahma cock which we named Goliath. On every possible occasion David would hunt out his mighty foe, and, driving him into a corner, insist on a fight; often we had to separate the ill-matched combatants, as otherwise David would have forfeited his life. Game bantams have not the faintest notion of feeling or acknowledging themselves beaten.

One of the prettiest bantams is the Japanese, especially the pure white species. Their legs are covered with long, sweeping feathers, and they have a droll way of carrying the head well back, something like a fantail pigeon. They are far less quarrelsome than the game bantams, and if kept loose in a garden will do very little harm; indeed, they are useful, as they devour a quantity of slugs and injurious insects.

We must now think of the management and feeding these little fowls require. Bantams should be



Back of Bantam-house, showing Nesting-boxes.

fed three times a day when shut up, and always with the utmost regularity. The first meal, breakfast, they like as early in the morning as possible, certainly not later than eight in summer and nine in winter, and it should be a hot one. Take any house-scraps—bread, meat, vegetables, &c.—and mix them with barley-meal, maize-meal, or sharps, all of which your miller will supply; pour enough boiling water over the lot to mix it into a dough-like mass, rather crumbly than sticky. A tablespoonful of this mixture may be allowed to each bird, but be careful never to go on feeding after the bantams cease to show eagerness for the food. An over-fed bird will not lay, but stands and mopes dumpily in a corner. For dinner, give at mid-day some grass or cabbage and lettuce-leaves for them to peck at, and an hour before twilight let them have their last meal. For this, wheat, barley, or oats should be given, and sometimes, for a treat, canary and hemp-seeds. The great thing is to vary their diet as much as possible, as it keeps them in health. Scatter all grain well over the ground, so that the birds get exercise and employment looking about and scratching for it. If your bantams are loose in a garden they will not need any dinner, as they will pick up all the green food they require.

Unless you have a really efficient carpenter in the family, I do not advise you to try and make the bantams' house at home, as they are delicate little birds, and need a well-built shelter; the outlay on a good, strong house will be more than repaid in the birds' health and well-being. Boulton & Paul, of Norwich, a firm which specialises in these things, make excellent bantam-houses, but they are expensive, and you may be able to get a locally-made one cheaper.

It should be made just like an ordinary fowl-house, with wooden floor, perches, and nest-boxes, but of course on a very much smaller scale. If you intend keeping your birds shut up, a fair-sized wire run, at least six feet long by four wide, must be attached to the front of the house, because bantams are very active little birds, and require plenty of room for exercise. These measurements are suitable for one pen of bantams, the pen consisting of a cock and three or four hens.

The house and run must be kept very clean and free from all unpleasant odours. On the floor of the former scatter fresh sand each time you scrape it out, and keep a supply of old cinder-rubbish in the run, as the birds delight in dust-baths. A handful or two of crushed flint or oyster-shells (which a fishmonger will sometimes give you for nothing, or at any rate for a very small sum) thrown into the run twice a week will prevent the hens laying eggs with soft shells, which is otherwise a frequent and annoying occurrence; and, of course, never forget to give clean, fresh water every day. A lump of chalk is also good.

Bantams lay small but richly-flavoured eggs, and, if kept well fed and tended, they lay very regularly. The hens make good mothers, but should not be allowed to sit until late in May or June, as the chickens when young are delicate, and cannot stand much cold or wet. You will know when the hens want to sit by their refusing to leave the nests and constantly making a clucking sound when disturbed. When the hen shows these signs, and you wish her to sit, put her in a coop by herself on a nest of soft straw, leave her to settle down for a day, and then in the evening either lift her off the nest or slip the batch of eggs under her one by one. Seven eggs, we always found, were enough for one hen to sit on at a time, and care must be taken to see that she comes off her nest every day, for about ten minutes, for food, exercise, and dust-bath.

When the chickens appear, feed them liberally on chopped egg and bread-crumbs, and after the third day add a very little meat, finely minced to their diet.

I. E. N.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—A Map Mystery.

FIND the mount which for ever is taking its ease,
And the islands which never grow wise,
The cape which the huntsman's delighted to hear,
And the toffee-town Uncle Sam buys.

Find the island you eat in the form of a cake,
The islands that know how to sing,
The islands you take on a picnicking trip,
And the stream that's a 'dear little thing.'

Find the name of the lake which is very 'stuck-up,'
And the town which will soon make you sneeze,
The island that's always right up in the clouds,
And the stream that's a fruit, if you please.

(Answer on page 178.)

B. O.

Answer to Logogram on Page 107.

7.—Lemon. Mole. Lone. One. No. On. Melon.

THE ANGLER FISH.

'DO not call anything God has made ugly,' writes some one, and this is a true remark, for in creatures that seem ugly to us we may generally discover something beautiful, or at least curious. This is the fact with the angler or fishing frog, which is found in the mud along our coasts, and is remarkable for his 'catching' ways. His appetite is remarkably good, as many of the smaller fishes know to their cost, though he will also manage to seize victims nearly his own size. Ugly he looks, it must be acknowledged, while lurking amid the mud or slime, partly concealed, with his large head, rather like a thick pancake, and his enormous mouth, which he can keep open widely without being tired, since its muscles are strong. This mouth is often a foot across, and occasionally twice as big. It is provided with an array of formidable teeth, some of them being attached to the jaw by a sort of spring-trap joint. The pectoral fins are very broad and thick. The best thing in its appearance is the eye; the pair are large, bright, placed near each other, yet capable of being moved separately.

The fish's curious peculiarity is the apparatus which serves as a bait to attract prey. This consists of several long filaments or stalks, which have silvery tips, and are said after dark to shine with a phosphorescent light. These act as a bait, attracting fish which may happen to be passing near, when they fall victims to the capacious mouth of the angler. He knows the use of these 'rods,' waving them about very cleverly. Skates, mullets, widgeons, plaice are frequent victims. The angler is from three to four feet long.

J. R. S. C.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 140.)

CHAPTER IX.

IT was the day of the great school match with Tedford. The game had been looked forward to with the keenest interest. Dunbury and Tedford Schools were very old rivals. And it was a sad fact that of late years Tedford had had all the best of the rivalry. Of the last five meetings, Tedford had won four. Somehow Tedford always contrived to produce a team above the average. Their men were always exceedingly well drilled to the game. You never saw a Tedford team fail to 'last' every minute of a match. Oh, yes, Tedford were most worthy rivals. But they were going to have a check this time! Every Lower School boy at Dunbury was quite certain of that. Dunbury was playing at home, and Dunbury had something like a team this year!

More experienced people were not quite so confident. Melton, for example, had his doubts. This was Melton's third year in the school team, and he knew only too well what sort of foes Tedford were. He had grim memories of the match two years ago. Dunbury were playing at home, and really meant business. They had had their best three-quarter line of recent years. The right centre and the bright particular star of the team was Carthew, who afterwards got his Blue at Oxford in his first term and his International cap for England. Carthew had scored numberless tries for

Dunbury, and the school had come to believe that defeat was out of the question when he was playing. Well, he played against Tedford, but ——! It was a sad game for Melton to remember. Dunbury had gone off with a great rush in the beginning, and were ten points up at half-time, thanks to two brilliant tries by Carthew right behind the posts. Dunbury counted the game as good as won. But the Tedford team had other views. They were not in the least dismayed. They had settled down to a grim uphill game. Their forwards began to master the Dunbury pack. They outstayed them; finally they had them beaten and demoralised. Then the Tedford backs, working like a machine, had got to work. Tedford had won on the stroke of time by two goals and a try to two goals. Melton was not likely to forget that defeat. No fear of his being too confident to-day.

He had a chat with Berthold in his study before lunch. 'How do you feel, old man?' he began.

Berthold smiled lazily. For the last few days, since his talk with Billy, he had been more like his old self. And no bad news had come from home for some little while.

'I'm all right,' he said. 'Feel rather like playing, for once. We're going to win, aren't we?'

'I hope so,' Melton answered. 'But we shall have to go all out every inch of the way! If you once slack off against Tedford, you're done!'

'I know,' Berthold agreed. 'I've never played against them, of course, but I know they're always a good lot. I'm rather keen to see what they're like.'

'You'll have your hands full,' Melton said quietly. 'One of their halves, Jameson, their skipper, is a bit of a wonder.'

Berthold smiled again. 'So I've heard. But you needn't do your best to spoil my nerve!'

'Your nerve! You haven't got any, I believe. If I thought you had, you may be sure I wouldn't have risked making you jumpy!'

'Perhaps I'm more jumpy than you think,' Berthold drawled. 'Appearances are often deceptive. A pity Stevens can't play, isn't it?' Stevens would have been played at full-back, but most unluckily he had sprained his ankle in a practice game.

Melton nodded. 'Yes, a great pity, but it can't be helped. I don't think young Winter will let us down. If he does, it won't be for want of pluck.'

'No, he would tackle a house,' Berthold agreed heartily. 'And he would go down all right to a herd of elephants dribbling! But — well, you know yourself how Stevens nurses the forwards.'

'Yes, his kicking is splendid. And that is Winter's weak point. But I think he will do. And every one else is as fit as they make 'em.'

Melton went away, banging the door briskly behind him, and Berthold, left alone, wished fervently that he was really as free from nerves as people fancied! He could look cool enough, he had that gift; his face seldom showed his thoughts; but inwardly he knew only too well what nervousness meant. Few imaginative people are really free from nerves. And Berthold was genuinely anxious to do well to-day. It was his first Big School match, he had not yet received his colours, and he was boy enough to be keen to play his best before all the school. Billy would be disappointed if he let the side down, and so would Kortright and Vickers. Well, at least it was something to be able to forget everything for a time save the game before him.

All that Saturday morning the excitement through the Lower School was almost painful. The Upper and Middle Schools were probably almost as keen, but they owed it to themselves to conceal their feelings in some degree. But the Lower School laid bare their hearts like the simple savages they were. Work that day was a thing entirely outside their ken. Even more so than usual. It seemed an insult to expect them to work. Most of them were discussing in under-tones such burning questions as whether Melton was wise to play young Winter instead of Duncan at full-back. Every one held the strongest views, one way or the other. And then, just as you were really interested in the argument, almost to the point of using your fists to enforce your views, some silly master would drop on to you with some senseless question concerning the 'Oratio Obliqua!' And he would expect you to show interest in the matter! The Lower School were sorry for such masters.

Billy had a worse time than usual with the Second Form. Gerald and Danvers, for instance, answered all questions entirely at random. Gerald, when asked for the genitive of mensa, answered 'Winter,' and could hardly be compelled to realise his own blunder. He and Danvers, seated side by side, conversed unceasingly in hissing whispers. When they were penalised and separated, they corresponded for a time by means of scribbled notes, until firmly dropped upon. But as a matter of fact all absent-minded offenders in the Second Form were let off that day with surprising mildness. They would never have guessed it, but Billy was almost as excited as his pupils.

Gerald and Danvers were in the crowd that waited at the lodge to welcome the brake with the Tedford team. It gave them a thrill to see Melton shake hands with Jameson, the Tedford skipper.

'They know each other well, of course,' Danvers whispered. 'Good old Melton! This is his third game against them!'

'Jameson's a half-back,' Gerald said with authority, although he himself had only just learned that item of news. 'Berthold will be up against him!'

'And I'd back Berthold!' Danvers said loyally.

Gerald glared quite jealously at his friend. 'So would I, of course! I don't believe there's a half-back in England to touch Berthold!'

Danvers felt that this was going a shade too far even for his loyalty, but he would not have admitted the fact for a moment. He proceeded to cap the vaunt. 'If they were choosing a team from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, Berthold ought to be chosen!' he said, gorgeously.

Gerald looked at him enviously. He wished he had said that himself.

The Tedford team had split up by now, and were making for the dormitories, each accompanied by one of the Dunbury Fifteen carrying his bag.

'They look a big lot, don't they?' Gerald said.

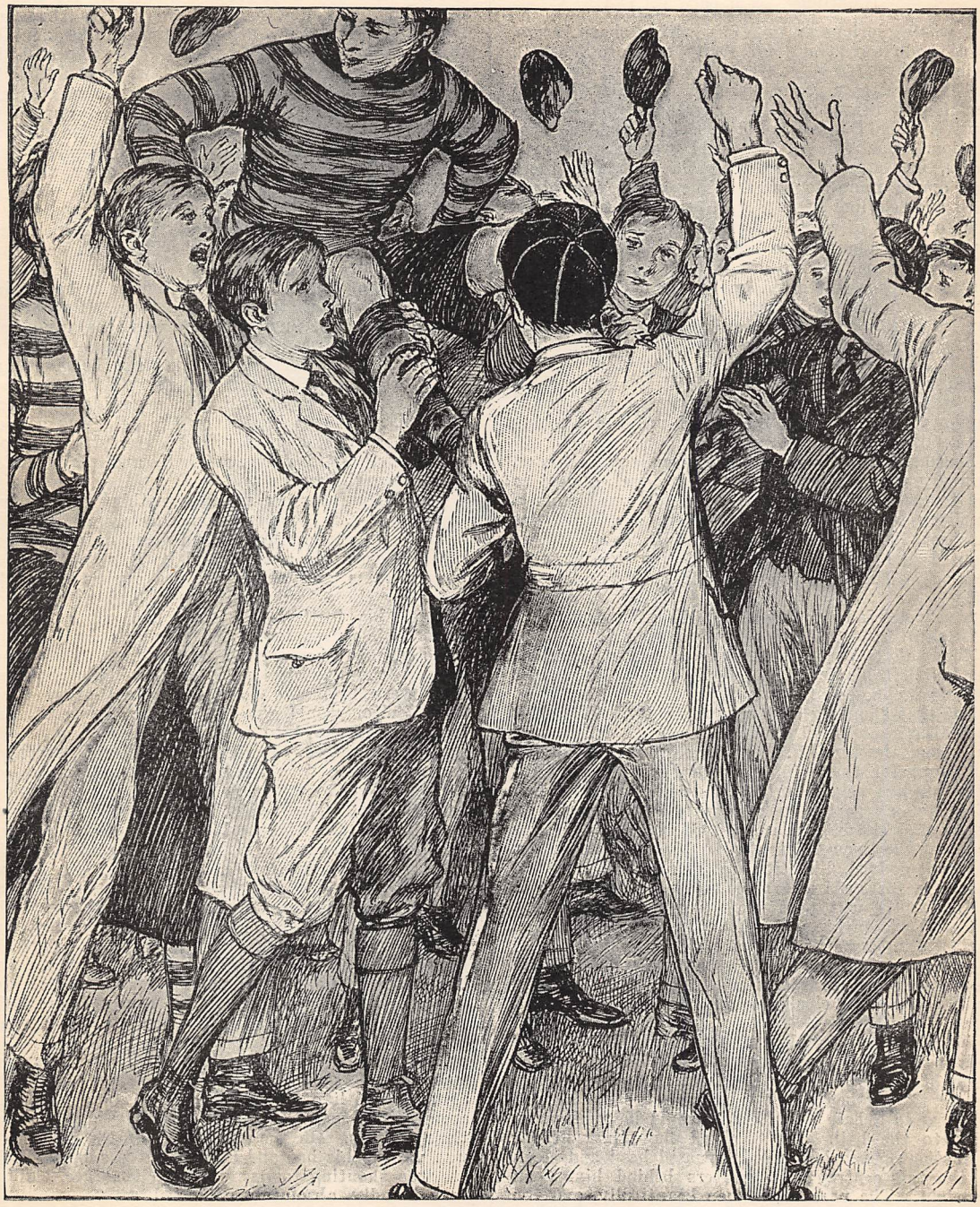
'Not so bad!' Danvers answered patronisingly. 'There's not one of them so big as old Melton!'

'Wait till you see them changed!'

'Well, we shall pretty soon. They're going to change now. I vote we get along and bag good places!'

(Continued on page 154.)

"It gave them a thrill to see Melton shake hands with the Tedford skipper."



"A shouting crowd carried Melton on their shoulders."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 151.)

IT was a glorious autumn day with a sharp breeze, a shade too strong for really accurate football. Yellow leaves from the gaunt elms were swirling across the terrace ground. In spite of the wind the turf looked heavy, and its appearance was not deceptive. The Dunbury mud has a far-reaching reputation. One side of the field was reserved for ladies, masters, and prefects. On that side there was ample room to spare. The other was black with a thick line of boys. So was the terrace behind one set of posts. A kind of loud, persistent murmur ran along those lines even before the game began. When the Tedford team appeared on the terrace steps and trotted on to the field, tossing a new yellow ball from hand to hand, that murmur swelled into a welcoming, sportsmanlike roar. They looked a very workmanlike, level lot indeed. The school acknowledged that ungrudgingly, if with a touch of anxiety; and that anxiety made them really let themselves go when Melton led on the Dunbury team. You could have heard the crashing din a mile away.

Melton had lost the toss, it was seen at once. Dunbury were defending the terrace goal, almost in the teeth of that smart breeze. This was rather a handicap to start with, but — every one hoped for the best. There was a very tense silence as Melton planted the ball upon the half-way line for the kick-off, with his forwards in a cluster upon his left.

'Are you ready?' Melton called to Jameson.

'Righto!' the Tedford skipper answered.

The whistle shrilled. Melton kicked off, and as the ball left his foot the long line broke into their roar of 'Schoo-ool, Schoo-ool!'

But that shouting died very promptly. The start was disastrous for Dunbury. Jameson caught the ball from the kick-off. The school expected to see him punt for touch in the orthodox manner. But Jameson was seldom orthodox — it was that which lifted him above the ruck of schoolboy players. As he grabbed the ball he started to run, with his colleagues, who knew his tricks, backing him up deftly. Jameson dodged, like the cool veteran he was, the Dunbury forwards charging hotly down from the kick-off. He was past them and running swiftly, but well within himself. A clever swerve took him past a Dunbury three-quarter. The school behind the ropes gasped involuntarily as one man. Things were beginning to look awkward. Ah! Berthold and Hinton were closing upon Jameson. They had him to a certainty. And to a certainty, Jameson would have been tackled, if he had lost his head or had been playing for his own hand. But that was never Jameson's way. He knew his own three-quarters were backing him up closely; he seemed to know to a hair how long it would be prudent to stick to the ball. As Berthold flung himself for a smothering tackle, Jameson passed hard and clean to the tall centre three-quarters behind him upon his right. The pass was taken beautifully, and the school gasped again. Now there was only Winter between that three-quarter and the goal line, and — there was that three-quarter's wing-man in close attendance upon him. Could Winter rise to the occasion? By Jove, he was being tried pretty high, so early in his first school game! Young Winter did all that any man could have done. He was in his right place, and he made his tackle hard and low at the right moment. But the best back in the world cannot stop two men. As Winter grassed the centre, the ball reached the cool wing-man's hands. He was a sprinter, and it was horrible to see him get into his stride. No chance for even Simpson to catch him, not the least in the world! He touched down the ball behind the posts, and Dunbury recollected that they were sportsmen, after all, and contrived to cheer heartily as pretty a piece of daring work in attack as any of them would ever see. Jameson made no mistake with the kick, and Dunbury was five points to the bad with only two minutes gone.

The school looked eagerly at Melton as he carried the ball to the centre line once more. He did not seem in the least flustered. He was speaking cheerily to his forwards. He kicked off again — a shorter kick this time. That trick must not be given another chance, until his men had settled down. A first score is a great pull, but a good skipper can neutralise it; and Melton on the field was a good skipper, cool and plucky and cheerful. His forwards were hard upon the ball, and play settled down somewhere near mid-field.

For a long twenty minutes nothing of moment happened. The Dunbury forwards were playing a hard, tough game. Melton had given orders to keep the ball close for a time, and he was well obeyed. Long scrums and short forward rushes were the order for those twenty minutes. And then Melton changed his tactics. His men had got over that demoralising first try. His forwards had worked the ball into the Tedford twenty-five. They were shoving the opposing pack, and, what was more, they were beginning to get the ball every time. Well, Melton would give his backs a chance at last. He gave the word to heel, and the ball came out cleanly. Lashford, the Dunbury scrum-half, snapped it up smartly; with the same movement he passed to Berthold like a flash. Berthold saw his chance and took it. The Tedford defence seemed concentrated upon the right. It was the obvious thing for him to pass to the right; he did nothing of the sort; he ran himself at an angle to the left, relying upon his swerve, and it took him through. He was past a three-quarter, twisting like a corkscrew — he had the good knack of being able to swerve at full speed. The full-back made for him. Berthold feinted to pass to the right, but the ball never left his hands. The back hesitated for one fatal moment. Berthold was past him — Berthold was clear away — Berthold was under the bar and had touched down!

You should have heard the school yell! Danvers was almost black in the face. As for Gerald, he actually felt like crying — he never knew why. All around him men were apparently trying to crack their throats. On the other side of the field Billy was waving his hat and shouting like a boy. Vickers was shouting too, very red in the face, smiling very broadly, absolutely delighted.

On the field Melton was clapping Berthold on the back. 'You old wonder!' he said. 'By Jove, I knew you'd come off!'

Berthold looked a little confused for once. 'Beastly cheek of me to go on my own like that,'

he said. 'Afraid it looked horribly selfish. But they did expect me to pass.'

'It was the right game,' Melton said heartily. 'After this, they'll expect you to be selfish.'

'Only hope they do,' Berthold answered.

Lashwood had brought out the ball, and Hinton kicked an easy goal. The scores were level.

Nothing more had been scored by half-time. The teams sucked lemons, watched feverishly by all Dunbury. Somehow no one cared to prophesy about the result. It seemed terribly open.

That second half was just such a fierce, gruelling fight as only two school teams, well matched and trained to a hair, can put up. It resolved itself largely into a long-drawn battle between the forwards — and a fight between forwards is better to play in than to watch or describe. There were no more brilliant runs. It was scrum, scrum, scrum, varied by desperate rushes and hard work out of touch. The backs played their part, of course, in stern defence. As any back will tell you, it is no child's play pulling up determined forwards. Once or twice Simpson's great pace was invaluable in defence; and about a quarter of an hour before the end Tedford forwards screwed a scrum cleverly, and were away with a heavy, irresistible rush. It carried them through, despite the plucky efforts of the half-backs and three-quarters. Only young Winter was left, and until then he had not exactly covered himself with glory. He had been a shade unsteady; the ball had broken awkwardly for him — there is a lot of luck in footer. Now he had his great chance, and he rose to it. It took a good man to stop that rush of heavy, desperate forwards close upon the line. Winter went down to the ball like a hero. You could hear the thud of boots as that rush broke over him and the ball. But the rush was checked. The Dunbury backs and forwards had been given time to fall back to the rescue. A scrum was formed, and the home forwards took the risk of heeling. The school howled for joy as Lashwood found touch well up the field with a long raking punt. That danger was averted, and it was young Winter, badly winded and knocked about, but very happy, who had saved the situation.

Three minutes to go, and the scores still level! Something must be done quickly, if it is to be done at all. Melton's voice comes gruffly, calling upon his forwards for one last effort. He has the knack of lifting tired men. The ball is thrown out of touch. Melton catches it, grounds it deftly, and is away dribbling swiftly before he can be checked. His forwards are with him, hot for blood. The Tedford defence gathers desperately. This rush must be pulled up. Melton trips over the ball, and goes down, but another forward takes his place. Only the full-back now to pass! He slips in the heavy mud, as he makes his effort; the ball is hacked through his hands — by Jove, they are on the line! The school is roaring. A forward has flung himself headlong upon the ball. Who is it? Bellairs or Raeburn? What does it matter? It's a try — the winning try!

Hinton failed with the kick, and a moment later the whistle went for 'no side.' As it rang out the school broke through the ropes, and a struggling, swaying, shouting crowd carried Melton upon their shoulders to the terrace.

(Continued on page 166.)

LITTLE TASKS AND DEEDS OF LOVE.

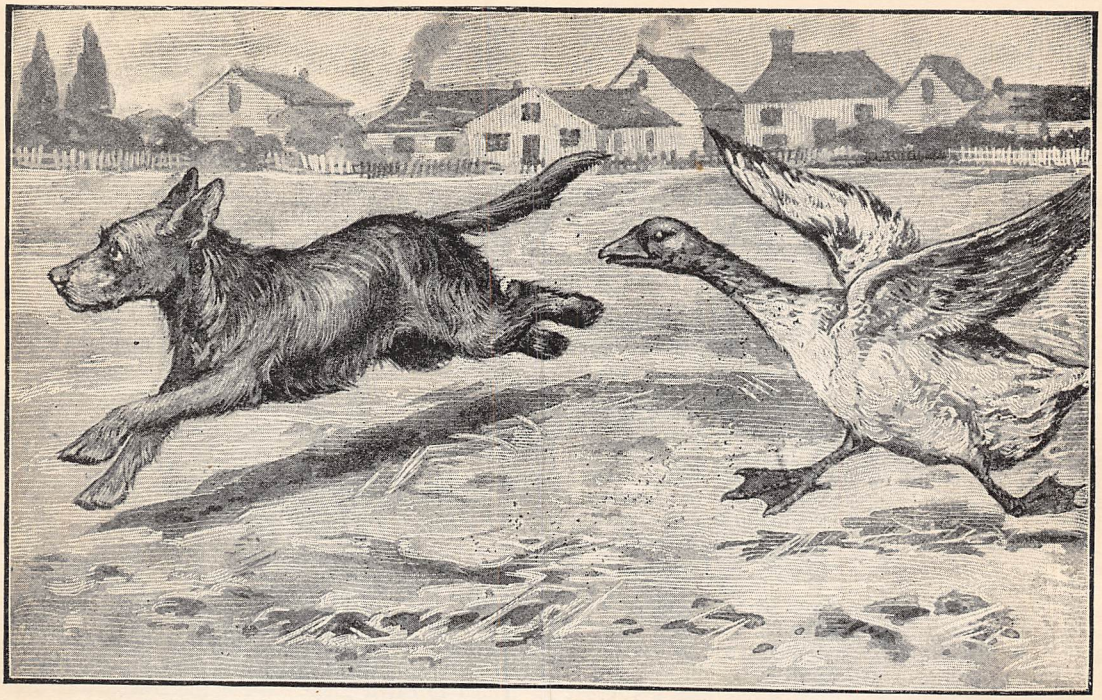
HOW many tiny journeys,
And flights from tree to tree,
The busy little bird must make
Before its nest can be!
Yet bit by bit 'tis fashioned,
All cosy, snug, and warm,
To guard it from the raging wind
And shield it from the storm.
Each day with patient labour,
Twig, straw, and stuff are wove,
Till that which was a task at first
Becomes a deed of love.

So with the little duties
That are the children's share
Of labour in this busy world —
The things that need your care:
If in a loving spirit,
And with a patient will,
You set about your daily work
And your small tasks fulfil,
Then you shall find with gladness,
If love your spirit move,
That which at first appeared a task
Is now a deed of love.

ANIMAL ALLIES.

A GENTLEMAN living in the county of Stirling kept a greyhound and a pointer; the pointer was accustomed to find hares for him, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing hares for their own amusement. The owner of the dogs, however, attempted to stop this by fastening a large iron ring to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, which hung down so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over the dykes. The animals, however, continued to stroll out to the fields together, and one day, the gentleman, suspecting that all was not right, resolved to watch them, and to his surprise found that as soon as the animals thought that they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and, carrying it, set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, however, and it was observed that whenever the pointer scented a hare the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor 'puss' the moment the other drove her from her form; but he always returned to help his companion after he had caught his prey.

Sometimes a very little incident will make two animals friends for life. A dog, kept by a Herefordshire farmer, was known to save a Canadian goose from the clutches of a cunning fox, and ever after the goose attached itself to the dog in a most affectionate manner. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this he would not allow. The goose would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force, and when in the morning they were turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard, but sit there the whole day near the dog. At length orders were given that she should no longer be molested, and being thus left in each other's company, the dog and the goose



"She would follow him all over the parish."

would run about the yard together all night. They even went out into the village together, the goose endeavouring to keep up with the dog with the assistance of her wings, and, by running and flying, she would follow him all over the parish. When the dog was ill some months later, the goose never quitted him, day or night, not even to feed, and she would undoubtedly have been starved to death had not a pan of corn been set every day close to the kennel. The end of the bird, however, was somewhat tragic, for after the dog's death, she would still keep possession of the kennel. A new house-dog was introduced later, which in size and colour closely resembled that lately lost, and the poor goose was sadly deceived, for when she went into the kennel one day as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

I. — THE NILE.

THE Nile is the oldest of all rivers known to mankind, and it was a subject of great curiosity to the ancients. Little was known in early times concerning the dark continent of Africa, but many strange stories, part imagination, part guesswork, were told of the Nile, and some of them were curiously near the truth.

The Mountains of the Moon, in the unexplored African deserts, were said to be of fabulous height and covered with deep snows, which, melting, rolled down in streams to the lower levels, and joining, flowed into the great lakes which were vaguely supposed to exist somewhere beyond the bases of the mountains.

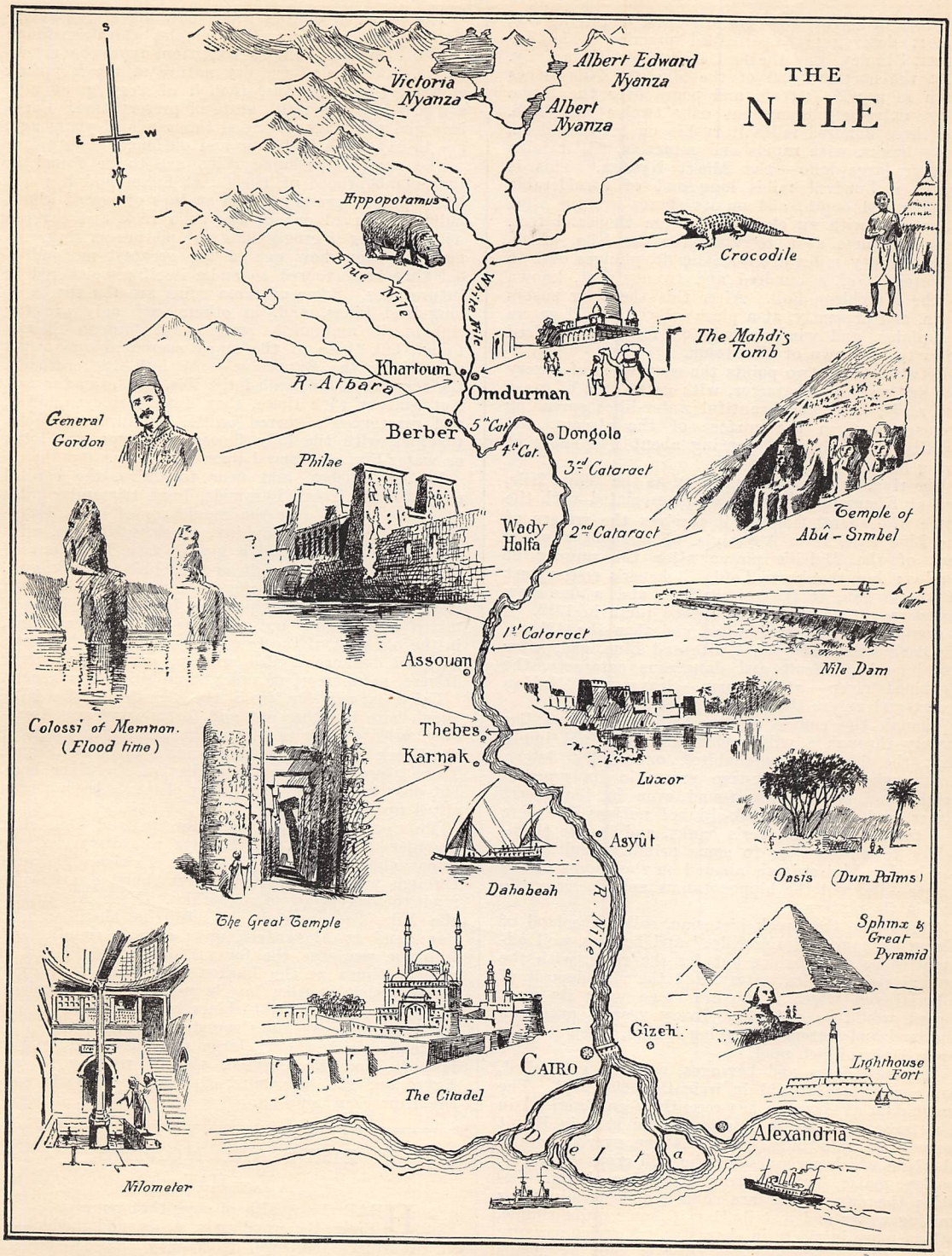
The Emperor Nero sent two expeditions into Africa to try to find out the sources of the Nile; but they did not learn much, and nothing was really definitely known until in 1770 the famous traveller, Bruce, made some further investigations.

It was not until the nineteenth century that Captain Speke, Sir Richard Burton, Sir Samuel Baker, and other explorers, saw for themselves the immense lake to which the name Victoria Nyanza has been given, and from which the waters of the Nile really issue.

The word Nyanza means a lake, and the name Victoria was chosen in honour of the British Queen. It is an enormous expanse of water, nearly as large as the whole of Ireland. The water is fresh and good and of a very light colour, nearly white in some parts. Many islands exist, and some of them, being clothed in luxuriant tropical trees and plants, have a very beautiful appearance. For this lake and the one of which we shall speak later — the Albert Nyanza — are situated exactly upon the equator, and the climate and vegetation are, of course, those of the tropics.

The ancients had many tales of the Pigmies who were said to inhabit this part of the world. They described these little men and women as being very small indeed, and as frequently doing battle with the cranes, long-legged birds who disputed with them the possession of the land.

Much of this was mere fable, but as a matter of fact the natives who live beyond the shores of the Victoria Nyanza are very short in stature, under



THE NILE AND ITS STORY.

five feet in height, and of a low order of intelligence, almost deserving to be called pigmies. The explorer, Stanley, was the first to describe them fully.

At the northern end of the lake the Nile issues forth in a wide stream and pours over the Ripon Falls, extremely broad but only twelve feet high. For three hundred miles it rushes on between deep, rocky banks, with rapids and cataracts, till it joins another large lake — the Albert Nyanza. This is nearly a hundred miles long and of considerable breadth and depth, and on its shores are the Blue Mountains with an elevation of ten thousand feet. This lake acts as a reservoir for the Nile, which, about twenty miles after leaving it, plunges over in a waterfall of a hundred and twenty feet, known as the Murchison Fall. After this the river sobers down, and presently, at a place called Lado, it enters the plains, and winds slowly on for nine hundred miles to the town of Khartoum.

Between these two points the country is of a very low and swampy character, with great beds of grass and reeds, large and beautiful water-lilies spreading themselves upon the surface of the stream, and multitudes of fireflies glancing about like spots of living light.

The river in this part is known as the White Nile, and at Khartoum, now for ever associated with the name of General Gordon, it receives the waters of the Blue Nile, from Abyssinia. Khartoum was the seat of the Mahdi's power after the murder of Gordon; but thanks to Lord Kitchener's re-conquest of the Sudan, it is now British, and a fine new Christian cathedral will be opened there in 1912.

Another two hundred miles, and then the Atbara, or Black Nile, joins the White and Blue, and, after forming six difficult and dangerous cataracts, the combined river — at Assouan — leaves the Nubian desert and enters the historic land of Egypt.

Though the course of the Nile to Assouan lies mainly through a wild region, this does not imply that the land is uninhabited or wholly desert. Oases, where the palm-tree grows in its graceful height and beauty, are found even in the desert places, and tribes of dark-skinned natives live here and there upon the river's banks, and devote themselves to hunting, or to some primitive culture of the land. Wild animals abound on the shores of the Upper Nile, and the hippopotamus and the crocodile live in the waters.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, called the land of Egypt 'the gift of the Nile:' and he was well advised in so doing, since but for the river, with the annual rising of its waters, and the rich deposit of alluvial soil which it washes down upon its way, Egypt would be a desert. Every year it overflows the land and waters it, leaving behind, when it dries up, a layer of rich mud.

Immense dams and barrages, as they are called, are constructed to aid in irrigating the land. The great dam at Assouan has recently been described in Chatterbox. It must be remembered that in Egypt very little rain falls, and it is the overflowing of the Nile which accounts for the rich crops of wheat, barley, maize, lentils, clover, and other plants. Besides the dams there are canals, and machines for raising water and distributing it, some quite simple, others more intricate in character. A strict measure of the rise and fall of the river is kept by means of a gauge called the Nilometer.

The principal objects which now arrest the attention of the traveller are the temples which are found in more or less ruinous condition upon the river's banks. Because of the dry nature of the Egyptian climate, these remains, though of very great age, are still in a wonderful state of preservation. Carvings and paintings, executed thousands of years ago, are to-day fresh in colour and outline.

The most remarkable ruins are to be found in the neighbourhood of Thebes, at Luxor and Karnak. Lofty pillars, grand colossal statues of seated kings, buildings carved out of the solid rock and covered with curious hieroglyphics or picture-writing, remain to show how one of the greatest nations of old time endeavoured to make itself remembered in future ages. Some of these ruins are the tombs of long-dead kings, and, in others, not only are the embalmed, mummied remains of human beings found, but those of the many sacred animals worshipped by the Egyptians — the bull, the crocodile, the serpent, a bird called the ibis, and even the cat. Not content with these, they descended even lower, and reverenced a sacred beetle. Pictures of these, together with the holy flower of Egypt, the lotus or water-lily, are carved upon the walls.

Beyond Thebes, and near to Cairo, the capital city, are the great Pyramids, huge triangular piles of stone, placed over the sepulchres of early Egyptian kings; and the Sphinx, a colossal image, with the body of a lion and a human face, hewn out of the solid rock: the origin of the Sphinx is unknown.

Cairo is the largest city in Egypt; in the main it is now filled with European buildings and has a mixed population; but there are still to be found, in the old part of the town, narrow unpaved streets, crowded bazaars, veiled women, camels and their drivers, palm-trees, mosques, temples, and minarets.

Cairo is not far from the mouth of the Nile, which here branches out and forms what was formerly called the Delta (from the triangular shape of the Greek D), but it is now known as Lower Egypt. There were once seven branches of the river here, but only two remain, the other channels having been silted up with sand.

Two considerable towns, Rosetta and Damietta, are upon the Delta. At Rosetta was discovered the remarkable stone (now in the British Museum) through which learned men first found out how to read the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Near Alexandria the Nile discharges itself into the Mediterranean Sea; and at Alexandria, upon a mole running out into the sea, was the famous lighthouse known in ancient times as the Pharos. This has long since perished, but another has been erected in its place, and the revolving light shines out upon the waters for nearly twenty miles round.

Alexandria is a very large and busy port, and it is here that the English visitor, wishing to see Egypt and the Nile, must disembark after his voyage from Southampton.

C. J. Blake.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

V. — MAY.

HEAR the wealth of song that pours
From the woodlands, fields, and moors —
Warblers, buntings, finches gay
Welcoming the month of May.

But alone, apart from all,
Hear the cuckoo's haunting call;
How we listen for the sound
Every year as Spring comes round!

Very dear to us is he,
Calling to us o'er the lea —
'Cuckoo, cuckoo! I am here!
Cuckoo, cockoo!' loud and clear.

HOW THE DOCTOR KEPT HIS WORD.

'BEFORE we separate, there is one other matter I wish to mention.'

The Doctor was speaking at the close of morning prayers one Wednesday morning. It was the mid-week half-holiday, and the boys were looking forward eagerly to the end of the morning, to be free to play cricket, or go fishing, or indulge in any other of the many activities which boys out of school delight in.

'Just one matter about which I want to utter a warning,' continued the Doctor. 'It has been brought to my notice that on several Wednesdays lately some members of this school have been seen in the village of Gretton. Now, as you all know quite well, Gretton is out of bounds.'

The boys looked round at one another to see if anybody's face proclaimed him to be an offender.

'I am not going to say at this moment whether I have any knowledge of the boys who have broken the school regulations in this way. I merely wish to warn you that the next time my attention is drawn to any such case, I shall find it my duty to cane the boy in front of the whole school. In addition, I shall be compelled to address a complaint to his father.'

The boys knew that when Dr. Milne uttered a warning of this sort he was in earnest about it, and it would go hard with the boy who was next discovered in the neighbourhood of Gretton.

On the way from prayers to their morning studies a group of elder boys began discussing the Doctor's announcement.

'Who cares for what the Doctor says about thrashing?' began Harry Clifford, a boy of about fifteen. 'I have been to Gretton every Wednesday for the last six weeks, and I certainly don't mean to stop going now. It has the only decent swimming-pond for miles and miles around.'

Clifford's spirit of open rebellion amazed his companions, though they had all been in the habit of going to Gretton for the same purpose, a delightful swim on a sunny Wednesday afternoon being considered a sufficient prize for the risk they ran in breaking bounds. But the Doctor's warning had been so stern that not one of the boys ventured to join Clifford in his outspoken defiance.

'It's all very well for you, Clifford,' said Page, a boy of about the same age and build. 'Your father would only laugh if he got a letter from the Doctor, but mine would think it a fearful disgrace. He would be bound to stop my pocket-money for a term, and perhaps he would send me to another school altogether.'

Every boy in the school, therefore, except Harry Clifford determined that for this Wednesday, at any rate, and perhaps for the next few weeks, he would carefully avoid the neighbourhood of Gretton.

As soon as the midday meal was over the boys separated in groups to the various pursuits they had planned for the afternoon.

Clifford, not without some feeling of pleasure, mingled with a firm resolve not to be discovered in the forbidden place, set out by himself for the swimming-pond at Gretton. It was a glorious afternoon, and when he had had an enjoyable bathe he dressed himself, and began to stroll along the dusty lane (not the high road, of course) which led back to school. Suddenly he heard a sound of screaming behind him. He looked back, wondering what might be the cause of the noise, and he saw a pony and trap coming towards him at a furious pace. In the trap was a young girl, obviously in great terror, striving her utmost to gain control over the pony, which was galloping along the road.

Clifford had scarcely time to notice that the girl was Winifred Milne, the Doctor's only daughter, before he resolved what he should do. He knew that a little further along the lane was a narrow turning which was always a difficult place to negotiate, and in an instant he had made up his mind. Waiting until the pony was almost up to him, he began to run alongside, and succeeded in clutching the bridle and dragging heavily with his weight on the bit. After a strenuous struggle for a few yards, he found himself able to stop the pony, and then he began to calm the terrified girl in the trap.

'Oh, thank you so much,' she said. She was about thirteen years of age and was well known to every boy at Doctor Milne's school. The Doctor idolised her, and invariably relaxed his usual severity of manner when in her company.

'You have saved my life. I will tell my father how brave you have been. Why,' she exclaimed, looking at his cap, 'surely you go to my father's school?'

'I was afraid you would spot it,' admitted Clifford unwillingly, 'and I suppose you know I have no right to be here.'

'No, I didn't know that,' said Winifred. 'Will you tell me your name, please?'

'If I do, will you promise not to tell the Doctor?'

'All right,' rejoined the girl with a smile, 'I won't mention any names.'

'Well, then, it's Harry Clifford. And now I'd better drive you back to somewhere near the school, else they'll be wondering what has become of you.'

They drove back in silence, both being too much occupied in thought to have any desire for conversation.

A few hundred yards from the Doctor's house Clifford alighted, saying to his companion, 'I think I had better get down now in case any one sees me. You will be able to manage the pony now.'

Reminding the girl of her promise, he bade her good-night, and made his way back, by a route known only to himself and one or two of the other boys, to the school grounds, and at length reached his bedroom. He said nothing to the other fellows about what had happened, and although they plied him with questions as to the state of the pond at Gretton and various other matters in which they were interested, he was strangely quiet about his expedition, and would not be 'drawn' even by his particular chums.

(Concluded on page 163.)

"He succeeded in clutching the bridle."

"The Head Cook abused that unfortunate scullion."

THE KING AND THE FLY.

A Fable.

THE King sat in his great carved chair at dinner, and a little green fly walked on the end of his nose. Next it settled on the crown of his head, which was bald, for the King was old, and when he brushed it impatiently away it crawled on the back of his hand.

'Catch this fly!' cried the King, losing patience.

So the Lord Chamberlain grabbed here and grabbed there, but the fly always escaped him, and the King became more and more enraged. Then the Cup-bearer tried, then the little royal page, next the Holder of the King's Napkin, and finally all the courtiers who sat at dinner with the King, but without success. At length the fly rested for a moment on the arm of the great carved chair, whereupon the King brought down his hand with such violence, that if the fly had not flown away out of the window just in time there would have been an end of him for ever! Unluckily the King's hand smote the wood so hard that it caused him severe pain, and at this, having suffered the greatest vexation from the fly, he completely lost his temper.

It was certainly unfortunate that on this day of all others the soup should have been burnt. It was only slightly burnt, and no doubt in the ordinary way the King, who was usually a good-tempered King, would have pardoned it. At the first spoonful, however, he pushed away his plate in horror, crying, 'Burnt!' so fiercely that the courtiers shook with fear.

'Call the cook!' said the King with a frown, and when the Head Cook entered the banquet chamber, pale and trembling, the King scolded him for burning the soup, until the poor man knew not where to look and wished he had never been born.

Now the cook was a good cook; he had served the King for fifteen years, and the soup had never been burnt before, so that his pride was deeply wounded, and he left the banquet chamber in a mood to deal with the first person who came in his way as the King had dealt with him.

Unluckily, at the very moment when he entered the kitchen, the Chief of the Royal Scullions stumbled and fell, so that the pie-dish in his hands was broken to pieces. Then the Head Cook, although usually a mild-mannered man, abused that unfortunate scullion as scullion was never abused before or since. The under-cooks stopped cooking with their rolling pins in their hands, listening open-mouthed in dismay. The Royal kitchenmaids turned pale and trembled with fear, until at length the Head Cook, who was rather stout, was obliged to stop from lack of breath.

Now the King's Head Gardener lived in a cottage in the palace grounds with his wife, his daughter, and his little boy. This daughter was very fond of the Chief Scullion, and the Chief Scullion was very fond indeed of her, so that one day they meant to be married and live in a cottage of their own. It was the custom of the gardener's daughter to meet the Scullion at a certain time of the day in the courtyard behind the royal kitchens, where he was generally to be found eagerly awaiting her. But to-day she was obliged to wait for him until she was weary, and when at length he appeared, he looked so melancholy that the gardener's daughter hurried to meet him in alarm.

'What is the matter?' cried she, and very gently she rested a hand on his arm. Then, to her amazement, the Chief Scullion shook her off with a movement of impatience, bidding her, more roughly than she had ever heard him speak before, to mind her own business. It happened that a kitchenmaid was standing near, arm-in-arm with the second of the Royal scullions, and at this they both began to laugh, whereupon the gardener's daughter turned scarlet and walked haughtily away with her head in the air. But in spite of her proud bearing, she had never in her life felt more unhappy.

When the gardener's daughter came near home, her little brother came running towards her with a great nosegay of wild flowers which he had picked for her in the woods. But when he would have given them to her, his sister told him sharply to go away and leave her in peace, pushing him from her so roughly that he fell into a prickly gorse-bush. The little boy picked himself out of the gorse-bush and then he began to cry, for not only had he hurt himself, but his sister had knocked out of his hand all the flowers which he had picked for her, so that he felt very sore and vexed. At that moment his dog poked his wet black nose consolingly into the little boy's hand, but the little boy gave him an ill-natured kick and sent him away howling.

Then the gardener's wife, coming to the cottage door, called him to supper, rebuking him severely for his cruelty. She thought, indeed, that the boy must be ill, for she could not imagine what could be the cause of his ill-temper. But the truth was that the little boy was ill-tempered because of the girl, the girl because of the Chief Scullion, the Chief Scullion because of the Head Cook, the Head Cook because of the King! Just as the gardener and his family sat down to supper a little green fly flew in at the open window, and there, if they had but known it, was the cause of it all!

Joyce Cobb.

AN OLD-STYLE TEACHER.

THERE can be no doubt that Pestalozzi was one of the most remarkable teachers who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, and very singular in appearance, especially towards the end of his life. He would look rather strange if he could be placed next some of the teachers in our schools, and few boys or girls would be able to repress a laugh. But he was a really good man — in fact, too generous, for he gave away more than he could afford to the poor, often helping those who were not quite deserving, rather than miss anybody who was really distressed. Pestalozzi taught much by example as well as by precept.

There is a description of him when he was getting to be an old man. He was rather tall, but his head seemed to sink into his shoulders; his face was very wrinkled, and his hair uncombed. The clothes he wore did not fit him at all, and his stockings hung down upon his shoes. Generally, he walked bareheaded, having one hand thrust into the sleeve of the other, but he was always on the look-out to greet pupils or friends, and he would stop a good while to watch children playing.

The chateau, where his school was carried on for many years, was a large old mansion with four fine towers, on the edge of the Lake of Neuchatel,

near the town of Yverdon, in Switzerland. It had a handsome hall, where all the pupils could be arranged, and many class-rooms. At one time he had quite two hundred pupils, boarders, who came from six different countries, so that when a number of them were talking, the sound of the languages was very perplexing.

One of Pestalozzi's special methods was to encourage his boys to ask questions on any subject they might wish, and another was to avoid all hurrying over the lessons, as he wished them to be fully understood. He was one of the first teachers to introduce drill and gymnastics into the school programme, and his boys went out on marches along the roads, headed by a band formed from themselves. When the weather was fine, he took parties of them out among the hills and valleys, where they would camp out several days.

THE PRIMROSES.

There is a legend that the primrose is the key which has power to open treasure caves.

BY the old and twisted hawthorn-tree, with fingers to our lips,
We children waited for the hour which dawn would surely bring;
Down the larch's stately steeple
Would come the fairy people,
Who held the keys to open wide the treasure caves of spring.

In the grey and mystic dawn we stood and heard their voices near,
The whirring of pale shadowy wings! while in and out the trees
The long procession wended,
And we knew our vigil ended,
For we beheld the fairy folk who bore the golden keys.

They unlocked every cave of spring, the flowers burst in bloom,
Pearl, amethyst and sapphire buds were gleaming far and wide,
But the fairy folk, as greeting,
Flung their keys to us in fleeting,
And lo! a thousand primroses had starred the woodland ride.

THE LOST HALFPENNY.

ONE day an inspector came to a school in Yorkshire, where all the children usually wore clogs. He was annoyed to find that no scholar was wearing clean clogs — none, except a little girl of seven, whose clogs were beautifully polished. The inspector made Emma happy by giving her a penny for being tidy.

Outside the school is a large sweet-shop, very tempting; and almost before the girl knew what had happened, she had exchanged her penny for a halfpenny and something nice.

'Mother,' she said presently, 'the inspector gave me a halfpenny, because my clogs were clean.' Then she skipped and played until bedtime. But on going to bed, Emma felt simply wretched. The more she tried to forget, the more she thought about the penny, and when the mother came upstairs, she found the child sobbing violently.

At last Emma told the exact truth, and when her mother had forgiven her, she fell calmly asleep.

Emma is grown up now; but sometimes she says to her class, 'If you ever say a word not strictly true, don't try to hide your fault, but make a clean breast of it.'

HOW THE DOCTOR KEPT HIS WORD.

(Concluded from page 159.)

ON the following morning, prayers having been gone through without any special remarks from the Doctor, Clifford was satisfied that Winifred Milne had been as good as her word, and he proceeded to forget all about his adventure.

On Friday morning, however, it could be seen from the Doctor's face that an announcement of some importance was to be expected at the close of prayers.

'Before we separate' — he always began his most important statements thus — 'Before we separate, I wish to remind you of a few words I said to you on Wednesday morning. I find that my rule with regard to trespassing beyond bounds has been wilfully disregarded. Now, will the boy who went to Gretton on Wednesday afternoon be good enough to own up?'

There was no resisting the Doctor's invitation. With an ashamed look on his face, Harry Clifford found himself holding up his hand in token of his being the offender.

'Ah!' said the Doctor, gazing at Clifford with a strange look in his eyes. 'Come forward, please, Clifford. When I give an instruction, I expect it to be obeyed. Why did you trespass beyond bounds when you were forbidden to do so?'

Clifford made no answer.

'Well, you remember my warning.' The Doctor opened his desk, and drew from it a long cane. 'Now, sir, hold out your right hand.' Clifford held it out and received a very half-hearted stroke on his palm. 'Now the left hand.' Again Clifford hardly felt the blow the Doctor inflicted. Looking up at the Doctor with a look of wonder, Clifford was amazed to see that his eyes were full of tears.

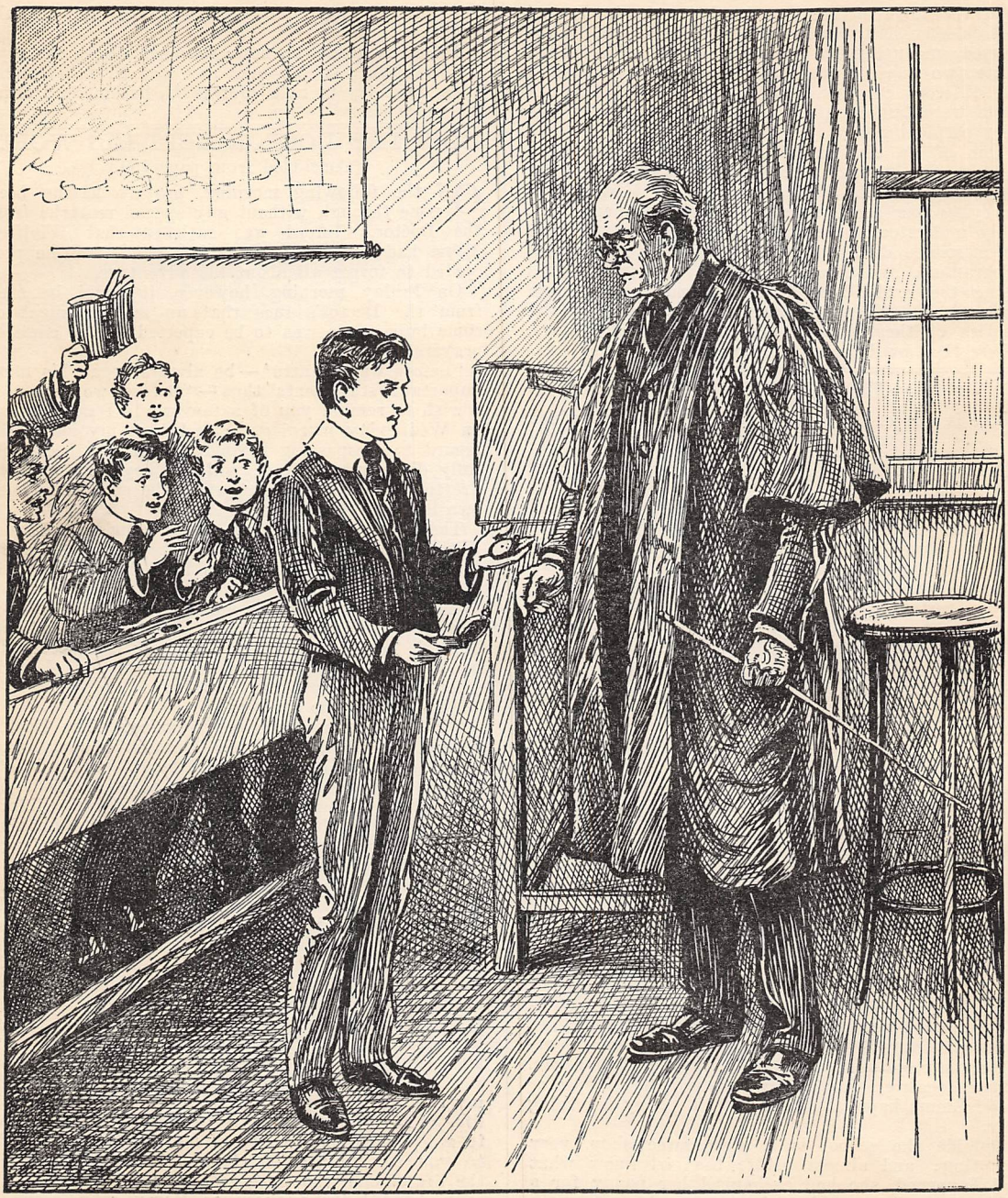
The Doctor replaced the cane in his desk, and proceeded to draw from it a small package. He cleared his throat and resumed: 'My daughter has told me of the bravery shown on the road near Gretton by a boy in the school. I have very little doubt that, had it not been for the presence of mind of that boy, she would not now be alive.'

The Doctor's voice shook as he said these words, but after a very brief pause he went on: 'I did not know until a few moments ago, when you, Clifford, were honourable enough to own to having broken my rule, which boy it was who saved my daughter's life. I have great pleasure, Clifford, in asking you to accept this small token of my heartfelt gratitude to you for your splendid behaviour in preserving the life of one who is very dear to me.'

He handed the package to Harry, who, scarcely knowing what he was doing, nervously opened the package, and discovered within it a beautiful gold watch.

The boys, who had been watching the proceedings with an intense curiosity, at last began to see light, and, breaking down all restraints of discipline, began to clap and cheer frantically.

'If you will allow me,' resumed the Doctor, when



"Harry discovered within the package a beautiful gold watch."

the noise was followed by a brief lull, 'I will retain the watch so that a suitable inscription can be made in it now that I know the name of the — offender.'

Again the boys began to cheer vociferously, but at length the Doctor was able to regain the mastery of his voice as well as of his pupils, and he said, 'But remember, boys, before we separate, that when I give an order I expect it to be obeyed, and that when I promise punishment to an offender I will always keep my word.'

P. W. M.

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

II. — FLYING DRAGONS.

I HAVE tried to show what this land of ours was like many thousand years ago, and to tell you of some of the more remarkable creatures which roamed over its vast forests and fens — creatures which lived in a blissful land indeed, for there were no men there. Even when, in later days, the first men appeared, they were fairly harmless, having but feeble weapons. But the creatures of these far-off days, it will have been noticed, differed in degree, rather than in kind, from those of to-day. The great auroch was but a gigantic ox, and the mammoth but a hairy edition of the Indian elephant of to-day, while the sabre-toothed tiger was but a tiger with immese fangs, which seem to have been his own undoing, since his less-powerfully armed cousin of the Indian jungles still survives. All the same, it is to be remarked that the sabre-tooth must have found no great difficulty during his most flourishing days in finding food, since he managed to spread over most of the globe; remains of sabre-toothed tigers are found all over Europe and as far west as America. Possibly these creatures depended for a living on a particular kind of animal, which for some cause or other became extinct, and this was doom for the tigers; for with their enormous tusks they may have been hampered in the capture of other prey, and so speedily have died out.

But we are to pass now to creatures the like of which no man ever saw alive, for the time during which they flourished was a time long before we find any traces of man, or even of the creatures described in the first article. The whole surface of land and sea was quite different from what it is now, or from what it was in the days of the mammoth and the giant elk. The plant world was no less different.

The first of the animals of which I propose to speak now was a strange bird know as the odontopteryx, the 'toothed' and 'winged' one, to give a near translation of its name. As a matter of fact, however, it was not really a 'toothed' bird, for the bony skeleton, which may be seen in the British Museum, proves that the jaws did not bear real teeth, but had their edges notched to form saw-like teeth, cut, so to speak, out of the bony jaw itself, while true teeth would have been separate, enamel-covered bodies lodged in sockets, or at least in a groove, in the jaw itself. So far as we can make out, this bird was a near relation of the gannet of to-day. These notches or 'teeth' in the bony skeleton doubtless answered to similar 'teeth' on the edges of the horny beak-sheath, and served to hold

Fig. 1.—Skull of a Toothed Bird.

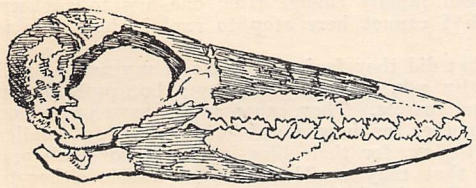
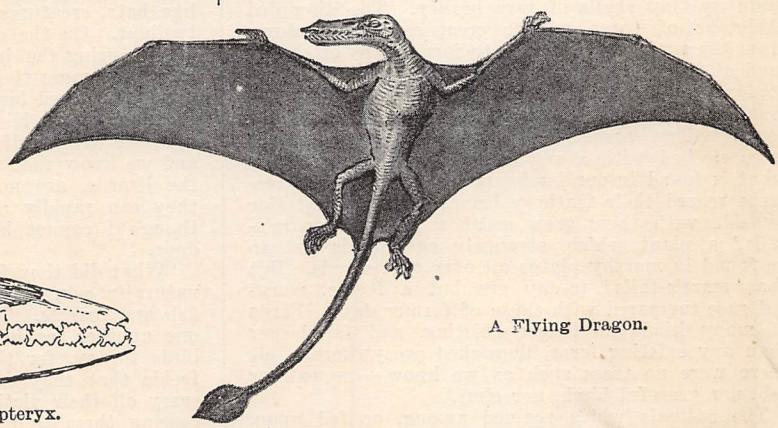
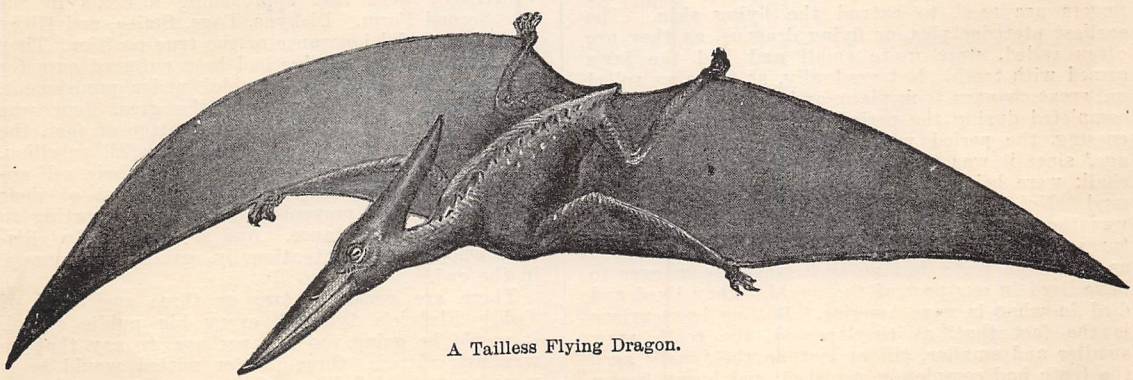


Fig. 2.—Skull of the Odontopteryx.



A Flying Dragon.



A Tailless Flying Dragon.

slippery prey, such as fish. But, curiously enough, the only fish-eating birds to-day which seem to have horny teeth or spines along the edges of the beak are the darters, near relations of the cormorants, and the merganser tribe among the ducks. Only the skull of the odontopteryx has been found, but from the structure of this we are able to decide how it is related to living birds.

We must pass now to a still earlier period in the history of our islands, to the period when much of the land lay under the sea. During this time the sea swarmed with myriads of tiny creatures, jelly-like in substance, but of a kind which was enabled to extract chalky material from the water, and so build up tiny shells of rare beauty. The discarded skeletons of these minute creatures rained down from the surface of the sea, to form heaps of chalky mud at the bottom, which in time became thrust up to form dry land, and later the 'chalk cliffs of Old England,' so well known to those who leave our south-eastern shores. Meanwhile the land areas were clothed with a vegetation very different from what is found in our landscapes to-day. Giant tree-ferns reared their feathery leaves on high, and side by side with them grew great masses of 'mare's-tails,' a plant which, strangely enough, is yet to be found in marshy places all over our islands. But the 'mare's-tails' to-day are but a feeble, worn-out race compared with those of former days. Ferns of many kinds no longer existing, and far larger than any existing ferns, flourished everywhere. But there were no trees such as we know — no oak or ash, nor graceful birch, nor elms.

The animals which roamed among, or fed upon, these ancient plants were no less remarkable. Perhaps the strangest were the pterodactyles, or 'wing-fingered' reptiles, which, at this stage of the world's history, had passed the height of their glory. The pterodactyles, I should explain, got the power of flight by changing the structure of what answers to our hand. Once upon a time this hand, like that of most reptiles, bore five fingers, but in the course of the change, one, the little finger, became enormously lengthened, while the remaining fingers gradually decreased in size till they became little more than claws, useful for hanging the body during sleep, perhaps. The greatly lengthened little finger served to support and extend a thin sheet of skin running all the way down the side of the body, after the fashion of the similar sheet of skin which forms the wing of the bat. But in the bat's wing, four fingers are used to extend the flying skin. The earliest pterodactyles, or flying dragons, as they are often called, were quite small and had the jaws armed with teeth. But gradually, as the ages rolled on, great changes took place, and these changes were completed during the period which we are now discussing, the period which we may call the 'chalk age,' since it was then that the rocks known as the chalk were being laid down in the form of chalky mud. Not the least remarkable of these changes was the great increase of size, some of these creatures attaining a span across the wings of as much as seventeen feet; but no such giants seem ever to have lived in our part of the world. They lived and died in what is now America. But no less curious is the fact that, as time passed, the teeth grew smaller and smaller, till at last, in the 'chalk age,' the teeth had completely vanished, and horny beaks, like those of birds, took the place of jaws with teeth. This loss of teeth, and their replacement by horny jaws, is a very strange fact, the more so because the change has occurred in several groups of animals. Thus, some of the old fish-lizards became toothless: the birds have undergone a similar loss, for the first kinds known to us had teeth. The giant land dragons, of which we are presently to speak, show the same puzzling changes.

Merely to read about these dead-and-gone creatures seems at first sight not very exciting. But try to picture what these curious flying dragons looked like when alive. In their flight they probably resembled bats, and they were also, perhaps, like bats, creatures of the night, or at least of the twilight. On the other hand, they may have flown about during the day, in the broiling sun, displaying hues even more vivid and more varied than the most vividly coloured birds of to-day. This suggestion as to their colour is justified by the fact that, being reptiles, their bodies must have been scale-covered, and we know that many reptiles, at any rate among the lizards, are not only gorgeously coloured, but they can rapidly change from one hue to another, though I cannot here stop to explain how this is done.

'What did they feed on?' some of my readers will naturally ask. We do not know; but probably on fish and insects. They can scarcely have preyed on one another, as hawks and eagles feed on smaller birds to-day, for their hind-legs were so small and feeble that they would have been unable either to carry off their victims, or to hold them down while tearing them to pieces; insects and fish, however, can be caught and swallowed whole, without any aid from the feet. Since fish and insects have never ceased to swarm everywhere since the days when flying dragons throve, it seems difficult to understand why these strange creatures should have become extinct. Evidently it could not have been due to a lack of suitable food. Perhaps there is a period, a limit, to the life of a group of animals, just as there is to the life of the individuals which make up that group.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S., &c.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER X.

THINGS were fast approaching a crisis in the Second Form. Dickyns, Page, Smith, and Kirby were in blissful ignorance of the true position. They considered that discipline had been enforced once for all when Fitzgerald had yielded under punishment. But, then, the intelligence of the great four was never their strong point. As a matter of fact, the juniors of the form were seething with rebellion. They were quite sick of fagging for their self-appointed masters. Only a certain distrust of their own powers had prevented them from resorting to actual violent resistance. And it was 'Teddy' Risdale who, quite unintentionally, gave them courage in the end.

There are generally two or three specimens of Teddy Risdale's type at every big public school. It would be going too far, perhaps, to say that he was half-witted; three-quarter witted would be a more accurate definition. One can only marvel why

the parents of such boys send them to school. They do little good to themselves or any one else. In fact, they are a standing temptation to certain boys to indulge a natural instinct for bullying. Teddy Risdale was a tall, shambling, ungainly boy, with a foolish, vacant face. His dull eyes seldom showed a gleam of intelligence save at the prospect of food. He had no tendency to lawlessness; he was indeed a plodding worker, but his poor brain could assimilate little learning. He slouched through the daily round, useless at games, untidy as to his clothes, grubby in his habits, and asked only to be let alone by all. But it was inevitable, unhappily, that he should be something of a butt to his fellows. Most of the Lower School chaffed Teddy Risdale whenever they saw him, and the smaller boys never wearied of playing tricks at his expense. Teddy, as a rule, bore all jests with dull patience, even with good-humour. But, like most people, he had his limits.

The Sunday after the great victory over Tedford was rainy, and time hung heavily on every one's hands. More especially Dickyns & Co., in the Second Form room, were afflicted with an exceeding great weariness. They were almost incapable of taking pleasure from the reading of any book, and the pelting rain forbade their usual Sunday afternoon stroll. They had played snob-cricket until a window was broken, and then, rendered spiteful by the prospect of 'stopped allowances,' they turned in search of other amusement, and the roving eye of Kirby chanced to fall upon Teddy Risdale, sitting in a dark corner, chipping aimlessly at a block of wood with a blunt knife.

'Let's make old Teddy do something for his living!' he suggested.

The proposal was received with favour. Teddy was haled into the open. He came unwillingly, and stood before his tormentors with a stupid grin upon his face.

'Let's make him recite!' Smith said.

'I won't recite!' Teddy mumbled.

Kirby fetched the fives bat, and Smith the English recitation-book studied by the Second Form. Teddy was shown the first, and handed the second. He capitulated.

'Read "Come into the Garden, Maud!"' Kirby ordered.

And Teddy read, murdering with entire success the beauty and the swing of the lines. Any lover of poetry must have shuddered to hear his performance. But none happened to be present. The juniors of the form were watching the entertainment with idle amusement. Somehow it did not occur readily to any one to be sorry for Teddy Risdale. And yet, somehow, Gerald for one felt vaguely ashamed of himself as he watched the ungainly boy, even although he had no hand in his tormenting.

'And now dance!' Smith ordered, when every one was weary of Teddy's rendering of 'Maud.'

'I won't dance!' Teddy rejoined with his customary formula.

'Oh, yes, you will,' Smith answered cheerfully. 'How is it they teach bears to dance? Making a poker hot and touching up their feet, isn't it? Well, here's the poker!'

He tapped smartly at Teddy's great feet, and the victim began to skip uncouthly. But in a few seconds he put a stop to that particular form of entertainment. Springing back from the poker, Teddy, either by accident or design, landed heavily with his full weight on one of Dickyns's feet. That worthy rose in anguish and fury, and flung the offender heavily againt a desk.

'You clumsy fool!' he roared. 'You've pretty well broken my foot!'

'You would make me dance!' Teddy whined. His tone was humble, but his face had reddened oddly.

'Well, you shan't dance any more,' Dickyns said. 'It isn't safe with feet like yours.'

Page was gazing thoughtfully at the long cupboard in which the white mice and other properties, including food, were stored.

'I'll tell you what, I believe Teddy has some sort of fever on him,' he said suddenly. 'It may be the plague. Anyway, I think he ought to be disinfected.'

'How?' Smith asked, hugely pleased with the theory.

'Shove him into the cupboard, close the door, and burn brown paper through the holes,' Page answered.

The scheme revealed quite unusual ingenuity in Page. It is to be presumed that Teddy Risdale had inspired him. The other three, especially the suffering Dickyns, roared with delight at the notion. The rest of the form were moved to interested expectation. Knowing Teddy as they did, they reckoned that exciting developments were exceedingly probable. Teddy alone resented the proposal.

'The cupboard! Smoke me in the cupboard!' he spluttered almost excitedly. 'I—I won't go! It—it isn't safe!'

His eye was beginning to get wild. Some of the form knew the symptoms of old. But Page & Co. had neither the memory nor the intellect to profit by experience. They ignored Teddy's protest.

'We'd better clear the cupboard a bit,' Dickyns said. 'The white mice might not like the smoke.'

Smith hastened to act upon the suggestion. The passionate affection of Smith for those little animals was perhaps the most pleasing trait in a singularly wooden and charmless character. Smith would brood quite tenderly by the hour together over the dens in which his captives gambolled. His ideas as to sanitation might be vague, but he fed his pets with a regular and lavish hand.

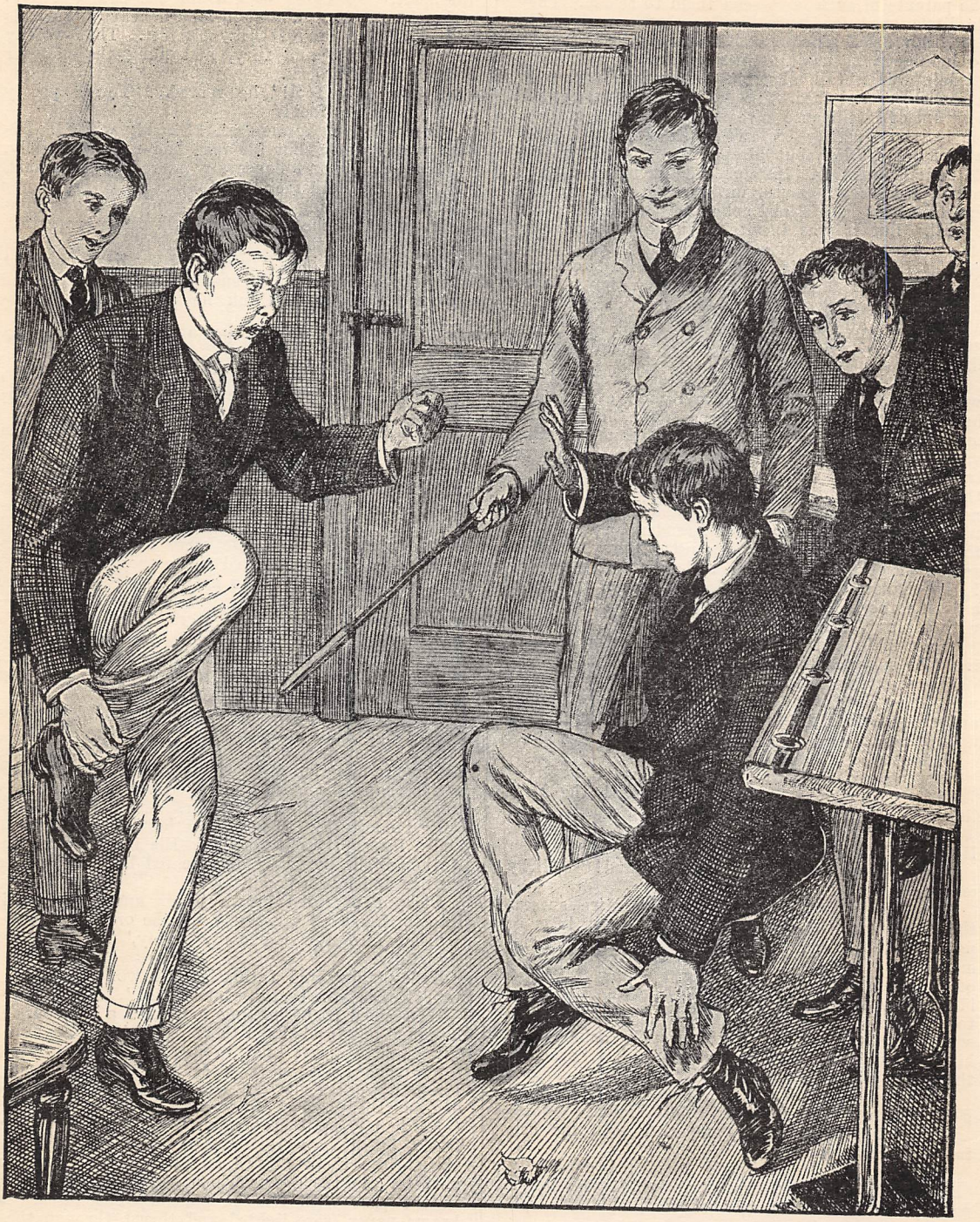
Dickyns procured brown paper and crumpled it into torches. All was ready for the ordeal.

'Hop into the cupboard, Teddy,' Page invited cheerfully.

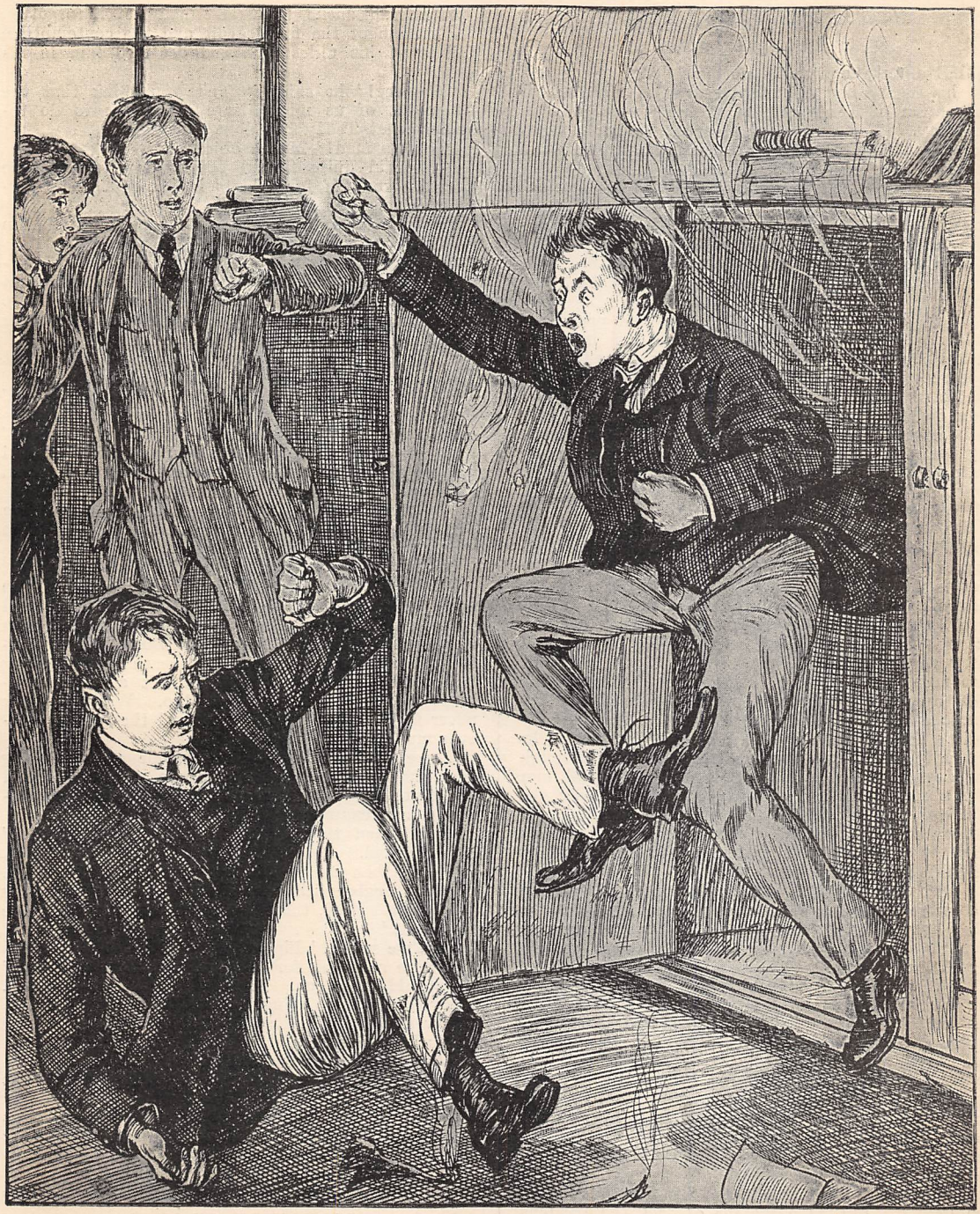
Teddy spluttered furiously. 'I won't go in! I won't! Oh, you beasts, you beasts!'

He seemed to be looking round for a weapon. If he found one to his hand there would be wild trouble, Fitzgerald at least knew well. He had seen Teddy fairly roused before. But Teddy's brain, unhappily for him, worked slowly. Before he could come to a decision Dickyns had clutched his neck and the other three had gripped his arms. Teddy struggled aimlessly, but they were too strong for him. He was thrust into the cupboard and the bolt of the door shot to. In the door various holes had been bored in the past with red-hot pokers. The torches of brown paper were lighted and thrust through these holes. From within the cupboard came inarticulate yells and coughs and threats and cries for pity.

(Continued on page 170.)



"Dickyns flung the offender heavily against a desk,'



"Teddy burst from the cupboard."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 167.)

THE entertainment did not last long. Page and his friends had no intention of risking the actual suffocation of Teddy, or indeed of injuring him in any way. They were only in search of amusement. Very soon they stamped out the charring paper and prepared to release the captive.

'Stand by to let Teddy out,' Dickyns said.

Fitzgerald spoke then for the first time. 'I think you'd better stand by,' he said. 'If I know anything of Teddy there'll be trouble.'

Dickyns did not heed the warning in the least. He bent forward quite carelessly and slid back the bolt.

He received a distinct shock. The door opened so suddenly that it knocked him clean off his legs. Teddy had been goaded as near to actual madness as a more or less sane person can be. He burst from that cupboard as a bear maddened by wounds bursts from cover. His eyes were red and fierce, he seemed to be literally foaming at the mouth. He was shouting hoarsely. He kicked heavily at Dickyns's prostrate body, and then rushed straight for the fender. He snatched up the poker and began to run amuck with it, quite blindly, entirely recklessly!

It was the merest lucky chance that some one was not killed. For the time being Teddy was not responsible for his actions in the least. The poker was a murderous weapon in his hands, and his strength in these bareserk fits was amazing. Dickyns, Page, Smith, and Kirby took in the situation at a glance. They were thoroughly frightened. They realised that the form-room at the moment was no place of safety. Dickyns scrambled to his feet, and as he rose and sprang aside the poker smashed down upon the floor. Teddy had already split a form with one of his mighty blows. Dickyns led an ignominious, scuttling retreat through the door. As they went, Teddy glared round him like a mad bull, and seemed disposed to clear the form-room altogether! Then happily he appeared to realise vaguely that the other occupants had been innocent of his tormenting, and with a howl of fury he rushed out in chase.

There were not many people in the quad. Those who were witnessed quite an awe-inspiring spectacle. They saw four boys burst bareheaded into the open air, and sprint for their lives through the rain right across the grass. And after them tore the tall figure of Teddy Risdale, brandishing a poker and screaming hoarse threats as he pursued. Luckily, Tom, the porter, was at hand, and he was a speedy-footed and resourceful man. He set out in chase of Teddy, and, overtaking him from behind, contrived to wrench the poker from his grasp. Teddy, recognising Tom, to whom he was attached in a dull way, sobered down all in a moment. The matter was never dealt with officially. Teddy's eccentricity was well kown. All five offenders were merely fined for running across the grass.

It might seem that Page and his friends escaped too lightly. But as a matter of fact the incident injured their prestige irrecoverably. When Teddy had followed them from the form-room, the others were left to take in the bearings of the matter. And it was as though they realised for the first time that the great four could be defied.

Fitzgerald spoke first. He had never forgotten for a moment the first revolt and the contemptible failure of his allies who had deserted him in his need.

'You see!' he said. 'Don't you think that the whole lot of us might have the pluck to do together what Teddy has done alone?'

'Teddy's mad!' Mason objected.

Fitzgerald quite flamed out at him. 'Then be mad too yourself for a bit!' he shouted. 'It's better to be mad than a funk!'

Mason was annoyed. 'I'm no more a funk than you!' he retorted. 'I'll prove it, if you like!'

He meant by personal combat, but Fitzgerald ignored the suggested challenge. 'That's what I want you to do!' he cried. 'It's what I want us all to do! We proved ourselves funks, all of us, the other day, you know we did!'

'Yes, it's a fact!' Piggy Harris admitted. 'But you were the least funk of all of us, Fitz.'

'I chucked up the sponge when they licked me,' Fitz said generously. 'But let's wipe out that disgrace now! Teddy Risdale has set us the example!'

'I — I should like to back you up!' Gerald said suddenly. He, for one, had never forgotten his own disgrace.

'Good for you, kid!' Fitz cried. He may have been perhaps six months older than Gerald. But he was something of a natural leader, all the same.

'What do you want us to do?' Digby asked.

Fitzgerald drew himself erect. His small plump body seemed to swell. 'Why, do what Hereward did, what Hereward would have done if he had been in the Second Form!' he cried. 'Don't you remember? He took a vow never to cease from fighting whilst there was a Frenchman left alive in England! We must take a vow too. We must vow never to fag again for Dickyns and the others, however much they lick us!'

There was a silence. Every one was thinking over the proposal. Some of them were still timid at heart, but most were moved by Fitzgerald's eloquence and example.

'And when they begin to lick us, what then?' Mason asked.

'Why, then we must stick together!' Fitz cried. 'They'll begin with one, I dare say, just as they did before. Well, this time we mustn't let that one be licked!'

'No, we won't!' Piggy Harris shouted.

'We're a match for them, if we stick together!' Fitzgerald went on. 'Teddy proved that to-day. Now then, are we going to take that vow?'

'I am!' Piggy said, without hesitation.

'And I!' Gerald said.

'And me,' Danvers joined in.

'Good business!' Fitz said, approvingly. 'What about the rest of you?'

They all took the vow without exception. But some of them had a painful feeling inside when they thought of what the consequences might be.

(Continued on page 182.)

MORNING GLORY.

THERE is a flower whose name is Morning Glory,
And when the earliest hour of dawning glows
Its petals open like some lovely story,
That ever grows in beauty to its close.

My life be like that flower still turning sunward;
Oh, may I grow in wisdom and in truth
And be my childhood, as it passes onward,
Bright with the Morning Glory of my youth!

Frank Ellis.

DICKON'S CHANCE.

'WELL, Nephew, your petition was unsuccessful, I take it, else why so downcast?'

The boy raised his head as the kindly hand smote him on the shoulder, and shook it despondently. ''Tis no use,' he said; 'she will not let me go.'

His uncle frowned as he paced slowly down the long room and back again. 'Your mother does not trust me, I fear,' he said thoughtfully; 'and you, being the last of the Cranstons ——' He broke off, staring out at the tops of the waving trees.

'Surely, if she knew my father was there imprisoned, she would ——'

The words were choked as his uncle caught him by the arm and shook him roughly. 'Silence, boy! Are you crazy?' he cried in a hoarse whisper. 'How often have I told you walls have ears; even here it is not safe to speak.' Then he added more quietly, as Dickon stood with drooping head, silent and ashamed, 'There, there, I did not mean to be rough with you; but thy father's hope of escape is such a slender one that I fear to make it none at all; and, as to telling thy mother what I suspect to be the truth, you know her hasty nature — she would have the country-side up in arms and march against Rising Castle, while they would quietly put him out of the way — say the story was false; and then where should we be? No, no, my way is safer and surer, but you must help me.'

'Why could not Alwyn do it?' queried the boy.

'Your cousin? He is not so slim as you. Why, the passage I would have you enter is but big enough for a child. I think you can do it if you grow no bigger, Dickon.'

'And I cannot go without my mother's consent,' said the boy, with a sigh.

''Faith, no. I will not take you without, for then she would say I had spirited you away; and should my plans go wrong ——' He paused expressively, and a long silence fell on them, broken at last by the abrupt entrance of Alwyn, who came to know if they would not join him and Lady Margaret in the garden.

'And let us have a tilting-match, Dickon,' he said; 'you used to be fond of it, and 'tis long since I have ridden the hobby-horse.'

They went down, Sir Andrew lingering behind to whisper in Dickon's ear, 'Keep a brave heart, lad; I will try and persuade your mother, as you have failed — it may be she will listen.'

Lady Margaret was already seated in the place of honour, and welcomed them with a smile. Many games of skill did the boys try; in all Dickon did well, in some he even did better than his cousin, in spite of the difference in age between them, and his mother's eyes shone with pride.

'Nay,' she said at last, 'if our knights so distinguish themselves, what say you, brother? Shall we not give a prize to the best in the tilting-match?'

Sir Andrew smiled, well pleased. 'What shall the reward be?' he asked.

Lady Margaret considered, while the boys waited with beaming faces. At last she looked up. 'The victor shall name his own reward,' she said; 'he shall ask whatever he will.'

A sudden flush mounted to Dickon's face.

'There shall be three trials,' said Sir Andrew, looking at his nephew, 'and the victor shall be the one who strikes fair in the middle of the quintain each time.'

This was agreed to, and the hobby-horse was dragged forward by two of the garden lads. Alwyn took the first turn. He looked comical on the horse, for his long legs nearly touched the ground, and when he drew them up he overbalanced.

Round the green the lads drew him, and as they passed the quintain at full speed he couched his lance and struck it fairly. Round swung the shield, Alwyn dodged the sand-bag, and was drawn rapidly out of range. The second time he missed his stroke, but the third time struck it fairly.

'Now, Dickon,' said Sir Andrew grimly, 'if you do no better than that, your cousin wins.'

'Dickon looks as sober as if it were a real tourney,' laughed Alwyn, strolling up. 'To horse, sir! Your steeds grow impatient.'

The boy mounted with some anxiety: if he failed — if he did no better! 'But I must! I must!' he said to himself.

Shield in place and lance couched, he came with a certainty born of long practice. Clang! One round complete; on went the hobby-horse, the pullers going carefully but swiftly, anxious as he that their young master should do well. Round two: again they face the quintain. Clang! True and firm, right in the middle.

'Bravo!' cried Alwyn, and wondered that his father's hand closed on his arm like a vise. Round again, the last time, and — clang! — another blow so fair and strong that it left the pole spinning. Bearing a flushed, triumphant rider, the hobby-horse came to a stand before the Lady Margaret, and Dickon flung himself at her feet.

'Your reward, fair knight?' she asked, smiling, and swiftly and eagerly the answer came: 'That I may ride with my uncle to the North to-morrow.'

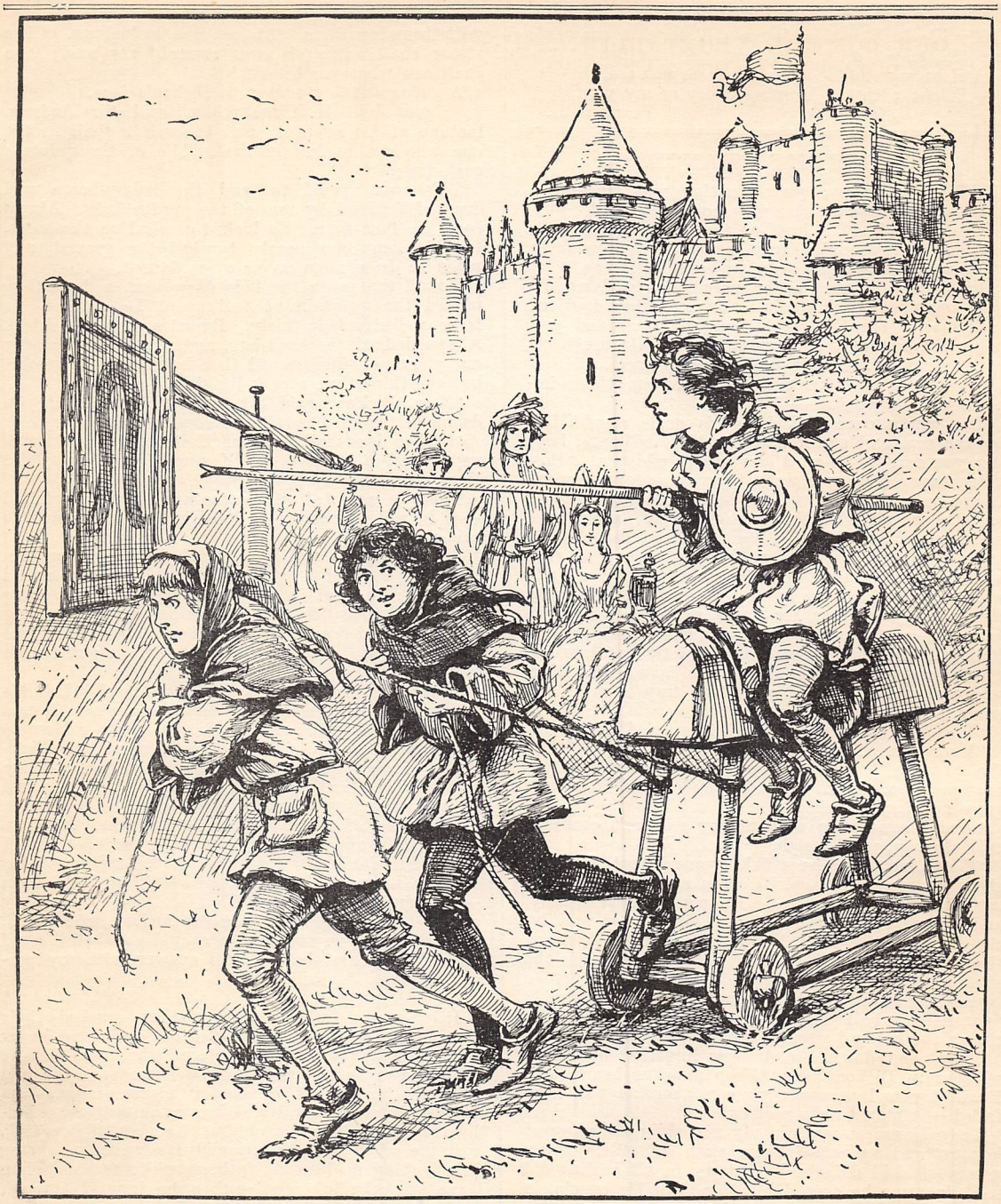
For a moment she was silent, looking down, then — 'I have given my word. Yes, Dickon, you may go; but,' turning swiftly on Sir Andrew, she added, 'I shall hold you responsible should evil befall him.'

He bowed gravely. 'I will answer with my person, Madam,' he said.

It was past midnight when they reached their destination, and Dickon crawled on hands and knees along the secret passage, so small that he felt he could never return that way. There was the end at last — he knew it by the tiny gleam of light. He listened intently; no sound broke the stillness. Following his uncle's instructions, he pressed a spring, and the whole hearthstone slid easily away, leaving him looking up into his father's white face. Dickon gave one gasp of relief; then he jumped through and slipped the stone back into its place.

'We must be swift, sir,' he said. 'Sir Andrew awaits us in the forest with the horses; but we must find the other secret door. See, it is behind this beam.' He opened a panel as he spoke, and a black passage yawned in the thickness of the wall.

The prisoner arose quickly, and laying a hand on his son's shoulder passed with him into the dark-



"Again they face the quintain."

ness, and the panel closed behind them. It seemed an eternity as they stumbled along the dark passage; but at last they felt the cool night air, and the brothers clasped hands.

'I had almost given thy rescue up as hopeless until I thought of Dickon,' said Sir Andrew in a tone of satisfaction, 'and I should never have persuaded his mother to part with him then, but that he proved the better man at the Quintain.'

'Well done, Dick!' cried his father softly, and side by side through the dewy dawn they rode back to Cranston Castle.

M. E. Heward.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

IV.—STEMS: CELERY, SEA-KALE, AND RHUBARB.

WE come now to the celery, the sea-kale, and the rhubarb; the leek and the onion must be left for the next article, when we shall finish stems, and then begin to treat of leaf-vegetables.

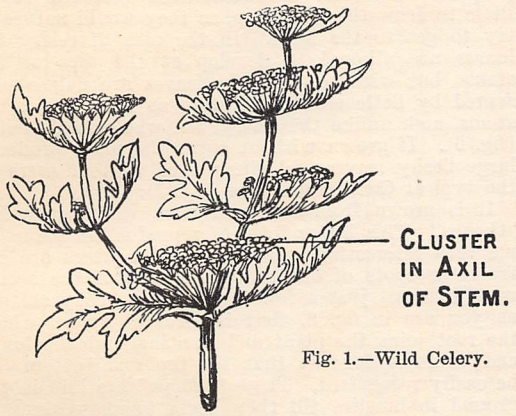
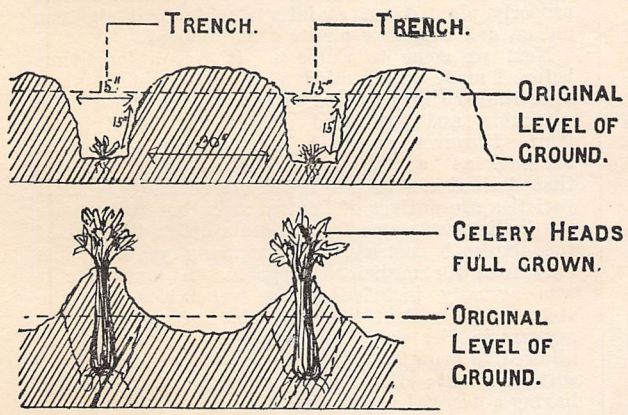


Fig. 1.—Wild Celery.



Figs. 2 and 3.—Stages in the growth of Celery.

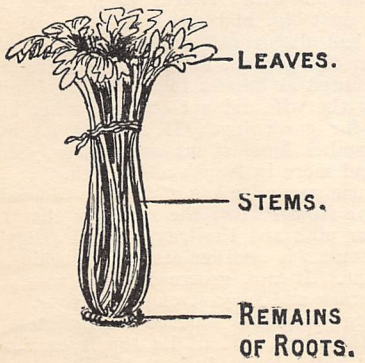


Fig. 4.—A Full-grown Head of Celery.

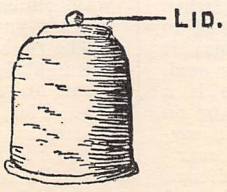


Fig. 5.—Pot for growing Sea-kale.

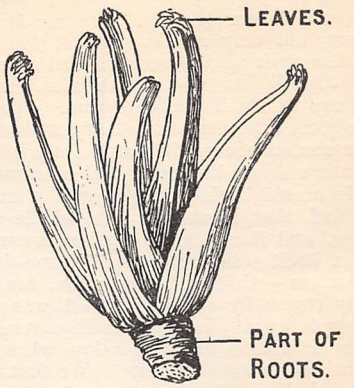
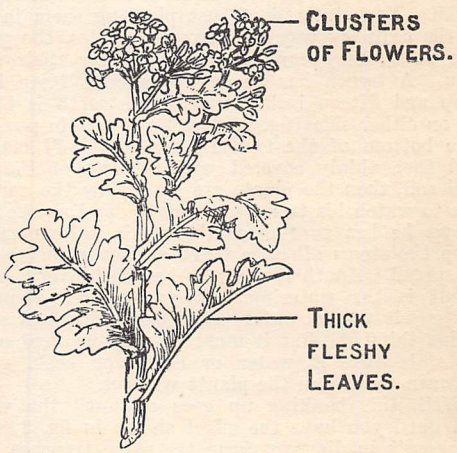


Fig. 6.—Full-grown Sea-kale, for eating.

The celery (*Apium graveolens* of the natural order *Cruciferæ*) is known nearly all over the world, and no one seems to be certain what country can claim to have



7.—Sea-kale in Flower.

used it first. I think we may safely state that our form of celery is simply the wild plant brought under cultivation. It is very common in ditches and moist places, especially near the sea. I give a picture of the

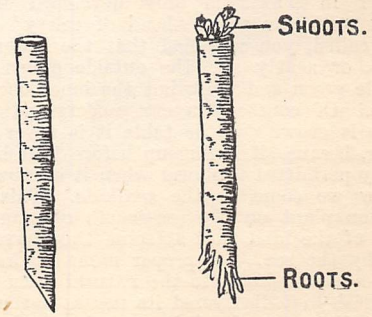


Fig. 8.—How Sea-kale is grown.

wild form in flower (fig. 1). You see it has groups of flowers, not only at the ends of the stems, but also in the axils of the stems; and this is a good feature whereby to distinguish this plant. These clusters are of small white flowers. When growing wild the stem branches and is leafy, and when broken it has a strong odour, the same that is familiar to us when we have its cultivated specimens at our table. In an old book on the uses of plants in medicines I find that it was in the middle ages called 'smallage,' and it was much used as a cure for gout. The plant itself was not eaten in those days, and in its wild state — that is, when green, for the whiteness only comes by cultivation — it was thought to be even poisonous; but it was discovered that the poisonous matter did not develop when the stalk was blanched (or turned white) We first hear of its being blanched in 1670, but it was not used in England until 1771. Even now, in Malta, they do not blanch it, but use the leaves boiled as a vegetable, and also use it as a flavouring.

Now I will explain how it is grown for our use. The seed is sown in March, and by July the plants are large enough to transplant to their final resting-place. Now, instead of just planting them in rows in the ordinary way of many vegetables, the ground has to be very carefully prepared for their reception. A trench has to be dug about fifteen inches deep and fifteen inches wide. The earth is thrown up on either side (fig. 2, showing plants in position). The bottom of the trench has to be well manured and then thinly covered with a little of the original soil, then the plants are set. Now the gardener has to watch his trenches carefully, and as the plant grows he has to replace the earth, taking care to keep the stems all close together, not allowing them to spread. Another thing he has to be very careful about is the watering. Celery requires plenty of water; it was a water plant originally, and so remains thirsty! But it must be only watered at the roots, because if water or earth, or both, get in between the leaves the plants will rot.

Well, this banking up goes on until the winter and until you have the effect shown in fig. 3, which represents in diagram form the same trenches as in fig. 2, but with the plants fully grown; you see here that so much banking up has been done that there is almost a trench where the pile of earth was before. Now do you know why this banking is done? Well, it is to blanch the stems, that is, to cause them to be white. They become white because they have been kept in the dark, for the green colouring matter in plants is only developed in sunlight. When next you see a 'head of celery' (fig. 4), as it is called, you will find that the lower parts are white, or nearly so; the outside stems do remain a little green and pink, but the inner ones are quite white. Of course you can understand that when celery is grown for the table it is never allowed to flower, because it is dug up before that happens; it is only permitted to flower when it is grown for seed.

Now we come to the sea-kale. This also is a common plant on the sea-coasts of England or on parts of the land that at some time have been covered by the sea. Its proper name is Crambe maritima, and it belongs to the natural order Cruciferae. The Irish first discovered its use as a vegetable, and the earliest record of its use in England was in 1753; it was then grown at Chichester. In 1767 a very celebrated doctor grew it in his garden; he used to introduce it to his friends when they came to dine with him, and thus he did much to popularise it as a vegetable. It is grown somewhat in the manner of celery, that is to say, it is blanched, but in this case it is not banked up, but the light is kept from it by covering the plants with earthenware pots with lids (fig. 5) made especially for this purpose. The lids are sometimes removed for a little to draw the plants up, as they would naturally try to get to the light. In the case of celery the leaves are allowed to develop at the tops of the stems, but with sea-kale the leaves are only represented by little crimson clusters at the tops of the stems, and, unlike the celery, the whole lot is eaten (fig. 6). If grown without cover the plant produces large fleshy leaves and clusters of white flowers of the typical Cruciferae shape (fig. 7).

It is grown from seed and from what are called 'thongs.' This latter form of reproduction seems to me very interesting. In the autumn pieces are cut from the roots of old plants (lengths of the actual root, I mean) just a few inches long. They are cut as you see in fig. 8, that is straight across where the root joins the plant and slantingly at the lower end; this is done so that the top and bottom can be easily recognised. These 'thongs' are laid in the ground in bundles till they begin to show signs of roots and buds (fig. 8); then they are taken up and properly planted out at intervals of about eighteen inches, and thus new plants are developed.

Next we come to rhubarb. It was a long time before I made up my mind whether I ought to introduce rhubarb into this series, as it seemed hardly a vegetable, and yet could not exactly be styled a fruit. However, at last I found it mentioned in an old book as 'a vegetable substitute for fruit,' and that decided me to put it in. It seems that most varieties are natives of Central Asia, but the one we use in England came from Siberia about the end of the sixteenth century, and for many years it was only used for medicinal purposes. At one time it was actually included among vegetables, for the stems were cooked like spinach, but now it only appears in pies or is eaten stewed, as a 'sweet.' If allowed to grow as it likes it becomes a big, clumsy sort of plant; the roots are quite horrid-looking, having a decayed appearance.

So marked is this feature that a friend of mine (who was no gardener, but had a sudden fit of energy) dug up all his wife's rhubarb-bed, threw the roots into the dust-bin, and came in and told his wife that he had discovered some frightfully decayed plants in the garden, and that he wondered they had not caused an illness to the whole family. Needless to say the wife did not encourage her husband's energy for gardening! If allowed its own way, rhubarb makes huge stems and leaves, sometimes a yard and more in length and width.

The rhubarb one generally has at table is 'forced:' the light is kept from it, and the result is that the stems are red or pink and the leaves small and yellow. This, of course, is another case of blanching to a certain extent. If not grown in this way the stems become green and very strong in flavour.

In the summer the plants produce a large stem in the middle of the plant, and at its top it carries a rounded mass covered by scale leaves. This is the head of flowers in its enclosing sheath. If left to

open it will produce a huge cluster of tiny cream flowers; but in some countries these undeveloped heads are collected and used in the manufacture of wine for very cheap forms of champagne.

Now before leaving the subject of these more or less blanched stems, I want to tell you how you can see this effect for yourselves. If you have any grass in your garden lawn, place some object on a little patch of it (somewhere where it will not matter), either a small piece of wood or a small box or a pot. Leave it for a few days and then take it away, and you will find that the grass under it has all turned yellow. Then go back (after having taken the covering right away) each day for a day or two, and you will find the grass will quite recover its green colour, and show no signs of ever having been deprived of the sunlight. Only yesterday I saw a good example of blanching of grass on some golf-links: the sand-boxes had been moved to new positions, and there you saw the squares of yellow grass where they had been standing rather longer than they should have stood. E. M. Barlow.

THE ORIGIN OF THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

WHAT is the origin of the locomotive whistle? That is a question which is often asked, but it is not every one who is able to answer it. Yet a very ordinary incident was the cause of its invention. When locomotives first began to trundle slowly up and down the early railroads of this country, level-crossings were much more numerous than at the present day. The engine-driver had no other means of giving warning of his approach than by blowing a horn. It may be well imagined that accidents were not infrequent at the points where the lines crossed the roads, as these horns could not be heard for any great distance.

One day, however, in the year 1833, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railway track with a cart-load of eggs and butter when a locomotive crashed into him, smashing the eggs and butter into a sticky mass. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value both of his produce and of his horse and waggon.

This accident was regarded as a very serious matter by the directors of the railway company, and one of the company's officials went straight to 'Atton Grange,' the residence of George Stephenson, to ask him if he could invent something which would be more efficient than the horn. Stephenson went to work, and in a few days he brought out the steam whistle. The directors were very pleased with Stephenson's invention, and at once ordered similar contrivances to be fitted to all the locomotives. Ever since that day the voice of the locomotive engine has been the shrill whistle with which we are all so familiar.

TOO INDUSTRIOUS!

SPIDERS have given a great deal of trouble to the Argentine Republic, not by doing anything wrong, but simply by pursuing their calling too energetically. Upon one occasion, at least, they completely disorganized the telegraph service by spinning too many webs across the lines. As soon as dew fell or a shower of rain came on, each one of the innumerable microscopic threads, becoming wet, set in motion a tiny leakage of the electric current. These millions of leaks practically stopped the operation of the lines, thus putting the Government Telegraph Department, especially in Buenos Aires, to serious inconvenience and expense. Numerous experiments were made in vain. At length, on one line, the authorities managed to connect Buenos Aires with Rosario by means of an underground cable about two hundred and fifty miles long. E. D.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A NOBLE guest at Windsor Castle paid, whilst there, a visit to the British Museum, to see a valuable coin, the only one of its kind known to be in existence. The curator took him into a private room and brought the coin for him to see. The prince examined it with great interest; but while the curator was looking for another precious relic to show him he heard something fall.

'I have had the misfortune to drop it,' exclaimed the visitor. Both searched very carefully all over the room, but nowhere was the coin to be found. Half an hour later found them both still searching, but still with no success. The prince looked at his watch. 'I am sorry,' he said; 'I must leave, for I have an appointment.'

The keeper walked to the door and locked it, putting the key into his pocket, at the same time remarking to the visitor, 'You cannot leave the room till you restore to me the coin I saw last in your hand.'

'Any one would think from your manner,' replied the prince, 'that I ——'

'No, no,' interrupted the curator, 'let us look again.'

The prince, very much perturbed, joined in the search, but at the end of another hour neither of them had found the missing curio, and the visitor expressed his determination to leave there and then.

'If you insist,' said the man, 'it will be my duty to have you searched first.'

The prince was very much put out at hearing these words, and gasped, 'Do you really mean that?'

'I do.'

'Then we must still go on looking for it.'

Every corner was again looked over, and the prince, worn out from anguish of mind, sat down. Suddenly the curator saw the coin reared up against the wall, standing on the skirting of the room. 'Oh! oh!' he cried, 'here it is.'

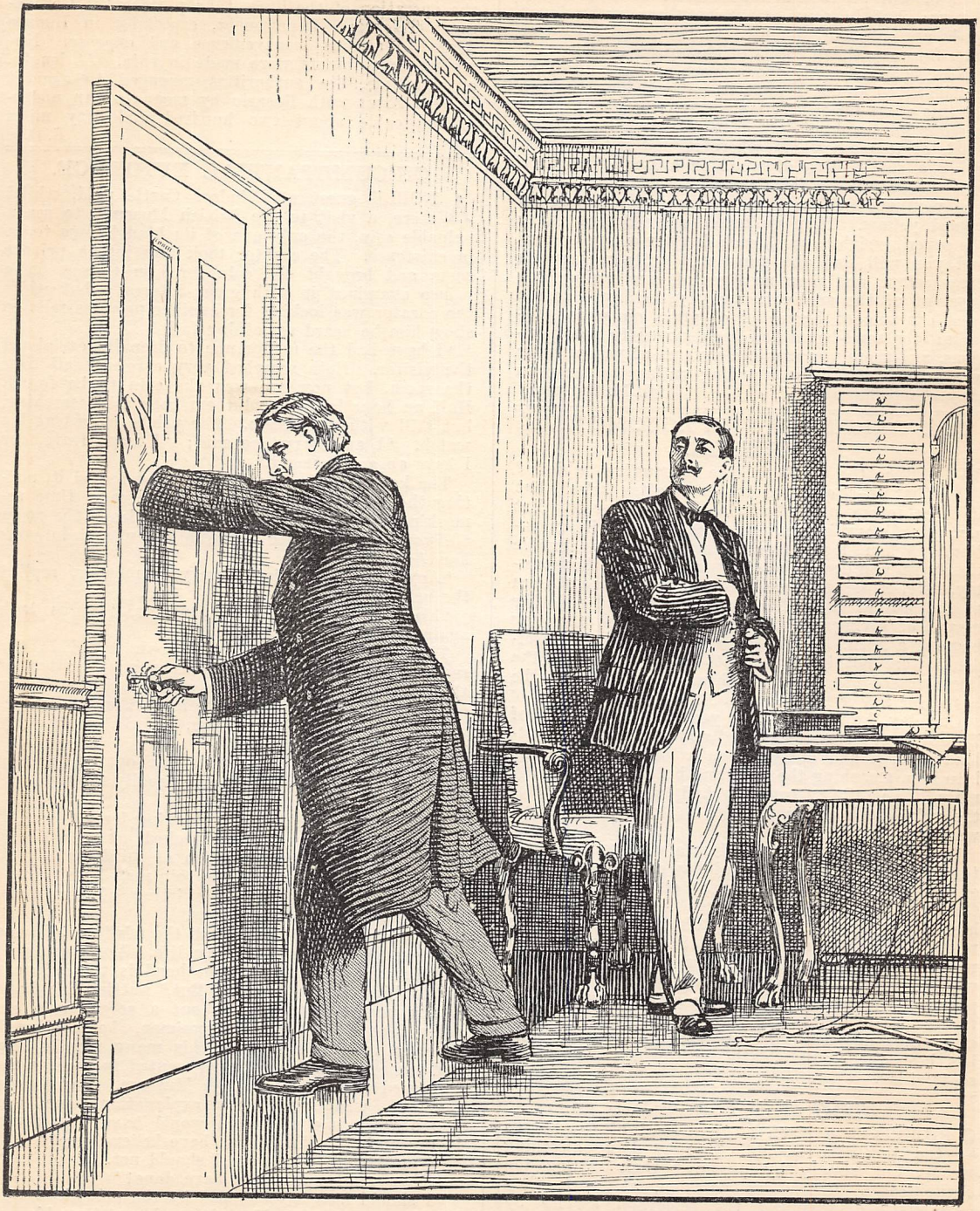
'Thank heaven!' exclaimed the visitor. 'I was never more frightened in my life. You have told me the coin you hold in your hand is the only one of its kind in the world. But,' putting his hand in his pocket and drawing out a second coin exactly like the Museum specimen, he continued, 'I came into possession of this many months ago, and since then I have always wanted to see the one I learned was in the British Museum. Had I been searched, what would my explanation have been worth when one such coin would have been found in my pocket? Would you have believed me?'

'I am bound to say, sir, I should not.'

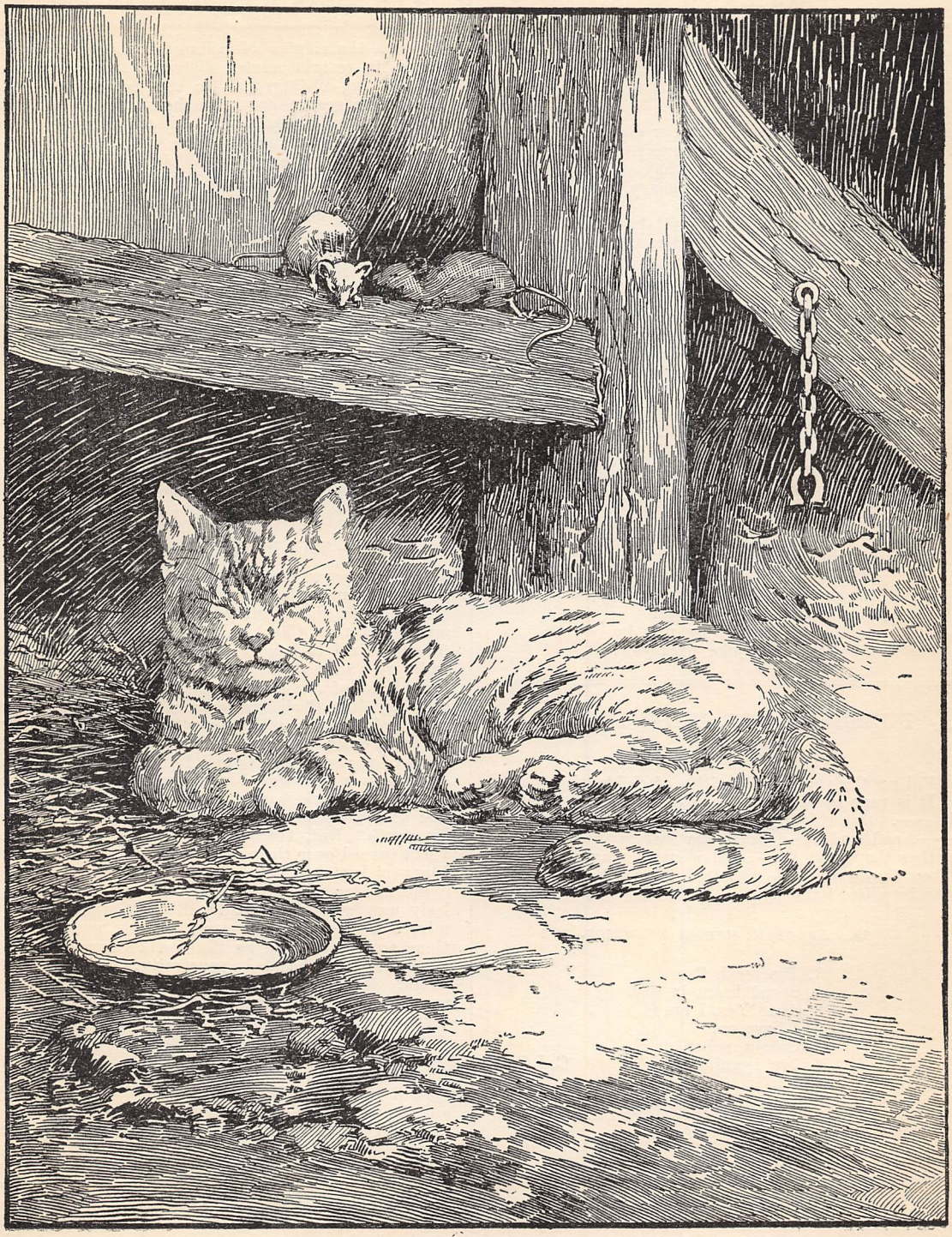
'Then what would you have done?'

'I should have been guided by the police.'

'Of course you would, and I could not have blamed you. Now I will say good evening. I have missed my appointment, but I leave this room no longer afraid to look you in the face.' F. Waddington.



"The keeper walked to the door and locked it."



"'Just as I thought—she's fast asleep!'"

PRACTICAL JOKES.

SAYS young Mr. Brown to pretty Miss Grey,
'How quiet the pussy-cat is to-day!
Come to the edge of the bin and peep.
Just as I thought — she's fast asleep!'

'Oh, how fortunate! Now's our chance!
Won't we lead old Pussy a dance?
You drop straw and I'll drop hay —
We'll bury old Pussy!' cries sharp Miss Grey.

'Hooray! hooray! What capital fun!
Before she wakens away we'll run.
Only, be careful,' says Mr. Brown,
'In throwing the hay you don't fall down.'

Pussy below, with fast-shut eyes,
Laughs to herself at their squeaks and cries,
While Mr. Brown and silly Miss Grey
Whisper and giggle and scamper away.

'Silly young things!' she thinks. 'No doubt
They think such folly the best joke out!
Let them enjoy it. It's ten to one
They won't live long to enjoy such fun!'

Alas! alack! for pretty Miss Grey,
She was caught and eaten the very next day;
And Mr. Brown — oh, sad to relate! —
On the following evening shared her fate.

Now, all young people, take my advice,
Practical jokes are very unwise:
It's ten to one if such things you do
Somebody'll practical-joke with you!

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

9. PUZZLE.

Fill up the spaces with titles of children's books.

It is very sad to be ——; to feel that in —— one is ——. But this happened to ——, for she was sent ——, and had ——, until she met with ——. Together they made ——, and went to play with ——. Then they met —— who told them all about ——, and introduced them to ——. C. J. B.

10. ANAGRAM: HEROES OF FICTION.

1. Pin moth C.
2. Spend heart in urn.
3. Ah! Yes, I am G.
4. I have on.
5. Cousin, sober, or N.
6. My running age. C. J. B.

(Answers on page 211.)

ANSWER TO MAP MYSTERY ON PAGE 150.

8. — Everest.	Kandy.	Sandwich.	Cayenne.
Scillies.	Madeira.	Darling.	Skye.
Horn.	Canaries.	Superior.	Orange.

MYSTERIOUS CHRISTMAS BELLS

THERE are many pretty old beliefs in connection with the ringing of bells at Christmas; for instance, in certain mining districts, the miners who are working underground in the coal-mines during the festive season are often heard to declare that on Christmas Eve bells can be heard merrily pealing in the most distant parts of the mine.

There is a valley near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, which is supposed to have been caused by an earthquake some hundreds of years ago, and buried in the ruins underground lies an old church; the old people send the children out to the valley on Christmas morning, telling them that if they stoop down and listen they will hear the bells of the buried church ringing for Christmas.

In Berwickshire there was at one time, and may be at present for aught I know, a popular belief that hidden bells could be heard ringing in the ground on Christmas Eve.

At Kilgriniol, near Blackpool, the inhabitants positively assert that the bells of a hidden church may be heard by any one who bends his ear to the ground at Christmas. G. D. Lynch.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

III. — THE BOYHOOD OF DICKENS.

I SHALL never forget, although I was a very small boy in knickerbockers at the time, the thrill that ran through the country when the sad news was announced that Charles Dickens was dead. People found it hard to believe that never more would they wait, with almost breathless eagerness, for the next instalment of one of his wonderful stories, and that all succeeding Christmases must come and go, without the joy of one of his beautiful tales.

I remember seeing portraits of him in the windows of the print-shops, and I thought that he must have been a very great and good man — though at that time I could barely read, and had never read a line of his works — for people to be so sorry about his death. But, though I had not read his books, I had turned over their pages and had laughed at the funny pictures.

But Dickens did not really die. Certainly his body was laid to rest in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, but his work lived on, and will continue to live as long as the world cares for simple goodness, open-hearted generosity, and a hearty laugh. Yet the man whom all the world mourned as though he had been a personal friend, had a very poor start in life. The path of his early life was not strewn with roses, but with sharp thorns. If he had not possessed such a brave and cheerful spirit, it is likely that his early hardships would have spoiled his life. But he rose superior to them all, and is an example to every boy of that spirit of 'Never Despair' which has carried so many Britons to victory.

If we were to see the name Charles John Huffham Dickens, we should think that it referred to some relative of the great writer, not to the novelist himself. Yet that was the name by which he was baptized. It is a remarkable fact that not only did Dickens drop all but his first Christian name, but

the others are omitted from his tomb in Westminster Abbey, the simple inscription reading: 'Charles Dickens. Born February the Seventh, 1812. Died June the Ninth, 1870.'

His father's name was John, and Charles was the second child and the eldest son. If the father had been blessed with the gift of prophecy he might — to quote the words used about Paul Dombey — have said respecting little Charlie: 'That boy, sir, will live in history. That boy, sir, is not a common production.'

But John Dickens, although a most kind and estimable man, seems to have been too easy-going in money matters, and this fault had somewhat tragical consequences by the time Charles had grown to his tenth year.

These ten years, however, would seem to have been happy. Though he was born at number 387 Mile End Terrace, Commercial Road, Portsmouth, yet most of his early childhood was spent at another great naval port, Chatham, for his father was attached to the Navy Pay Office. Charles and his sister Fanny seem to have been great chums. She became a professional singer and died at a somewhat early age, to the great grief of her distinguished brother.

There is no doubt that Dickens had a wonderful memory. His brain seems to have been like a cinematograph film, which not only sees, but retains every passing impression. Across the illuminated screen of his books pass in endless procession the scenes, events, and persons which most children forget because they came across their track so early in life. But Dickens makes use of them all. None are lost. His memory caught them in its net, and his imagination made them live again for all time. His mother — with all her little peculiarities, a most admirable woman with a deep vein of humour — undoubtedly sat for the portrait of Mrs. Nickleby, whilst this dear sister Fanny was her pretty daughter, Kate. His easy-going father, who was always inclined to spend more than he earned, is immortalised in the character of Micawber, who was always expecting 'something to turn up' and set him free from all his difficulties.

But difficulties crowded upon Charles Dickens's father, nevertheless, and the result was, to all outward appearance, very disastrous for the poor lad. When he was ten years of age his family left Chatham and came to live in London. Charles was left behind for a few weeks, and he records how he took a lonely journey in the stage-coach 'Commodore' to rejoin his parents. 'There were no other inside passengers,' he says, 'and I consumed my sandwiches in solitude and dreariness, and it rained hard all the way, and I thought life sloppier than I expected to find it.'

Poor Charlie! He found it very 'sloppy' a little later. He had never been robust, and had not been able to join in the sports of more vigorous boys, and thus his hardships made the deeper impression upon his sensitive heart. But though Dickens learned in a hard school, yet he was an apt scholar, and, had he known it, the following year or two furnished him with endless material for those romances of mean streets and poor shadowed lives which were to reach the hearts of his fellow-men, and help on the good work of delivering childhood, especially, from its chains.

The Dickens family went to live in a little house in Bayham Street, Camden Town, now, in many parts, one of the poorest districts of London, and even then by no means beautiful or high-class. Dickens used to say that a washerwoman lived next door and a Bow Street runner (a kind of police officer of a low type) over the way.

But John Dickens's affairs grew worse and worse, and ended in his being arrested for debt and lodged in a prison for debtors in Southwark, called the Marshalsea, a prison which Charles afterwards described in Little Dorrit. Meanwhile the family had removed to a house in Gower Street, where Mrs. Dickens intended to 'keep school,' just as Mrs. Micawber did in David Copperfield. The scheme proved a dismal failure, although little Charles distributed sheaves of handbills all round the neighbourhood.

Then came the most dismal episode in the boy's life. With his father in a debtor's prison, and his mother without means of any kind, little Charles became the bread-winner, obtaining a situation at Warren's Blacking Manufactory, at 30 Hungerford Stairs, Strand, near the present Charing Cross railway station. In David Copperfield, which draws many of its scenes from Dickens's own life-experiences, the novelist says the blacking warehouse 'was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting on the river and literally over-run with rats. Its wainscotted rooms and its rotten floors and staircases, and the old grey rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up vividly before me, as if I were there again.' Charles's work consisted of labelling and tying up pots of blacking, and a 'very monotonous and humiliating' task he found it. He did not go home during the day, but found a midday meal at the pudding and beef-shops around St. Martin's Lane and Drury Lane. These establishments were so numerous in the neighbourhood that the district around St. Martin's Church was known as 'Porridge Island.'

Presently Mrs. Dickens and her family went to live in the Marshalsea with the father, and little Charles became a lodger with a Mrs. Roylance, who doubtless sat for the portrait of Mrs. Pipchin in Dombey & Son. Later still he got a lodging in Lant Street, Borough, to be nearer the prison. This is the street where Bob Sawyer lodged with Mrs. Raddle.

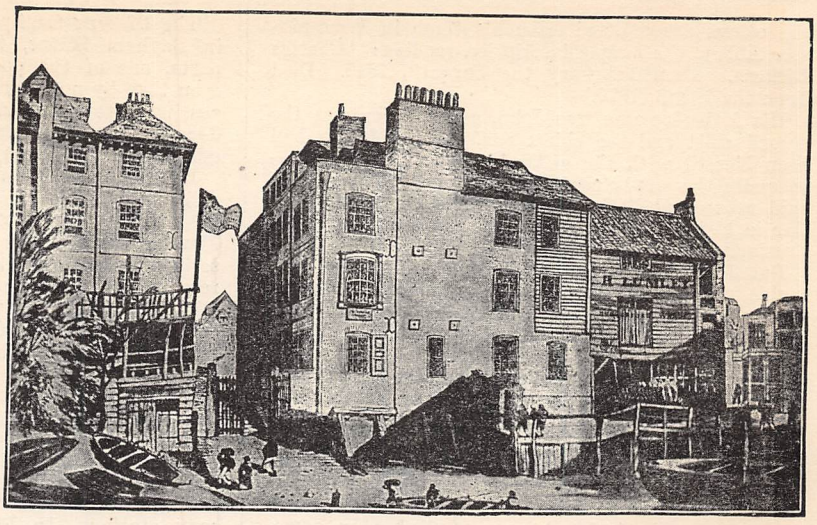
Charles was twelve years of age when he left his blacking-pots for ever, but so deep an impression had his experience made on him that he says: 'Until old Hungerford Market was pulled down and the very nature of the ground changed, I never had the courage to go back to the place where my servitude began.'

The cause of his release was that his father had a considerable legacy left him by a relative. Charles left work and went back to school, much to his delight. He had always been very fond of reading, and had read many more books than most boys of his age, in spite of his troubles; and this fondness of reading and his quick and accurate power of observation gave him a kind of natural education which few boys acquire.

At the age of fourteen he left school and was placed in a solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn. Later he was transferred to an office in Gray's Inn, where

he earned the weekly salary of thirteen and six. He never took kindly to the law, but again these things served him in good stead, for his quick eye and retentive memory took note of lawyers and clerks and clients, all of whom figure in a life-like manner in his great novels.

When Charles was sixteen he left the lawyer's office and devoted himself to the learning of shorthand, and presently became very expert indeed. Whatever his hand found to do he did with his might, and before he reached his twenty-second year he was installed in the Gallery of the House of Commons as the Parliamentary reporter of the Morning Chronicle.



Old Hungerford Market, where Dickens passed part of his early life.

Charles Dickens as a Young Man.

Thus was the little blacking factory boy launched upon the river of Journalism which runs down to the ocean of Literature, and this ocean he was not long in reaching.

It was in December, 1833, that his first paper, other than his newspaper reports, appeared, unsigned, in the Monthly Magazine. Many a young author has found encouragement in Dickens's description of this important event. He tells us how he dropped this paper stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street, and when it appeared in all the glory of print, he says: 'I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there.'

Thus was the foundation of this great man's success laid. He never knew failure after that. His rambles about the byways of London gave him his unsurpassed knowledge of the metropolis; his association with the poor helped him not only to portray their ways, but gave him that tender love for sunless lives which has made the world a better place to live in.

For our illustrations we are greatly indebted to Mr. B. W. Matz (editor of the Dickensian) and Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the first publishers of all Dickens's books, and of the Life of Dickens, by John Forster, from which the pictures are taken.

A. B. Cooper.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

TALLEYRAND, Prince of Benevent, once sent out invitations for a dinner-party to the Princesses of the Imperial family, their marshals, and some of the German Princes who frequented the Palace of the Tuileries at that period. Talleyrand, one of the greatest epicures of his age, spent an entire morning consulting his head cook, his butler, and his house-steward. The bill of fare once drawn up, messengers were sent in all directions in search of the delicacies of the season. They succeeded in obtaining plenty of everything, except any rare kind of fish, but as this was an item of the greatest importance, the cook stalked about the vast kitchens with a lowering brow, and his master sent down anxious

"The butler's precious burden fell to the ground."

inquiries more and more frequently as the days passed.

This state of affairs lasted until the very morning before the appointed day, when the cook burst into the Prince's study and cried in triumph, 'Two head of salmon have just arrived, Sire!'

'Fine ones?'

'Magnificent!'

Talleyrand hummed a tune gaily as he descended to view the twin monsters glistening on a marble slab. 'You must serve up both, my friend,' he remarked in a pleased tone.

'Both? That is impossible! Absolutely impossible, Sire!' said the cook.

'What! Impossible if I wish it to be done?'

'My Prince, you and I would be disgraced by such a breach of etiquette. Fish like these can only be served once at a meal.'

Talleyrand frowned and spent some moments in consideration. Then he whispered a few words into the ear of his servant and retired, leaning on his gold-headed cane. The cook gazed after him admiringly until he was lost to view, then he exclaimed aloud, 'Ah, he is indeed a great man!' and turned to his work with redoubled vigour.

On the following day, the illustrious guests were seated at a table which threatened to bend under its load of massive silver. The first course was removed, the leaves of the folding-doors flew open, and the butler entered in the full dignity of his richest uniform, carrying with difficulty an enormous salmon on a richly chased dish of silver.

A chorus of exclamations greeted his appearance.

'It is a prodigy, Prince!'

'Marvellous, indeed!'

'A perfect leviathan!'

'And at this season of the year, too!'

Suddenly, as though agitated by the glances directed towards him, the knees of the butler shook under him, he made a false step and — his precious burden fell to the ground!

A subdued murmur of dismay broke from the guests, and their disappointment was clear. 'Clumsy fellow!' exclaimed Talleyrand in a tone of annoyance. 'Let another fish be served up at once!'

When another salmon, nearly half as large again as the first, was brought in a few moments later, the enthusiasm and surprise of the guests knew no bounds.

C. Morley.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

VI. — JUNE.

ALL the birds are singing still —
Field and moorland, vale and hill,
Yield their tribute, sweet and strong,
While the summer days are long.

When at length the evening falls
And they cease their songs and calls,
One strange voice alone is heard —
'Tis the Nightjar, dusky bird.

See him flapping o'er the brakes:
Quaint the churring sound he makes,
Sound that has a mystic charm
In the summer evening's calm.

PIES AND PIEMEN.

NOWADAYS the taste for plum-pudding is considered a typically British one, and most of us are very fond of it. Our present favourite, however, is really not very old, and instead of speaking about the Christmas pudding, English people used to talk of the Christmas pie. You will remember how in the ancient rhyme about Jack Horner, he is said to have been 'eating a Christmas pie.' Probably that celebrated youngster would have agreed with the person who remarked that Columbus had discovered a world, but what was Columbus to the man who found out the way to make a pie? Yet we do not know the name of this benefactor, and have no notion who he was!

The Londoner was a great consumer of pies, and some of his pies were very queer ones. In the seventeenth century Sir Theodore Mayerne, a London physician, wrote the best cookery-book of his time. The first recipe in this book is one for a truly marvellous pie, in which were blended sparrows and potatoes, oysters, dates, chestnuts, lettuce-stalks, eggs, pickled barberries, and other ingredients 'too numerous to mention.'

In 1710, a man named Patrick Lamb, who had cooked for Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne, compiled a curious cookery-book, in which he gives a list of twelve pies, suitable in his opinion for the corresponding twelve months of the year.

For January, Oyster Pie.
For February, Spring Pie.
For March, Skerret Pie.
For April, Battered Apple Pie.
For May, Oringado Pie.
For June, Humble Pie (the inferior part of venison).
For July, Potato Pie.
For August, Cream Tart.
For September, Lumber Pie.
For October, Artichoke Pie.
For November, Quince Pie.
For December, Steak Pie.

Most of these pies are now extinct.

The old nursery rhyme tells of 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' but there was a still more extraordinary dish 'set before the king' when the dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, was served up to the King and Queen of England in a cold pie. But he was not baked, like the blackbirds!

Pies were hawked about the streets by men in professional costume. 'Simple Simon,' you will remember, 'met a pieman.' This vendor of pies frequently appears in old prints, but his most distingushed appearance is in Hogarth's picture, 'The March of the Guards to Finchley,' where he stands in the centre of the crowd, 'grinning with delight at the adroitness of one robbery, while he is himself the victim of another.'

E. Dyke.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 170.)

THE results of the Second Form's vow followed that very evening. The great four had been a trifle subdued during Sunday lesson and prep, and had glanced quite nervously at Teddy Risdale once or twice. But that hero had relapsed into his usual mood of harmless stupidity. The four soon regained their old confidence, and after chapel Smith told Gerald to fetch him a book from his locker.

Gerald took his pluck in both hands. 'No, I won't!' he said nervously, but firmly.

Smith, really surprised, could only glare.

'My word, what are new guv'nors coming to?' Kirby remarked.

'I am not going to fag for any of you!' Gerald forced himself to say. It was not easy, this defiance of big boys.

'You'll have to be licked!' Smith threatened angrily.

Gerald said nothing. Smith got up for the fives bat. And then Fitzgerald plunged in bravely.

'You're not going to lick him!' he cried. 'If you do you'll have to lick the lot of us!'

'What do you mean?' Kirby asked. 'We had trouble with you before, kid!'

'I know you did,' Fitz answered. 'I mean what I say. If you touch Wilding, we'll all go for you! We're hanging together, the lot of us; we've taken a vow, and there's going to be no more fagging for you!'

Gerald loved Fitz dearly in that moment. Now Piggy Harris got up valiantly and stood beside them. A moment later Danvers followed him.

'This'll never do!' Dickyns growled.

Fitz turned to the others. 'Get up, all of you! Don't forget your vows! We've all got to play the man to-day!'

(Fitzgerald had a fair memory for the countless books of adventure that he read. Sometimes they were apt to colour his remarks. But he did not seem absurd to his allies at that moment.)

The rest of the form rose to their feet. Some of them rose unwillingly, but they all came and stood by their leader. The four were also standing by now. They faced each other like hostile armies, with a little space between. It was a great moment. Would it come to actual fighting?

Dickyns turned to his friends. 'We shall have to lick 'em. They want it badly, and we can do it with one hand.'

But the others were less bold. They had been shaken by the episode with Teddy Risdale in the afternoon, and now this open resistance cowed them slightly.

Smith whispered, 'Better just jaw to the little brutes, perhaps?' and Page and Kirby were in agreement. They forced the warlike Dickyns to prudence.

Smith addressed the rebels. 'We're not going to have a scrap to-night. We had enough fuss this afternoon. But to-morrow, if we have any rot at all from any of you kids, you'll catch it really hot!'

So did the great four strive to cover their shame with bluster, before making a somewhat tame departure from the form-room. But the exultant rebels whom they left behind knew well that they had scored their first decisive victory of the campaign. And Fitz said publicly that Gerald 'had behaved like a plucky kid.'

CHAPTER XI.

It was one of Berthold's bad days. Things should have been going well with him; most men at Dunbury envied his apparent good fortune. Only Billy knew what it was that poisoned everything for him. After the match with Tedford he had been given his Fifteen colours. That night his house, as was customary on such an occasion, had made much din of cheering in his honour, and those cheers had been given with even more heartiness than usual. Mr. Vickers had to bustle in at last to stop the uproar. But Vickers himself was exceedingly proud of the honour that Berthold had won for the house. He was considered to have had a big hand in that famous victory over Tedford. Mr. Kortright, who coached the Fifteen year after year with unflagging skill and patience, and was exceedingly chary of bestowing unstinted praise on any one, was currently reported to have observed to Melton that Berthold was the most promising half-back that Dunbury had turned out for years. And Vickers's house believed it firmly. They expected to do well in the house matches, even although Berthold was the one Big-side man they possessed. Defeat, to Vickers's, seemed out of the question with Berthold on their side. And yet, with it all, Berthold was not happy in the least.

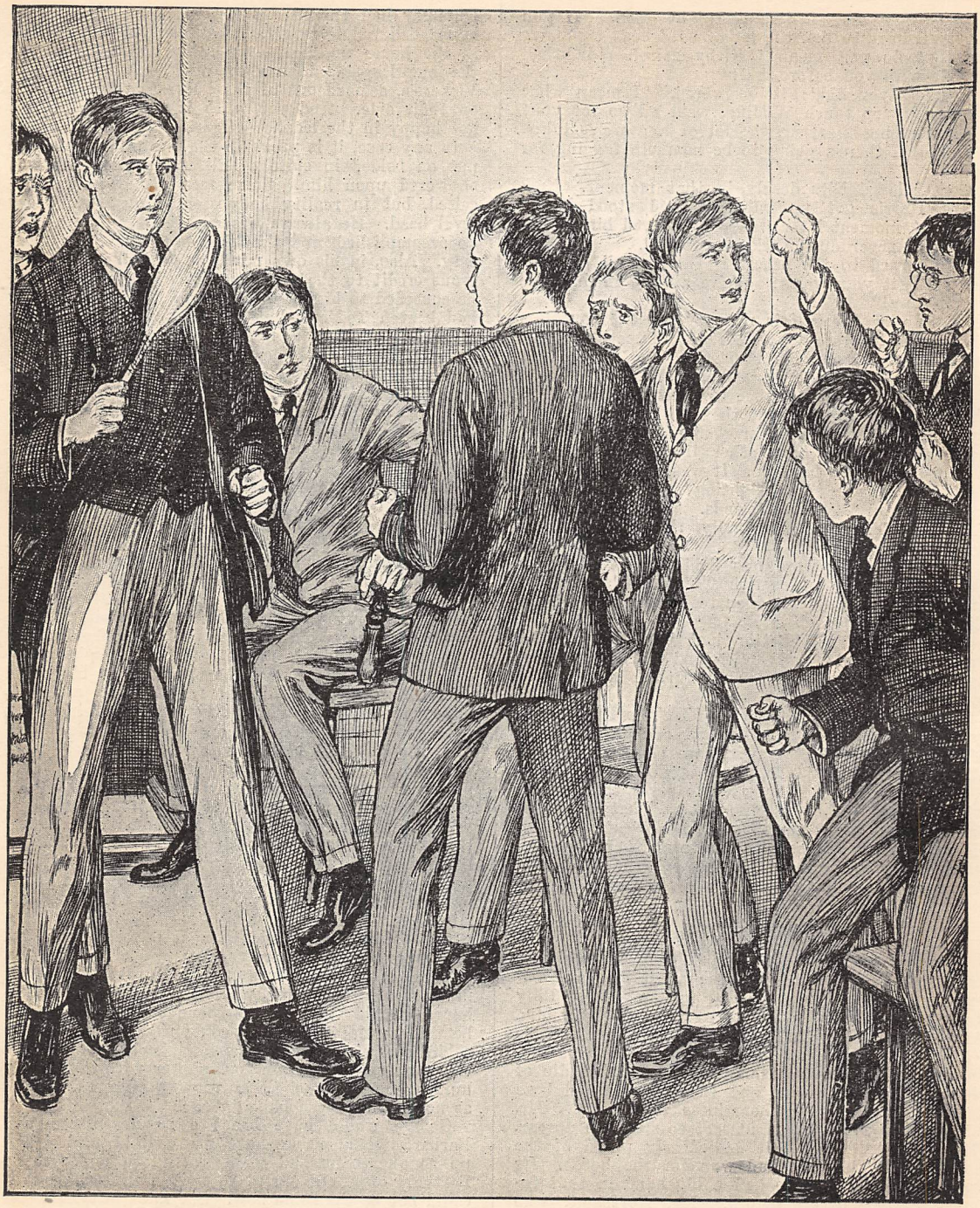
In any case, it is probable that he would not have put on 'side,' in spite of all the praise that was showered upon him. Some men thought him conceited, but in reality he possessed quite an oddly level head. He always wished to do far more than he accomplished, and that fact was an aid to modesty. Also, in his own mind, he gave far more generous credit to the performances of other men than he conceded to his own. He was delighted that they had beaten Tedford, but he could not get over the idea that he himself had played rather a 'selfish' game. And Berthold considered that selfishness was the greatest of all footer crimes. He could not say enough to Melton in praise of the work done by the forwards in that match. It had given him a certain pleasure to purchase his Fifteen cap, jersey, and stockings, but — none of the men who saw him wearing those coveted distinctions for the first time realised how little Berthold was to be envied.

He could never forget about his brother for very long. Any triumph that he won himself, seemed somehow to be purchased at his brother's expense. He was brute enough to be having a good time at footer, and all the while at his home in Hampshire they did not know whether George would live or die. And it was owing to his hateful carelessness that he was lying there, old George who had once been so splendidly useful all round! Those thoughts were with Berthold almost all the time. They blackened everything for him. If he forgot them and was happy for a little while, they came surging back with redoubled force. No doubt it was morbid of him, as Billy had hinted, to dwell so bitterly upon what had been an accident, but perhaps Berthold's power of self-reproach was a proof of a character somewhat deeper than that of the average boy.

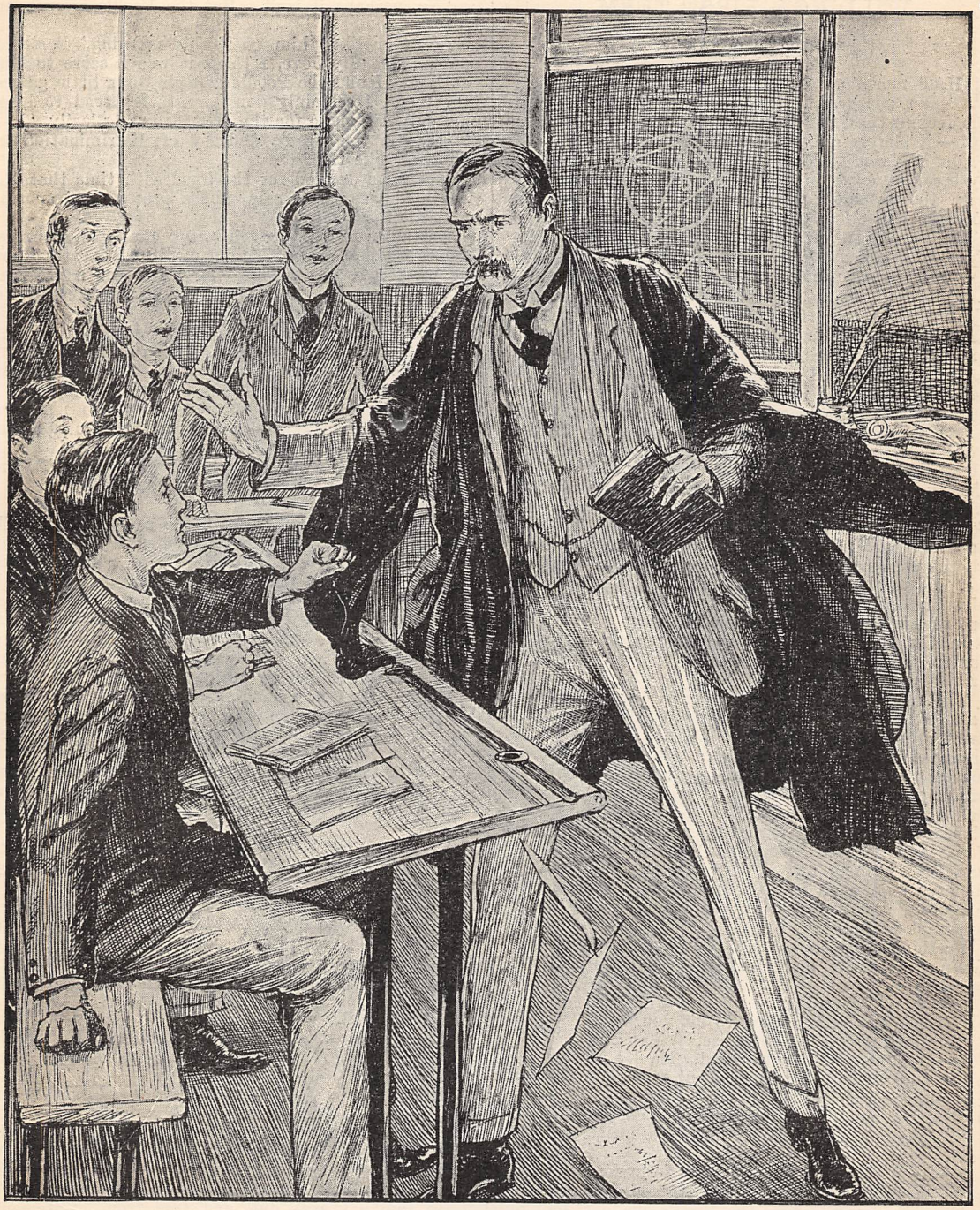
And this morning a letter had come from home. Berthold had learned to dread the very sight of home letters now. And yet he always snatched them eagerly in the hope that at last they might bring a little better news. But they so seldom did. His sister Barbara always wrote to him twice a week at least. Berthold thought a very great deal of Barbara. She was a year or two older than he, and she had kept house for his father since their mother's death. There was no one quite like Barbara. Gerald Wilding was to understand that when he met her later on. She could ride to hounds like a bird and play golf and tennis splendidly, and move the most solemn people to laughter with her dainty humour, and now she was nursing poor old George as no one else could have done.

George would have hated a regular nurse, and Barbara would never have dreamed of giving him up to one. She had written such jolly letters to Berthold once. She tried to write them still, but it could not be the same now. She knew what all this meant to her younger brother, and although she tried always to write hopefully, yet he had made her promise faithfully not to keep the truth from him, and there seemed really little enough hope to give.

(Continued on page 186.)



"'There's going to be no more fagging for you.'"



"He so far forgot himself as to box Berthold's ears."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 183.)

THAT morning her promise had made Berthold's sister write sadly, and he read the letter with the feeling that there was nothing good left in life; but — it simply did not do to dwell upon it all. If he did so, he might very well make a fool of himself by breaking down in public. Berthold left his study with the desperate determination to do something to make himself forget.

Mr. Bryant suffered for that foolish resolve. Berthold was impossible in form that day. He ragged the unfortunate Poodle with a cold, merciless skill. The Poodle was no match for Berthold in coolness. He lost his temper far too soon and too obviously; then he felt himself ridiculous, and at once became so. Berthold excelled in apparently harmless retorts that contained a secret barb impossible to take hold of. This was no doubt a gift, but its exercise was very far from being to Berthold's credit. There was something cowardly about his goading of the Poodle. It is true that Mr. Bryant was armed with all the powers and prestige of a master, but his authority availed him little against Berthold. The whole form was in laughter. Mr. Bryant was red, flustered, and furious. Berthold was icily quiet, and apparently entirely courteous and respectful. But all the time Berthold was aware of his own cowardice. He was not in the least proud of himself. And Mr. Bryant was, of course, quite ignorant of the one excuse that could be made for him.

In the end the Poodle, goaded beyond his self-control, so far forgot himself as to box Berthold's ears.

The act quieted the form at once. It also caused something of a sensation. Every one knew that no master was allowed to strike a blow. There was a tradition in the school that a certain quick-tempered master had been compelled to apologise to a boy for striking him. The form considered that the Poodle had delivered himself, bound and helpless, into Berthold's hands. They stared eagerly while they wondered what Berthold would do. He laughed quietly, and said nothing at all. Mr. Bryant stood for a moment as though bewildered, and then returned to his desk, and the rest of the lesson proceeded in apparent peace.

Berthold was surrounded by eager questioners when the Poodle had dismissed the class and departed.

'What will you do?'

'He had no earthly right to hit you.'

'You can make him apologise. What a rag!'

Berthold seemed merely bored. He did not answer a word until the question was put to him, 'Will you complain to the Head?'

'No, I shan't!' Berthold answered curtly.

'Why not? It would be rather a lark,' one boy said.

Berthold prepared to leave the form-room. 'You seem to think me a pretty average sort of cad,' he said coldly. 'Of course the Poodle made a fool of himself. I expect the Head would have to tell him so if I complained. But I made him make a fool of himself. Do you think it's the game to drive the Poodle pretty well frantic, and then go crawling to the Head?'

'No, perhaps it isn't. But the Poodle is such an ass!'

'I never liked him until this morning,' Berthold answered. 'By Jove, I think it was a score to him at last! I and the Poodle can play our little games together. I certainly don't want the Head to back me up.' He made for the door, drawling lazily, 'I — I distrust the Head's delicacy of discrimination in an affair like this.'

The form decided for the hundredth time that old Berthold was stark mad, but a pretty good sportsman all the same.

Berthold felt a yearning for the open country after mid-day dinner. He did not know exactly what he wanted to do, but keeping quiet was a physical impossibility. At the lodge he was accosted by an Irish boy called O'Brien.

'Going for a trek, Berthold?' he asked.

Berthold nodded. 'Where are you off to?'

O'Brien made answer in his own solemn way, that contrasted so oddly with his bright, grey eyes. 'I am in search of some excitement. I do not care what shape it takes — I am not particular — but some excitement I must have this very day.'

'By Jove! it's exactly what I want myself,' Berthold rejoined. 'We'd better join forces.'

'Righto,' O'Brien agreed.

They set off together down the avenue at a brisk pace. O'Brien was almost as noted a character at Dunbury as Berthold himself. He was cram full of Irish recklessness and irresponsibility, and though high up in the school, yet every now and then he would be convicted of freaks worthy of a junior. A suggestion only had to be mad and dangerous to appeal to O'Brien. He would embark upon it at once with both hands, caring not a jot for consequences. He was a dashing and fearless forward at footer, well in the running for his colours. Report had it that he rode desperately hard to hounds at home in Ireland. Certainly anything to do with horses had a fascination for him, as he proved that very day. He was a tall boy, with a wide, crooked mouth, and a pugnacious, slightly upturned Irish nose.

'I hear you had a bit of a turn-up with the Poodle in form to-day,' O'Brien remarked as they walked.

'I did,' Berthold answered rather shortly.

'I wish I was in the Poodle's form,' O'Brien complained. 'There's always some mild fun to be got out of him if you happen to feel like it. He rises to a "rag" like a trout to a fly. Now old Naylor is quite hopeless; you might as well try to rag a block of wood.'

'Naylor knows too much to let himself be ragged,' Berthold said. 'He does any ragging himself that is to be done.'

'He does that,' O'Brien agreed; 'and mighty inconsiderate of him it is. What is to be done with an old ass who declines to lose his temper? Nothing, nothing at all. Oh, but it is a dull world this, and no mistake at all. I am often wearying of it, despite my best endeavours.'

If Dunbury was dull and free from excitement, certainly O'Brien had nothing to reproach himself about. He did his best to enliven the place.

'I want a change myself,' Berthold answered. 'What can we find to do to-day?'

'I do not know yet,' O'Brien responded with sim-

ple faith. 'But something will turn up, I am convinced. Something in the way of excitement always does turn up, if you go out to seek for it in the right spirit.'

O'Brien spoke out of a rich and varied experience, and he proved a true prophet.

(Continued on page 199.)

MISS D'ENTRECOUR'S LOCKET.

A DEAR old lady was Miss d'Entrecour, who lived in the pretty cottage at the end of the village. The Squire's children often went to see her, for they loved to hear her interesting stories.

Madame (as she was usually called) was the granddaughter of a French gentleman, who, in troublous times, being accused of some political offence, had spent several years in prison. He escaped the guillotine, however, and was at last released, when he went at once to England, to join his wife and child, who were already there.

M. d'Entrecour had never seen his little son until he met him in England. The baby had been born shortly after his father's arrest, and the poor man was not allowed to see or hear from any one even his wife. Towards the end of his imprisonment he was treated with less severity, and a friendly jailer used to convey letters to him from his friends.

When M. d'Entrecour regained his freedom Henri was six years of age. Every day his mother talked to him about his absent father; each night and morning mother and child prayed together for le cher pere. What a great and glorious day that was when they travelled to Dover to meet their dear one, and brought him to their home in the pretty, peaceful Kentish village!

Many happy years followed. Henri grew up and prospered. Except for an occasional brief visit, he never cared to return to his native land. England was his home, and he married an Englishwoman.

Their daughter was the friend of the Squire's children. She had never married. The children said that it was because even in England — to say nothing of France! — there was no man good enough for her. No one whom they thought worthy of her, they meant; Madame was so very good that she did not think herself good, but was always gentle, humble, and sweet.

No doubt there had been some romance in this gracious woman's life. The children often wondered what was inside the large, old-fashioned gold locket which Madame wore always on a gold chain round her neck; but they did not like to ask.

One bright afternoon in July, all four children — Alice, George, Lionel, and little Christine — were having tea with Madame. That, even without the stories, was a great treat, for nowhere else did they get quite such delicious cakes, or (though their father was the squire, and had a gardener of his own) such very big and sweet strawberries.

'Please tell us a story, Madame!' said Lionel, when tea was over, and the children were sitting round their hostess in the cool, pleasant garden.

'Oh, dear, Lionel! I fear that you have heard all my stories by this time,' said Miss d'Entrecour.

Alice was nearly fourteen, George was twelve, Lionel eleven. Little Christine, being only six, was the least shy, and saw no reason why she should not ask for the information which she desired. The wonder is that she had not asked for it before.

'Whose portrait have you got in your locket?' she said, patting Madame's soft dress with her chubby hand.

Miss d'Entrecour laughed merrily. 'Ah!' she said, 'thereby hangs a tale which I have not yet told you. Now, shall I show you the portrait first, and tell you the tale afterwards, or first tell you the tale and then show you the portrait?'

'Show us the portrait!' answered all four together.

'Very well. Look!'

Madame opened the locket, and there was no portrait! Only six rusty old pins lying side by side beneath the glass.

'O-h-h!' exclaimed Christine, who was disappointed. But the others were eager to hear the story.

'These pins,' said Madame, 'are friends, not mere portraits of friends.'

'How funny!' interrupted Lionel (rather rudely, Alice thought); 'how can pins be friends?'

'They are not friends when they scratch you,' put in George.

'Don't you remember the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed?"' said Madame. 'These six pins were once "friends in need" for some one of whom, when I was a little girl like Christine, I was very fond. I have told you that my poor grandfather was shut up in prison for about six years. When he was in prison, he felt, of course, very wretched. He had no news from the world outside. He did not know what had become of his wife, and the anxiety preyed upon his mind. He had no books or papers, and, if he had had them, he could scarcely have seen to read them, for his cell was lighted only by one tiny window, high up in the wall. The furniture consisted of one chair and a table. Day followed day; one day was exactly like another. The poor man had no fresh air, no exercise, nothing to do but think, and though it is good to think, it is not well to do nothing else, especially when one has very sad things to think about. It is a wonder that my grandfather survived! He was dreadfully afraid that he would go out of his mind. For his wife's sake he wanted to keep sane and as well as he could in the circumstances, because all through this terrible time he was hoping to be with her again some day. It was this hope, no doubt, which kept him alive. So my grandfather began to consider what recreation he could invent for himself.'

'What a pity that he did not have a solitaire board!' said George.

'Stupid old game!' muttered Lionel, contemptuously.

'Well,' went on Miss d'Entrecour, 'it occurred to him that he might have a solitary game with some pins. He had six pins about him, and he amused himself by scattering these over the floor of his cell (which, though dark and miserable, was rather large), and then setting himself to hunt for them until he had found all six. This he did again and again. When he was tired of pin-hunting, he would sit at the table and arrange the six pins in little crosses, or form letters of them.'

'He could make N with three pins,' said Lionel, 'I with one pin, L with two pins, and then he would have no more left.'

'But N-I-L would make "Nil,"' said George, who knew a little Latin, 'and that would remind him of Nil desperandum, "Never despair!"'

Madame smiled. 'Perhaps it did so,' she said, 'though I never heard that part of the story. Anyhow, the pins were to my grandfather real, good friends, for which he thanked God, and when at last he quitted his prison, he carried them away with him. His wife, my grandmother, had them placed in this locket, and so wore them until her death. Then my grandfather gave the locket to my mother, who left it to me.'

'Thank you very much,' said the elder children politely; and Alice, who was at the moralising age, remarked, 'Your story teaches that even a small person like ——'

'A pin,' put in Lionel.

'Christine!' shouted George.

'Can be of great use,' calmly concluded their elder sister.

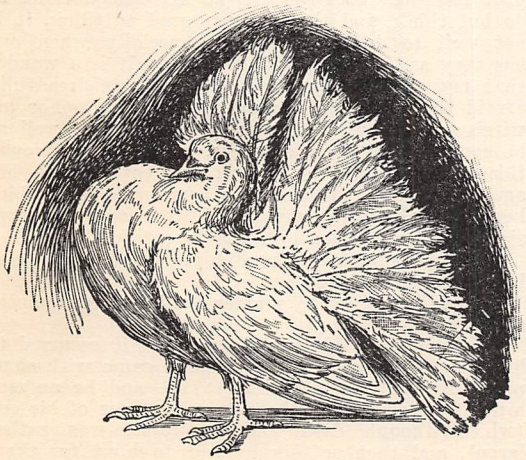
Little Christine climbed into Miss d'Entrecour's lap, and held up her pretty face for a kiss.

E. Dyke.

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

VI. — PIGEONS.

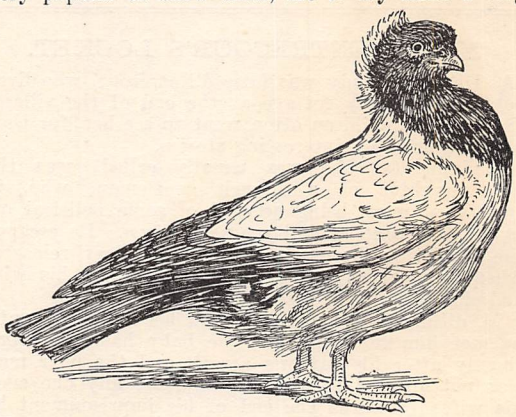
THESE hardy, beautiful birds have been kept by man in a domestic state from time immemorial, not only supplying him with food, but also being put to a variety of other uses. In England to-day the pigeon fancy is almost as popular and well supported as the poultry. All over the country there are annual large exhibitions for these birds, where valuable cups and prizes are offered for the best-feathered and most perfectly shaped specimens. As there are about twenty-four different breeds of fancy pigeons, I cannot even name any but the most important here: but if you care to learn more about the subject, there is a weekly paper, called



The White Fantail Pigeon.

The Feathered World, which contains a lot of information on the different kinds of pigeons and their management, very often with coloured plates and drawings of well-known show birds.

The four most interesting and popular breeds of fancy pigeons are the Homing, Tumblers, Pouters, and Carriers, all very unlike each other in appearance and habits. Homers are big, powerful birds, and are specially trained and used for racing matches against each other. Tumblers get their name from the curious tumbling performance they go through when flying high up in the air. Pouters, which are very popular as show birds, are to my mind a very



The Nun Pigeon.

ugly breed; their bodies are carried in a horizontal position and they have enormous distended crops which give them a curious un-birdlike appearance.

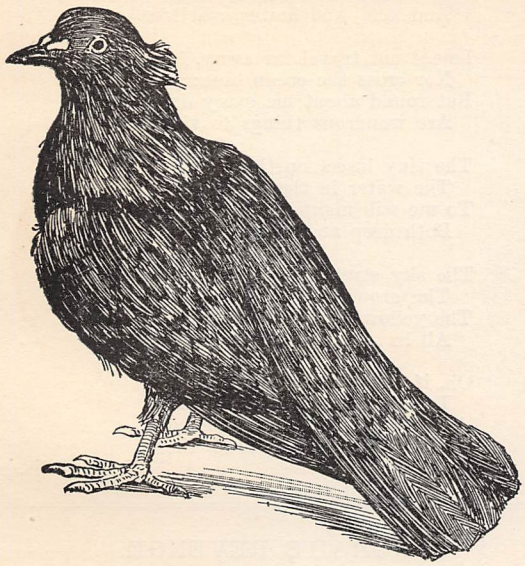
The remarkable breed called Carriers is the most interesting of all. From remote ages these birds have been employed in carrying messages from far-distant places to their homes. They are going out of use a great deal in England now, owing to the telegraph and the telephone, but are still largely used in the East. In Turkey, Carriers are called Bagatins or Couriers, and this is how they are trained: 'When a young one is come to the perfect use of its wings, and has acquired its full strength, they carry it in a basket about half a mile from home, and there turn it out; after this they carry it a mile, then two, four, eight, ten, and twenty, till at length it will return from the furthest parts of the kingdom.' The message is usually written on fine tissue paper and rolled neatly round the leg, secured by a silken thread; and thus the bird's flight is in no way impeded.

I do not, however, advise any boy or girl who is just thinking of starting pigeon-keeping, to begin with any of the four kinds mentioned; they need far more knowledge and experience to keep successfully than the more ordinary breeds, such as Fantails, Nuns, Archangels, and Jacobins. Any of these latter make pretty, interesting, and often profitable pets, and you can buy a pair of either for about five shillings.

When first bought the pigeons must be kept shut up in their house for a fortnight or three weeks, till they become accustomed to their new surroundings, otherwise they will fly away and be lost.

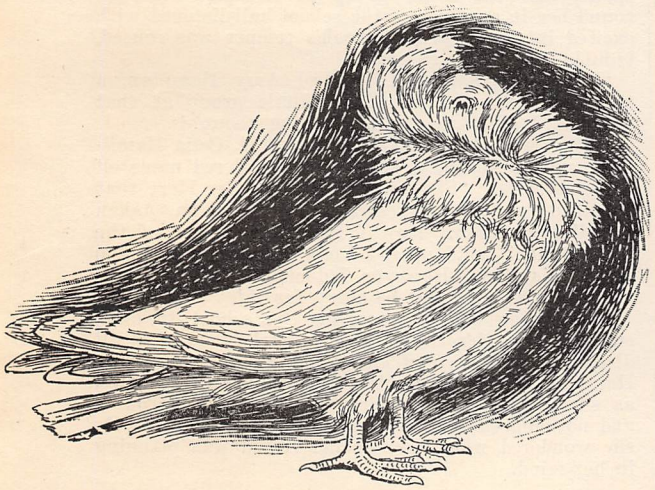
For a large flock of pigeons a loft is the ideal house, but for one or two pairs an excellent dovecote can be made out of an empty barrel. See that it is water-tight, and then divide it up inside into two or three sets of cells, according to the size of the cask. Each cell must have a separate opening

with a platform in front of it for the birds to alight on after they have been out for a flight. Whitewash the whole of the inside thoroughly, and, if you like, paint the outside for appearance' sake; then



The Archangel Pigeon.

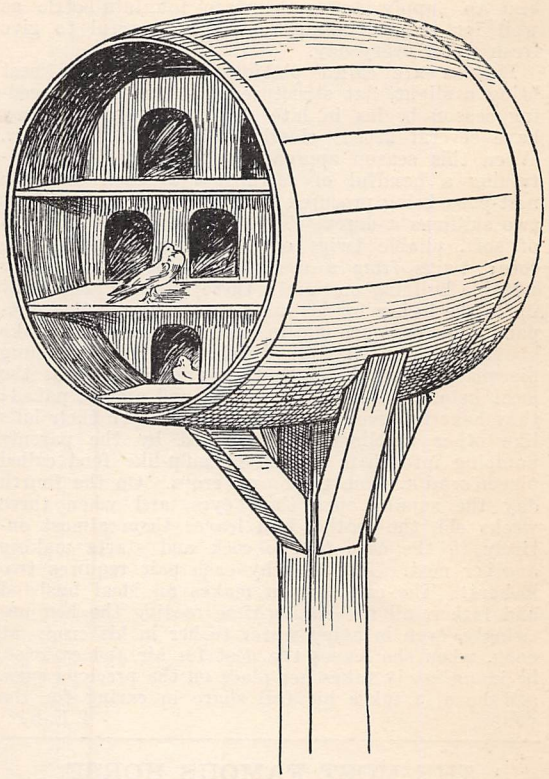
have the barrel fixed on a pole from eight to ten feet in the air, and the foot of the pole firmly embedded in a socket in the ground. Such a house will



The White Jacobin Pigeon.

be found far more satisfactory than the usual triangular-shaped set of lockers, fixed against the barn or stable wall, for these often suffer from the onslaughts of cats and rats. Rats indeed are great enemies of the pigeon fancier, for they visit the nests at night, break the eggs, and often devour the squabs, as young pigeons are called.

The only disadvantage of the pole dovecote is the difficulty of getting up to it for cleaning it out — a weekly difficulty, too! However, this can be overcome by using a step-ladder, or by having a strong bar of wood fixed across the top of the cote and jutting out each side, for the ladder to lean against;



A Dovecote made out of a Barrel.

or else by making the barrel rest on stays (as in our illustration), so that it can easily be lifted off.

The staple food of tame pigeons is corn and grey peas; but they will also eat barley, oats, buckwheat, and any small pulse or grain; a mixture, too, of the above grains is often given. Feed twice a day, scattering as much food as they will come and pick up eagerly, but do not leave a lot lying about on the ground, as it only serves to attract rats to the spot. The meals should be given early in the morning and an hour before sundown; of course when there are young in the nest, feed more frequently and liberally. In the country, pigeons will find much of their own food; they delight in many grass and flower seeds and are splendid weeders. There are two things which seem essential for them and must never be forgotten, namely, salt and lime. Often tame pigeons get themselves a very bad name by pecking out the mortar from the roofs of old buildings to get these things. So be sure always to keep a lump of rock-salt going for your pets, somewhere near their house and where they can easily get at it; also strew old mortar and lime rubbish, which

a builder will supply you with, on the cote platforms or on some protected place near by. Pigeons require plenty of water both for drinking and bathing purposes. The latter should be in a flat shallow pan, large enough for the birds to get into and have a good splash; this water soon gets foul, so it is best to supply an earthenware fountain-bottle as well for their drinking-water. Be careful to give fresh water every day.

Pigeons are called platform-builders, their nest being a slight, flat structure of sticks. The breeding season begins in late April or May, and they have several broods closely following one another. When this season approaches, put a nest-pan containing a handful of sawdust into each cell, the nest-pans being procured from a bird-shop for about two shillings a dozen. Then scatter a few handfuls of soft, pliable twigs on the ground beneath the cote; twigs from a used birch broom make very suitable building material; these the cock will carry up to the locker for his mate to arrange in the nest-pan. Two eggs are laid in the fragile nest, and take about eighteen days to hatch. When the young pigeons are first hatched, they are of all birds the most helpless, being blind, weak, and almost naked; they have not even the sense to gape open their bills like other nestlings, but are fed by the parents pumping into them a kind of pulp-like food called pigeon's milk, from their own crops. On the fourth day the squabs open their eyes, and when three weeks old, the mother-bird leaves them almost entirely to the care of the cock and starts making another nest. That is why each pair requires two lockers! The cock pigeon makes an ideal husband and father, all the sitting-time feeding the hen untiringly, even bringing water to her in his crop: at noon, when she leaves the nest for air and exercise, he immediately takes her place on the precious eggs, and he also takes his full share in caring for the young.

I. E. N.

THE MOST FAMOUS HORSE.

PROBABLY the most famous horse that ever lived was Bucephalus, the beloved charger of Alexander the Great. He was a piebald animal (white clouded with large, deep bay spots), and was brought from the pastures of Pharsalia, whence came many other brave and gentle horses. Bucephalus, we are told, attached himself so entirely to his master that he would permit no other person to mount him. He shared the conqueror's toils and perils for many years. When he was lost for a time in the country of the Axii, Alexander caused a proclamation to be made, commanding the immediate return of his horse, and threatening that, if he were not restored, the whole country should be ravaged with fire and sword. This had the desired effect, and Bucephalus reappeared without delay. 'So dear,' says Arrian, the historian, 'was this horse to Alexander, and so terrible was Alexander to the barbarians.'

Bucephalus received his death-wound at the battle of the Hydaspes. When he felt himself wounded, the gallant creature instantly galloped out of the fight, brought his master to a place of safety, then knelt (as was his custom) for him to alight. Having thus discharged his duty to the end, the faithful servant dropped and died. Alexander built a city to his memory, and named it after him.

WAYSIDE WISDOM.

THE world is full of wondrous things,
And lovely sights to see,
Bright birds that upward soar on wings,
And field, and flower, and tree.

I need not travel far away,
Nor cross the ocean blue;
But round about me every day
Are wondrous things to view.

The tiny insect on the wing,
The water in the pool,
To me will many a lesson bring
Both deep and beautiful.

The sky stretched wide above my head,
The ground beneath my feet,
The yellow corn, the sunset red,
All have a wisdom sweet.

Oh, if alone on these I look
I shall find much to please,
And though I never read a book,
Learn wisdom e'en from these.

Frank Ellis.

NORAH'S REVENGE.

A Story for Girls.

'IT'S a mean shame, and I will pay her out!' Norah flung her head back defiantly as she spoke, and the eager group of listeners collected round her in a corner of the school hall listened with excited interest. When Norah's temper was roused, trouble was bound to ensue.

'What has happened?' asked Amy Hampton, a tall, fair girl who joined the little group at that moment. 'Who are you all talking about?'

'It's that little sneak of a new girl, Celia Hamilton,' replied Norah, jerking her tangled red mane off her shoulders. 'She went and told Miss Hart that I talked in "Prep." yesterday, and she has taken off all my marks. Now I haven't a chance of the good-conduct holiday, and I specially wanted to go for it this term. However, I don't care! I will pay her out, and she shall be sorry for it.'

A clanging bell, summoning the school to drill, cut short Norah's tirade, and the girls flew off in all directions in search of clubs and dumb-bells. Amy Hampton watched Norah's wiry, resolute little figure, as she led the line of girls on the drilling-ground, and noticing the fixed, determined line of her mouth, she wondered what revenge her friend was planning in her mind.

It was three weeks later — the day before the good-conduct holiday. The silence bell had rung, and the girls were working at their preparation in the big school hall, their bent heads shining in the afternoon sun, as it streamed through the long windows. Celia Hamilton, who sat at the end of the line of desks, felt unusually tired and drowsy with the heat, and her mind kept wandering from the history-book in front of her. She was thinking especially of Norah. How hard she had been, and

how she had misunderstood her! Norah was away from school that afternoon, as all the girls who lived at a distance had been allowed to take their preparation home with them, to save them the hot walk.

Celia turned wearily to her lesson-book, and tried to make her thoughts descend from the clouds to the Wars of the Roses. She had hardly read two sentences before a welcome interruption came.

'Celia, Miss Winthrop has called to see you. She is in the drawing-room. You may go.'

It was Miss Hart who spoke, and she shut the schoolroom door behind her as suddenly as she had opened it, and before Celia had time to reply.

'Miss Winthrop!' she exclaimed, forgetting the silence rule in her surprise. 'I have never heard of her — it can't be me she wants — there's some mistake.'

Then, as no notice was taken of her remarks, she hurried out of the room, and in another minute was at the drawing-room door.

'Come in,' said a curious, high-pitched voice, in answer to her timid knock, and Celia opened the door, and confronted her unknown visitor.

What a quaint figure she was! She was short and thin, and Celia could hardly see her face, so hidden was it by the thick veil that hung from her big black bonnet.

'You don't know who I am,' began the old lady, in her squeaky voice, 'so I must explain myself. I am an old friend of one of your school friends, Norah Thorpe; and I have come to ask you if you would like to spend a day on the river with her and me to-morrow. I promised Norah the treat some time ago, and I told her to-day that she might bring a friend with her. She said she would rather have you than anybody, so I have come straight along to ask you. We have arranged to drive to Maidenhead quite early in the morning, so that we can be on the river all day. I will send my car over to fetch you at nine o'clock. Will you come?'

'Of course I shall simply love to!' exclaimed Celia. 'It is a whole holiday to-morrow, and I was going over to Gingham Woods with the others; but the river will be far nicer, and I shall enjoy it tremendously.'

'Very well, I'm glad you like the idea,' replied Miss Winthrop, as she rose from her chair. 'Be ready for the motor at nine to-morrow morning.'

She turned away without further farewell, and hurried to the door, stumbling over her long skirt as she did so. Celia watched the quaint little figure disappear down the drive, and was still standing at the window when the door opened and Miss Hart hurried into the room.

'Has your friend gone?' she asked. 'What are you waiting for? You mustn't waste your preparation time, and what's this on the floor?'

She stooped and picked up a leather hand-bag, and handed it to Celia.

'Oh, Miss Winthrop must have dropped it,' Celia replied. 'She came to ask me to spend the whole day on the river to-morrow with her and Norah Thorpe. I may go instead of going to Gingham, mayn't I, Miss Hart?'

'Of course you may,' the head mistress replied, smiling at the flushed face and shining eyes that looked up at her so anxiously. 'To-morrow is a whole holiday, and you may spend it as you please. I have had a disappointment,' she added, unfolding a telegram that was crumpled up in her hand. 'This has just come to put off my week-end holiday, so I shall not be going away this afternoon after all. Now, Celia, here come some visitors! Fly back to the schoolroom!'

Celia beat a hasty retreat, Miss Winthrop's bag clasped in her hand. In the hall she stopped and opened it out of curiosity. There were some letters, a handkerchief, and a sketching-block inside — Norah's sketching-block surely! Yes, there was her name inside, and the letters were all addressed to Norah too! Celia snatched up the handkerchief, and looked for the name on that; there it was, in a well-known sprawling hand across the corner — 'N. Thorpe.'

Celia stared at the contents of the bag in amazement as the truth suddenly dawned on her. It was all a trick! Miss Winthrop and Norah were the same person!

Norah was preparing for bed in a leisurely way that night, when there was a loud ring at the front-door bell, followed by the noise of hurrying footsteps on the stairs. In another minute the door burst open, and Celia stood on the threshold.

'Oh, Norah, I have come to tell you that I know it was all a trick,' she began breathlessly. 'I opened your bag, look! You dropped it in the drawing-room. The worst of it is that I told Miss Hart about going on the river, and she hasn't gone away to-day after all, so she will have to know all about it. However, I have thought of a way out of the scrape, so I have rushed here on my bicycle to tell you. I slipped out of the dormitory when the others thought I was in bed! Telegraph to me the first thing in the morning to say that the river party is put off — it will be true! Don't forget to sign it Winthrop, then Miss Hart will never know! I daren't stop another minute. There will be a fearful row if I'm caught!'

'Stop — you aren't going yet, and when you do I'm coming with you!' exclaimed Norah. 'Celia, I have been a perfect beast, and you're just a brick. I don't believe you realise what I meant to do. I thought I'd pay you out for reporting me that time, by stopping your going to Gingham to-morrow. And now here you are, risking losing the holiday yourself, by coming to save me from a scrape.'

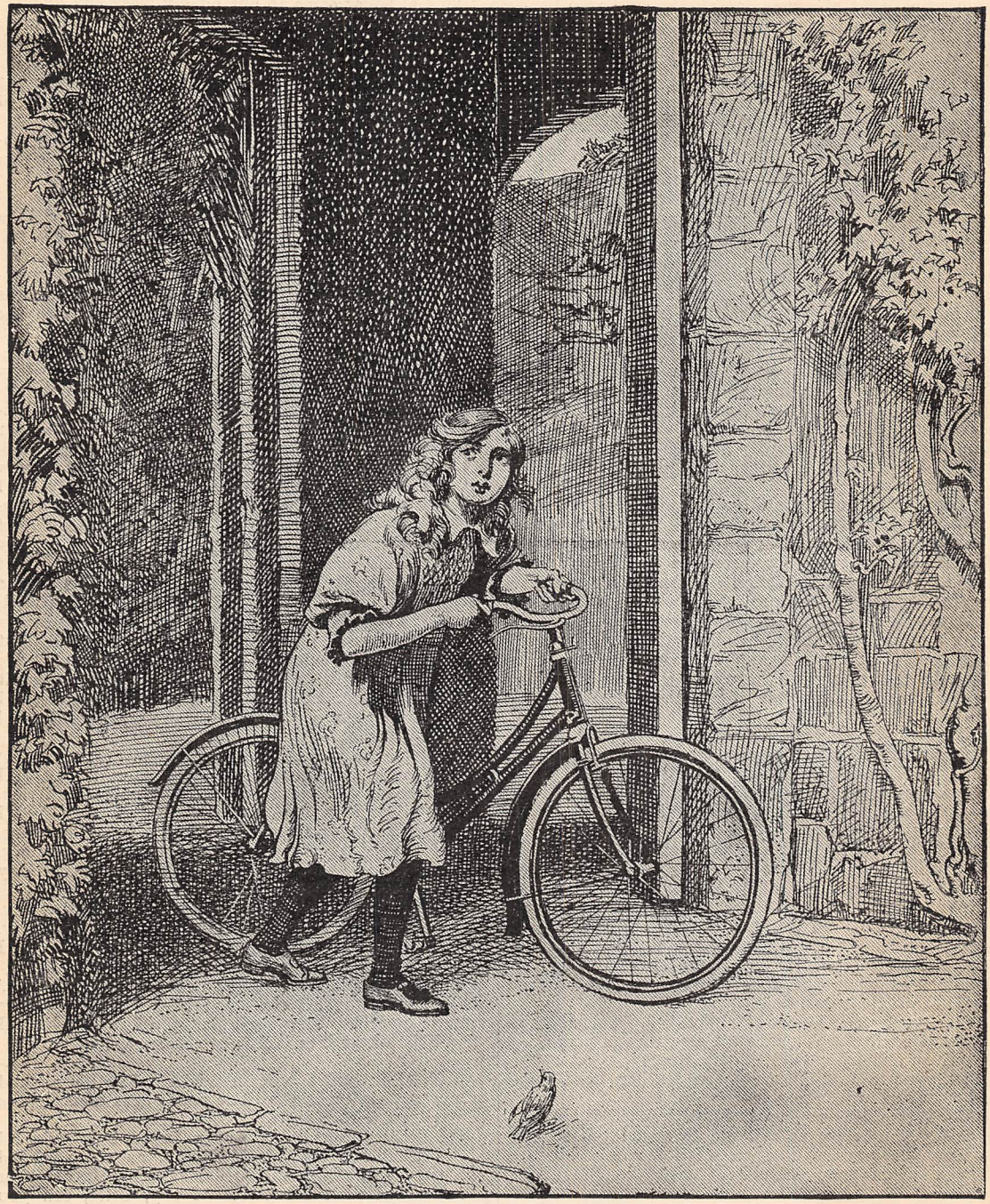
'Oh, that's all right!' returned Celia awkwardly. 'I wanted you to see that I'm not a sneak really. I only reported you that time because I thought I was bound to. I was awfully sorry about it.'

'Well, I'm going straight to school with you now,' said Norah, 'and I shall tell Miss Hart the whole story myself. She shall know all about it. I don't care how late it is; come along, I'm ready.'

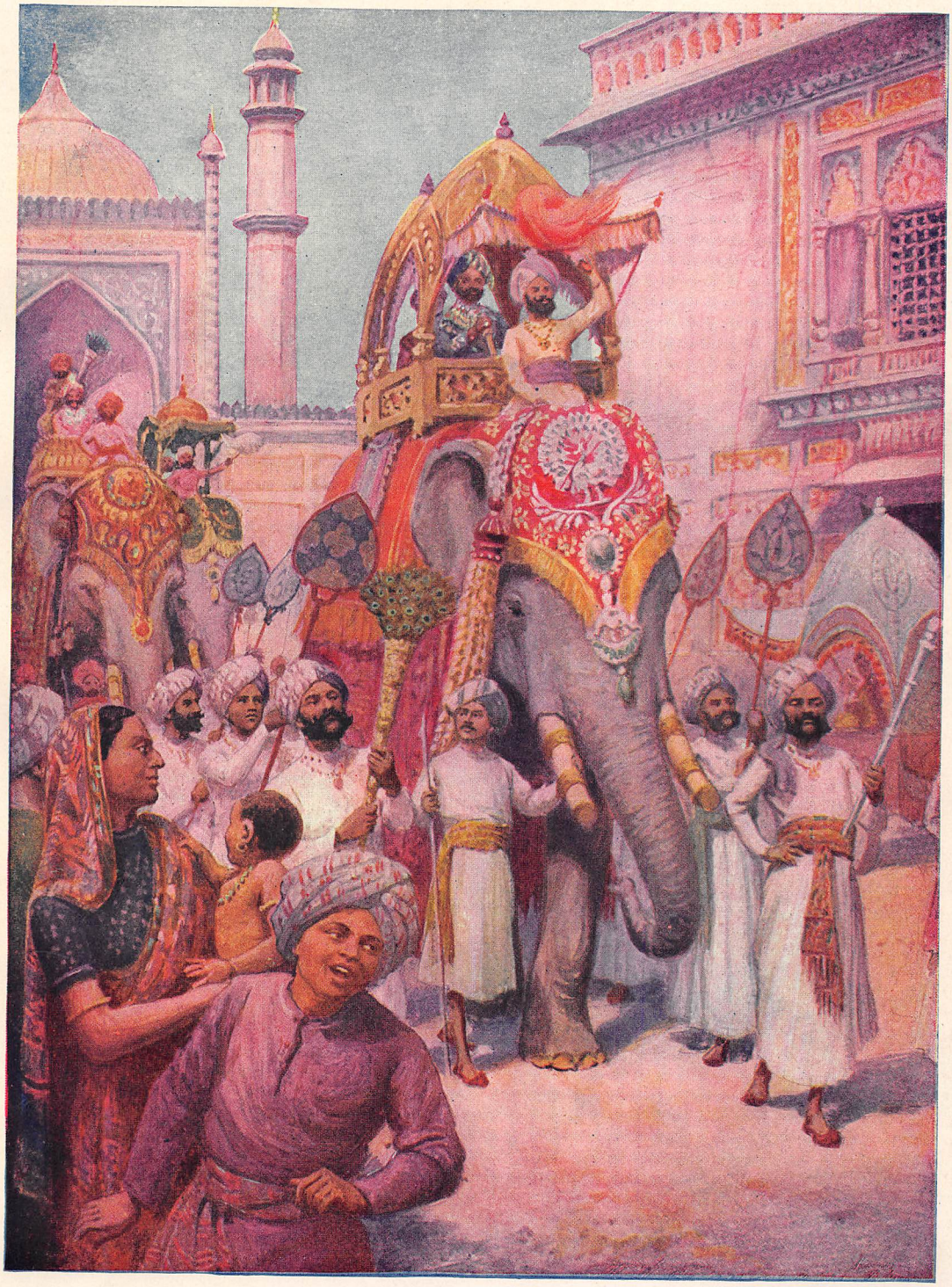
The clock had struck midnight before Norah and Celia were lying in the little white beds of the spare dormitory that night.

'I don't think I shall ever forget how splendid Miss Hart has been,' said Norah, as she switched off the light. Then in the darkness she leaned over to the bed next her own. 'I say, Celia, can you ever forgive me?'

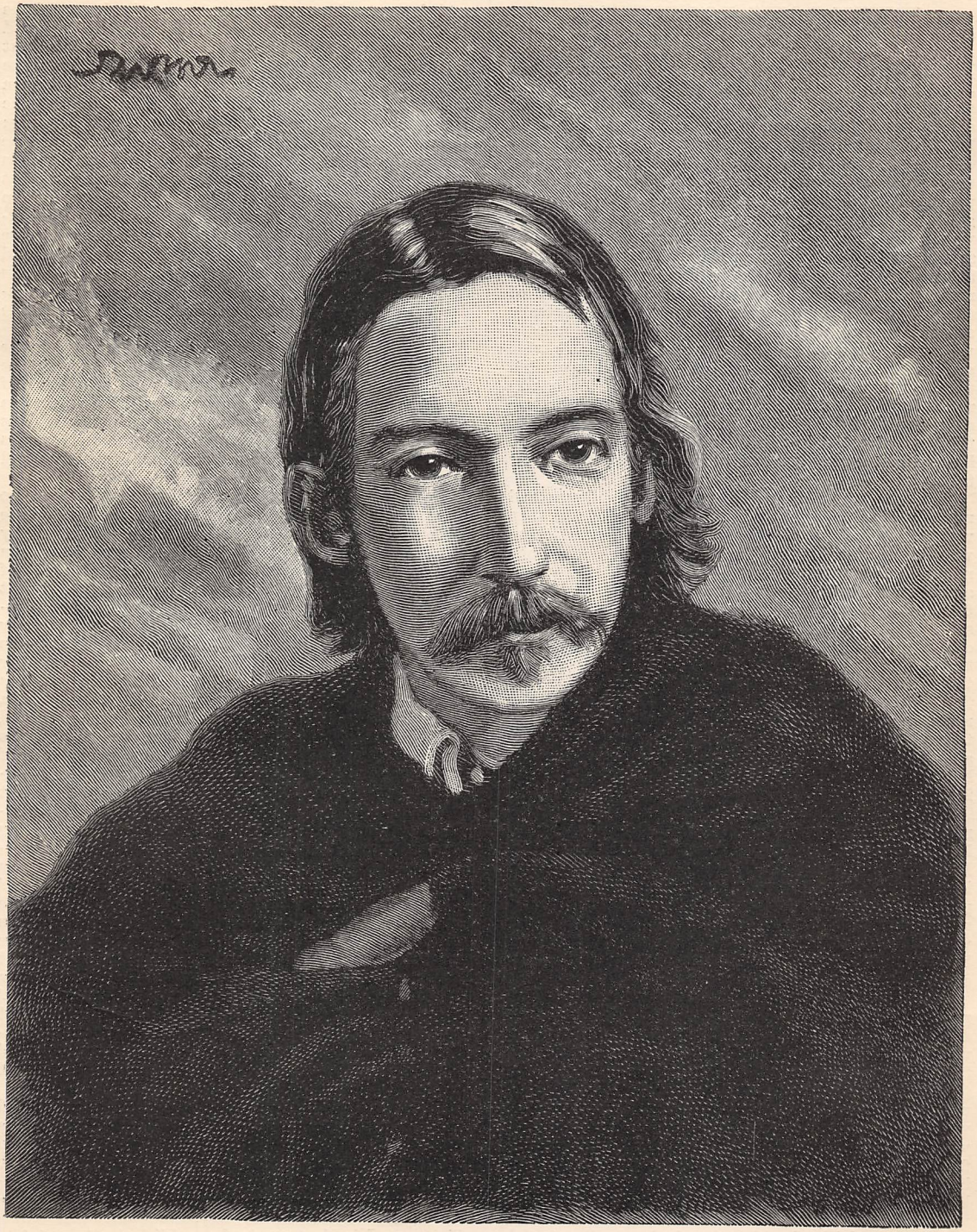
A soft little hand was stretched across the space between them, and it clasped Norah's as it lay on the coverlet. 'If only you knew how frightfully happy I am,' Celia whispered. Violet M. Smith.



"'I slipped out of the dormitory when the others thought I was in bed.'"



THE KING'S ELEPHANT



Robert Louis Stevenson. From a Painting by Joseph Simpson, R.I.

EVERY BOY'S BOOKSHELF.

II. — ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IN the parlour of a cottage at Braemar, on an afternoon in the autumn of 1881, a man was seated at a table, busily drawing. Beside him sat a boy, with his elbows on the table and his chin buried in his hands, watching with eager interest the progress of the sketch. Around them, fastened with pins to the walls, were numerous drawings in pen-and-ink and colour, forming a kind of picture gallery. These were the work of the schoolboy, whom the present of a shilling box of paints had served to inspire with artistic zeal. On a previous afternoon the man was to be seen going round the room, stick in hand, pointing out the beauties of these highly-coloured works of art to an imaginary audience occupying the row of chairs in the middle, whilst the youthful artist by the showman's side grinned his appreciation of the joke, and corrected the showman when the latter tripped in his explanations. On this particular afternoon the talkative showman had laid aside his pointer and assumed the part of artist-in-chief, with the result that both he and his companion had become absorbed in their task.

The man was rather tall, with a lean figure and remarkably thin, spidery legs. The face of the man was attractive enough to arrest attention, but there was a peculiar fascination about his legs; at one moment they were curled tightly under the chair, at the next thrust out suddenly to their full length, then as suddenly withdrawn; but they were never still. It seemed as though their owner had some difficulty in disposing of these members, or in controlling their desire to share in the activity of his thoughts. Every now and again they compelled him to rise from his chair and pace restlessly about the room, and while thus pacing he would chatter to the schoolboy, and wave his arms, and cleave the air with his hands, as if shaping the form of some building or bit of natural scenery that was present in his mind.

At such moments one could have seen how animated his face was, with its high cheek-bones, prominent nose, and rather large and sensitive mouth. But the eyes were the chief point of attraction in it — large, brown, and set wide apart, with an expression that was mocking and roguish, merry and sad, tender and serious, by turns. The whole face was full of expression, and, framed by the long brown hair, seemed to glow as he talked and to communicate its fire to the face of his hearer.

Such was the man who, on this September afternoon, was devoting himself to amusing his stepson at home for the holidays. This was not so unselfish an act as might be supposed, for if the truth were told the artist himself was keenly entering into the spirit of the game. The drawing which he was colouring with the schoolboy's paints was a map of an island. It was not a real island, you must understand, but one which had sprung from the artist's fancy in an idle moment; and as he drew its outlines and filled in the names of its harbours and hills with the help of his companion, their interest grew until both were ready to believe it to be a real island which they had actually visited. The artist had a special fondness for maps and charts; they were to him as interesting as a book, and far more interesting than many books which he had read, being, as he himself once said, 'of all books the least wearisome to read and the richest in matter.' He would take a map of a strange place and people it in imagination with men and women and children; he would fancy himself sailing on the rivers and discovering fresh scenes as he went along; he would picture the villages on the roads and the people who lived in them; the hills and woods marked on the map were no mere dots or names but actual bits of natural scenery; while he made up stories about the wayside inns and old manor-houses stationed in lonely places, or if the sea were near he pictured the landing of the smugglers and their encounters with the coastguardsmen. In this way a map unfolded to his mind a story, or a number of stories, in which each hamlet, or inn, or castle played its part.

Now, if you are curious to see the map which the man with the merry face was drawing, turn to the frontispiece of the book called Treasure Island (of course, you know it?) and you will there find a reproduction of the masterpiece, with its curious embellishments of the compass points, and vessels in full sail, and its sailing directions of currents and shoals.*

Having been told thus much, you will have no difficulty in identifying the map-artist with the author of that famous book, which has held so many readers spell-bound until the last page has been turned. Robert Louis Stevenson (the 'R. L. S.' of his numerous readers and admirers) had no thought of writing such a book as Treasure Island (or indeed any book whatever) when he sat down to draw his map for the amusement of his stepson. But (to quote his own words) 'the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained harbours that pleased me like sonnets;' and so, without a thought of what might be its future fate, he named his place 'Treasure Island.' Then, he tells us, as he paused upon his map, 'the future characters of the book began to appear there visibly among imaginary woods; and their brown faces and bright weapons peeped out upon me from unexpected quarters, as they passed to and fro, fighting and hunting treasure, on these few square inches of a flat projection. The next thing I knew I had some papers before me and was writing out a list of chapters.' From the names marked at random on the map he began to construct a story, in order to please his stepson, who had requested him to try to write 'something interesting.' And so it came about that 'on a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window,' Stevenson began to write The Sea Cook, for that was the original title of the book. It was Mr. Henderson, by whom the manuscript story was accepted for publication, who gave it the name by which it has ever since been known.

It is hard to believe that when Treasure Island made its first appearance in Young Folks, as the production of 'Captain George North,' it passed almost unnoticed. When, however, a year or so later, it was published as a book, its success was in-

* It is only right to say, however, that when Treasure Island came to be published, the original map could not be found, and Stevenson had to draw it over again from memory.

stantaneous. 'Statesmen and judges, and all sorts of staid and sober men, became boys once more, sitting up long after bedtime to read their new book.' This was in December, 1883, and since that date how many boys and girls, of all ages, have put off the hour of going to bed in order to 'finish' Treasure Island?

Robert Louis Stevenson, who was born in Edinburgh on November 13th, 1850, belonged to a family of engineers. His grandfather, Robert Stevenson, was the engineer of the Bell Rock Lighthouse — 'the first lighthouse ever erected far from land upon a reef deeply submerged at every tide.' Thomas Stevenson, the father of Robert Louis, was also engaged in the building of lighthouses, his greatest monument being the lighthouse of Skerryvore; though the most notable achievement of his life, as his son tells us, was the perfecting of the revolving light. From a very early age Robert Louis showed a strong bent for writing and reading — a taste which his delicate health served to foster. His father wished to make him an engineer, and when that idea had to be given up he set himself to study the law; but from his schoolboy days he had made up his mind to become a writer. At his last school, and in his home circle, he started several magazines, all of them in manuscript and generally illustrated with a profusion of colour; these magazines were sometimes circulated at a charge of one penny for reading. His first novel, on the subject of the Covenanters, was begun when he was sixteen, and only given up after he had expended reams of paper upon it in vain. In the face of many difficulties and much ill-health, he persevered in mastering the art of writing, but he had to wait many years before success came to him. 'I kept,' (he says) 'always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate them in some halting stanzas.' Many of the charming poems contained in A Child's Garden of Verses (published in 1885) were penned on a bed of sickness.

In 1888 Stevenson went for a cruise in the South Seas in search of health, eventually settling down in the island of Samoa, where he built himself a house, which formed his home until his death in 1894.

Francis J. Rowbotham.

IN MEMORY OF NELSON.

NEARLY every British man or boy — including King George V. and his two eldest sons — has at one time or other in his life worn a sailor suit, but few know that the white tape lines on the collar and the black silk kerchief first became part of the regulation dress of the British bluejacket after the death of Nelson — the three white lines on the linen collar serving to commemorate the Admiral's three great victories — Trafalgar, Nile, and Copenhagen.

The black scarf has been jealously kept in wear ever since Trafalgar, and is worn by stokers and seamen alike: they generally have three — one for Sundays and Review wear, one for every day, and one for dirty work. Ninety thousand of these black silk kerchiefs have lately been ordered from firms at Macclesfield, and a condition was made that the kerchiefs should be of British make throughout.

THE CHILDREN OF BLENTARN GHYLL.

ONCE upon a time a father and mother were lost in the snow among the hills of Westmoreland. That evening six children held a midnight council in the cottage at Blentarn Ghyll. Now Blentarn Ghyll is a little rocky waterfall, thirteen miles from the nearest village, whither the father and mother had gone earlier in the day to visit a neighbour. As they were coming home to their children, however, a thick fog rose from the valleys, the snow fell heavily, and so they lost their way among the hills. Again and again the six children opened their cottage door, looking in vain for their father and mother, until at midnight they began to despair of their coming home before the morning. Then Agnes, the eldest, helped her brothers and sisters to undress before the fire and sent them to bed, but she, being nine years old, sat up all night watching for her father and mother.

In the morning came a still heavier fall of snow, so that now the children were imprisoned in their cottage, for the brook outside was too wide for them to leap, whilst they dared not try to cross by the little wooden bridge, because the snow had hidden a dangerous hole in the floor, through which a small child might easily fall into the rapid water beneath. Although they strained their eyes and ears they could see nothing but the snow and hear nothing but the water rushing down the hill, and at length Agnes, believing the storm might last for several days, set herself to do everything in her power which might be useful to her brothers and sisters and herself in a long imprisonment.

First of all she wound up the clock; next she boiled all the milk her mother had left, to prevent it from turning sour. After this, Agnes looked into the meal-chest and made porridge for their breakfast. She was obliged, however, to give each child less than the usual amount, or there would have been none left for the next day.

The youngest boy fell a-crying at this, and they were all so near to tears that one by one the others began to do the same, so that at this dismal sight Agnes herself was nearly following their example, when suddenly, by great good fortune, she found a little store of flour, which she immediately baked into cakes upon the hearth.

'Now let us eat our cakes,' said she, 'and pretend it is a feast!' and she pretended so hard herself, that instead of crying she set them all laughing.

After this feast, Agnes and her two eldest brothers carried in from the peat-stack enough of the peat or turf, used in that part of the country instead of coal, to keep the fire alive for a week. Next she looked at the potatoes, which were buried outside in withered ferns, but found only enough for one meal, and these formed their dinner.

Agnes had now done everything she could for themselves, so next she turned her attention to the cow.

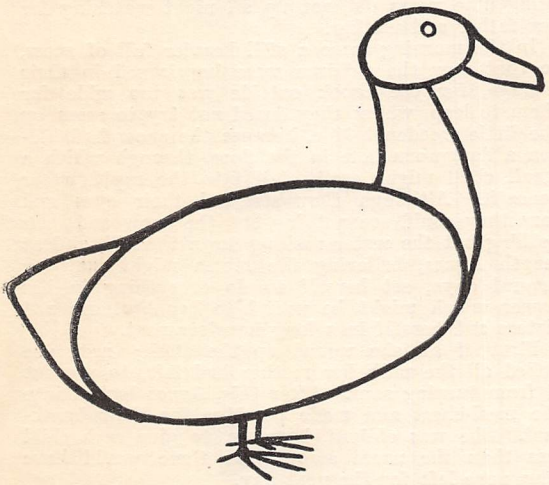
First, Agnes milked her. Afterwards she made up her mind to fetch a supply of hay for her supper from the loft in the outhouse at the back of the cottage. Now this was the most difficult task Agnes had attempted. For by this time it was evening, and the outhouse looked so gloomy that Agnes turned back three times, shuddering (al-

though she was nine years old) before she could summon up enough courage.

The more she thought about the darkness the more she wanted to go back to the warm cottage, but the shivering cow would certainly die unless she were provided with food. So at last, by a great effort, Agnes left the cow in comfort with her supper, and barring the cottage door to keep out the snow, she sat down to undress the babies.

Next morning the snow seemed to be even deeper than before. Agnes had hard work to keep her little family cheerful. She invented games for them and told them stories, but still she could not prevent them from feeling hungry. There was very little food, and the largest share she gave to the two youngest. On the third day the meal-chest was empty, and Agnes knew that unless help came they would starve. Next morning the snow seemed to be less deep, and now Agnes made up her mind to set forth to the village. It was a dangerous adventure, but she knew of no other way to find help, and there was no food left except a little milk which she gave to the babies.

The snow was so deep, and Agnes so tired and frightened, that the thirteen miles seemed to her like twenty. At last, however, her journey came to a happy ending, for the first house she saw was that of William Wordsworth the poet. His sister, Dorothy, met Agnes with a smile of welcome, turning to an exclamation of horror when the tired little girl told her tale of woe. Within half an hour a party of neighbours had set forth to find her mother and father and guide them home, while others went to rescue the five children sitting sorrowfully round the fire in the cottage by the waterfall. In Westmoreland, to this day, the old folk tell their grandsons and grand-daughters how little Agnes saved the children of Blentarn Ghyll. Joyce Cobb.



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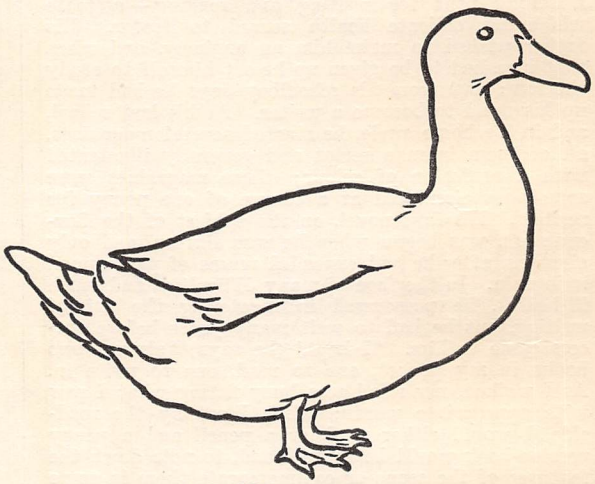

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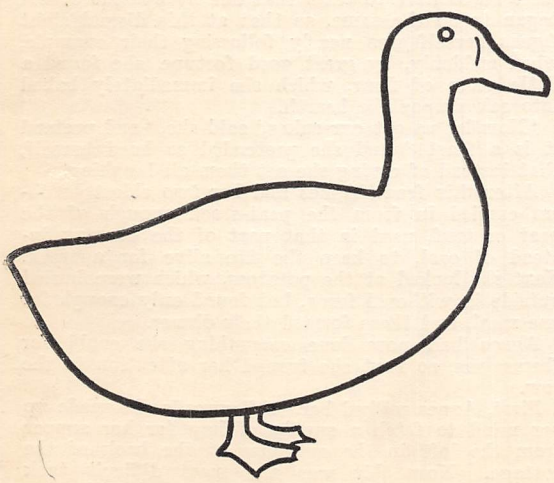

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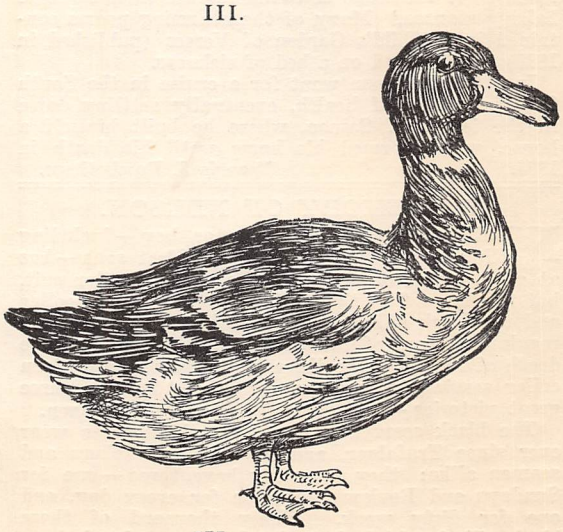
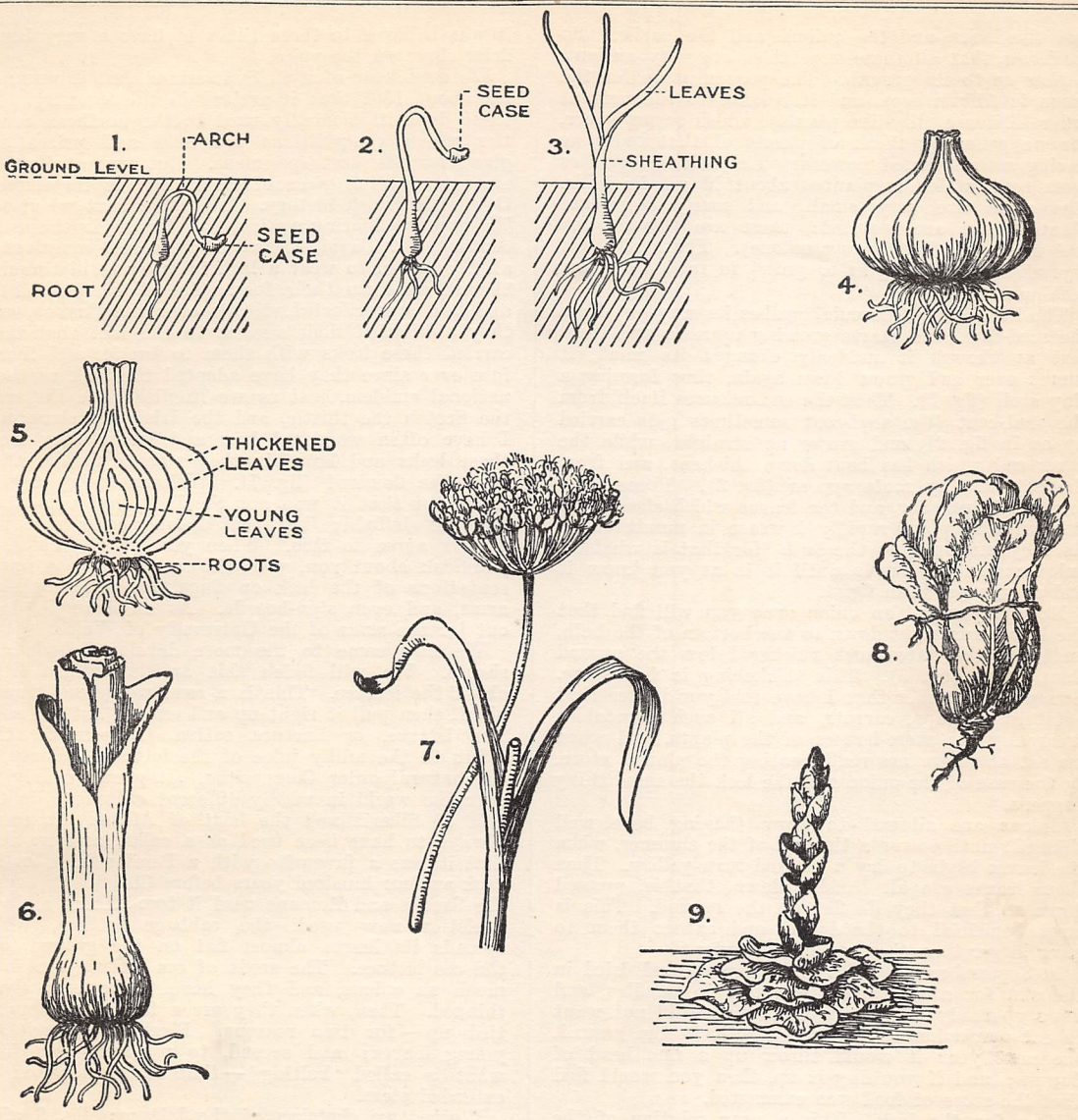


IV.

HOW TO DRAW A DUCK FROM THE SIMPLEST OUTLINES.



Figs. 1 to 4, Stages in the Onion's Growth. Fig. 5, Section of Onion. Figs. 6 and 7, Root and Flower of Leek. Fig. 8, Tied Lettuce. Fig. 9, "Bolting" Lettuce.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

V. — STEMS: ONIONS, LEEKS, AND LETTUCE.

WE will continue our stem vegetables by considering the onion and the leek. I am sure you must wonder why I did not put these among the root vegetables, but I wanted to be very particular and careful not to get you into trouble with any botanical friends. I have kept the onion and the leek among the stem and shoot vegetables because the part you eat is really the very bottom of the leaves and the beginning of what would be leaves if allowed to grow.

Let us look at the early history of the onion, and then we will trace its life. It is not exactly certain where it first grew, but it was known very early as a wild plant covering huge tracts of land in Asia. We also know that it grew at a very distant date in Egypt, and was given high honour, and was also depicted on many monuments, just as the radish was.

We read in the Bible that the Israelites complained to Moses, when they were being fed by the miraculous manna, that they were tired of it and longed for the good things they had had in Egypt; they said, 'We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the melons,

and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic.' So we know that all these vegetables are very ancient.

Now as to its growth. The proper name for the onion is Allium cepa, and it belongs to the natural order Liliaceae (lily-like plants), which seems queer, for we generally think of plants of that order as having sweet-scented flowers! The onion originates from seed, which is planted about March in drills. The seeds are very small, and many more are planted than are required: these are thinned out and used as salad (spring onions). The seed itself 'germinates' (or begins to grow) in rather a queer fashion.

The little stem (plumule) pushes its way out from the seed-coat, and starts growing upward, and then, just as though it suddenly changed its mind, it curves over and grows down again, thus forming a tiny arch (fig. 1). Then the end releases itself from the seed-coat (the seed-coat sometimes gets carried up as in fig. 2), and grows up straight, while the other end which has bent down thickens, and from the bottom tiny roots appear (fig. 3). These roots increase in number, and the leaves which sheath the original tiny plant rapidly increase in number also. As they multiply, so the bulb (for that is what an onion really is) swells until it is as you know it and as you see it in fig. 4.

Now, if you cut an onion open you will find that the leaves run right down to the bottom of the bulb, and that they are much thicker below the ground than above (fig. 5). This thickening is food-store. You will remember that I have told you before that potatoes, turnips, carrots, and all such vegetables are really the store-houses of the plants, and when we eat them we are really eating the plant's store. In the case of the onion and the leek the same thing happens.

Onions are allowed to grow (having been well thinned) until towards the end of the summer, when the leaves begin to dry a bit and turn yellow. Then these leaves are all trodden down, that is, pressed down so that they lie flat on the ground. This is most beneficial to the bulbs, and causes them to grow larger than they would otherwise.

In September the bulbs are taken up and dried in the sun for a time, and then tied in bundles, and hung up ready for winter use. If we did not want to eat our onion or leek and left it in the ground, the next year it would throw up a fine head of flowers; and if you dug it up, then you would find that the store of food was exhausted.

Now for the leek. This a near relative of the onion; its proper name is Allium porum, and it also belongs to the natural order Liliaceae. But the method of cultivation is different. The seeds are planted thinly in a bed, and when a few inches high are transplanted into trenches like celery (see page 173). The reason for this is that the leek has to be blanched like celery, so it is treated in the same way, that is, it is banked up to keep away the light. I give just one sketch of a leek in case you have never seen one (fig. 6). The internal structure is just the same as the onion's.

I must not pass from the subject of our leek, however, without giving you something of its early history. I really do not know when it first appeared, but as you see by the quotation from the Bible, it was known in Egypt; and we also read that Nero, Emperor of Rome, was fond of leeks; it was believed in those times to have a very beneficial effect on the voice.

We next hear of it in Switzerland, but it was not till about 1562 that it arrived in this country. In these days it is mostly used in the northern counties where competitions are held and prizes are given for the best specimens. But undoutedly the most interesting piece of its history is its connection with Welsh history. It is said that when the Welsh were fighting against the Saxons in the sixth century, St. David, their patron saint, commanded all Welshmen to wear a leek in order to distinguish themselves from their foes. The Welshmen did so and had a wonderful victory over the Saxons, and they attributed their success to the fact that they carried these leeks with them to battle, and therefore ever since they have adopted the leek as their national emblem, just as we English have the rose, the Scotch the thistle, and the Irish the shamrock. I have often wondered how and where they wore those leeks and how big they were? Or did they wear the flowers? (fig. 7). Writers to-day try to make out that it was not the leek that was used, but the daffodil; but the Welsh people will not always agree to this. When you go to Wales, if you look about you, you will constantly see representations of the leek on flags, banners, coats-of-arms, and even sign-boards. As an example, look out for the arms of the University of Wales.

We now come to the more developed buds and shoots. We will finish this article with a little about the lettuce. This is a case where we grow a plant, then pull it right up and eat all but the root. The lettuce, or Lactuca sativa (lac = milk: this refers to the milky juice of the lettuce) belongs to the natural order Compositae. It grows nearly all over the world in widely different climates; in the cold of Siberia and the heat of Africa. It seems always to have been used as a salad, and we read that it was a favourite with a Persian king as far back as four hundred years before Christ. Of course the Greeks and Romans used it too. There are two varieties now used, the cabbage lettuce, which spreads its leaves almost flat on the ground, and the cos lettuce. The seeds of cos lettuce are sown much as onions, and they have to be extensively thinned. Then, when they are a fair size, they are tied up — for two reasons. First, to blanch the young leaves; and second, to prevent them from what is called 'bolting' — that is, growing on an extended stem.

I give two sketches of the lettuce; fig. 8 of it as a plant tied and ready to pull, while fig. 9 shows a plant 'bolting.'

E. M. Barlow.

THE BRAVE HUNTER.

KING of the Beasts! I met him face to face;
Unarmed I stood, deserted was the place,
And his grim look and jaws set wide apart
Might have struck terror to the bravest heart.
Did I, perchance you'll ask, in that dread hour
Remember that the human eye hath power?

For one long minute, as the lion glared,
Into those gleaming eyes I calmly stared,
Then on my heel I turned and walked away.
'What boundless bravery!' I hear you say.
Ah, well! but then you see he could not spring,
For he was stuffed, that fierce old Lion-King!

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 187.)

IT was at the top of a steep and winding hill a mile or so away from Dunbury that O'Brien's instinct for mischief asserted itself. Two houses confronted each other at the crest of the hill. Now two rival butcher's carts were standing outside those houses. The drivers of the carts were nowhere to be seen. Doubtless they were in gentle dalliance with the respective cooks. O'Brien stiffened at sight of those two masterless vehicles like a dog about to point.

'Are ye, by any chance, anything of a chariot-driver?' he asked of Berthold. His slight accent always became more pronounced at the prospect of a lark.

'I can drive a bit,' Berthold answered.

'Roman chariot-racing was mentioned in form to-day,' O'Brien went on. 'It struck me as being a sport of some slight merit.'

Berthold was not slow to take his meaning. O'Brien waved his hand as one who lectures. 'Here we have before us all the materials for a chariot race,' he said. 'Two chariots, a level road behind us ——'

'No,' Berthold put in quickly, 'downhill will be much better.'

O'Brien grasped his hand, with real affection shining from his eyes. 'Man, ye ought to be Irish!' he said warmly. And praise from O'Brien could go no higher. 'What was I thinking about? It must be downhill, of course!'

'We'd better get off quickly,' Berthold suggested. 'The drivers may be back at any moment.'

But O'Brien would not be hurried. 'Nothing, not even police in regiments, shall prevent this glorious chariot race!' he stated solemnly. He was examining the steeds with a critical eye. 'The two cobs seem very equally matched. Both have been down once at least, judging by their knees. It will matter the less if they come down again. But I recommend a tight rein, in the cause of humanity. I will take this right-hand cob, if you do not object. He has the good taste to wear a green rosette.'

Berthold agreed, and they climbed into the perch-like seats. Each gathered up whip and reins.

'The winning-post is the bottom of the hill,' O'Brien said with a kind of gentle, serene gaiety, and an accent that you could have cut with a knife. 'We have no starter, unfortunately ——'

But no starter was required. At that moment there came a twofold angry yell. The drivers had returned together, and were aware of the proposed outrage. The whips cracked together, and Berthold and O'Brien got off to a level start.

That was a wild drive. Almost at once the cobs broke from a canter into a mad gallop, driven by the drop of the hill. After that nothing could be done except sit tight and trust to chance. There was no hope of stopping even if the boys had wished it. The two-wheeled carts were without brakes, and the hill was exceedingly steep. The pace was certainly exhilarating, not to say alarming. The boys clung to the reins, keeping their seats with the utmost difficulty. But they were excited rather than frightened. O'Brien was shouting madly strange, gleeful, Irish yells, but Berthold sat silent with a little smile upon his lips. They took the first curve neck and neck, only escaping the hedge by a miracle. Somehow the cobs were straightened out again, with the wheels almost touching. The mud flew and the wind whipped at their faces. The hedges shot by like black lines. One more curve, and a nasty one! They reached it, the flying cobs still almost level, and — neither of those boys was ever much nearer to death! They took that corner, each upon one flying wheel, and — Providence and two sure-footed cobs were kinder to them than their deserts. One merely records the fact that they escaped by a hair's-breadth an ugly smash. No explanation can be given. Somehow they reached the bottom of the hill, still almost neck and neck, and galloped for a quarter of a mile upon the flat before they could pull up.

'Sure, I won by half a length!' O'Brien roared. 'That was a race!'

'Not half bad fun!' Berthold agreed.

'Here come the owners!' O'Brien cried, pointing up the road. They could hear furious yells growing ever nearer. The Irish boy jumped down into the road.

'Where are you going?' Berthold asked.

'I'm going to make meself scarce — across country!' O'Brien answered. 'There'll be some little trouble over this. Come along.'

'Why not wait?' Berthold asked calmly. 'Ought to be rather an interesting conversation! May even be a slight scrap!'

O'Brien gazed at him in real wonder. 'I have been called mad in me time, but what are you?' he cried. 'Get down, man, and run! You'll get us both into a bad row if you stay. I don't object to a scrap meself, but there's a time for all things.'

Berthold descended unwillingly. 'I'll come, if you wish,' he said slowly. 'But afterwards you must promise to do what I want, if there's trouble. Do you agree?'

Two red-faced, blue-frocked men had appeared round the curve, running breathlessly, intent upon vengeance. O'Brien caught sight of them. 'I'll agree to anything, if you'll only come!' he cried.

'Right you are,' Berthold answered.

They left the panting cobs to look after themselves. There was no fear of their running away. O'Brien led the way over a hedge, and they struck across country at a trot. There was a brief attempt at pursuit by the two butchers, but both were utterly winded. After half a mile Berthold and O'Brien were able to proceed at their leisure.

'There'll be ructions over this,' the Irish boy said cheerfully.

'Yes, they'll know by our caps that we come from Dunbury,' Berthold answered. 'But I don't suppose they saw our faces clearly.'

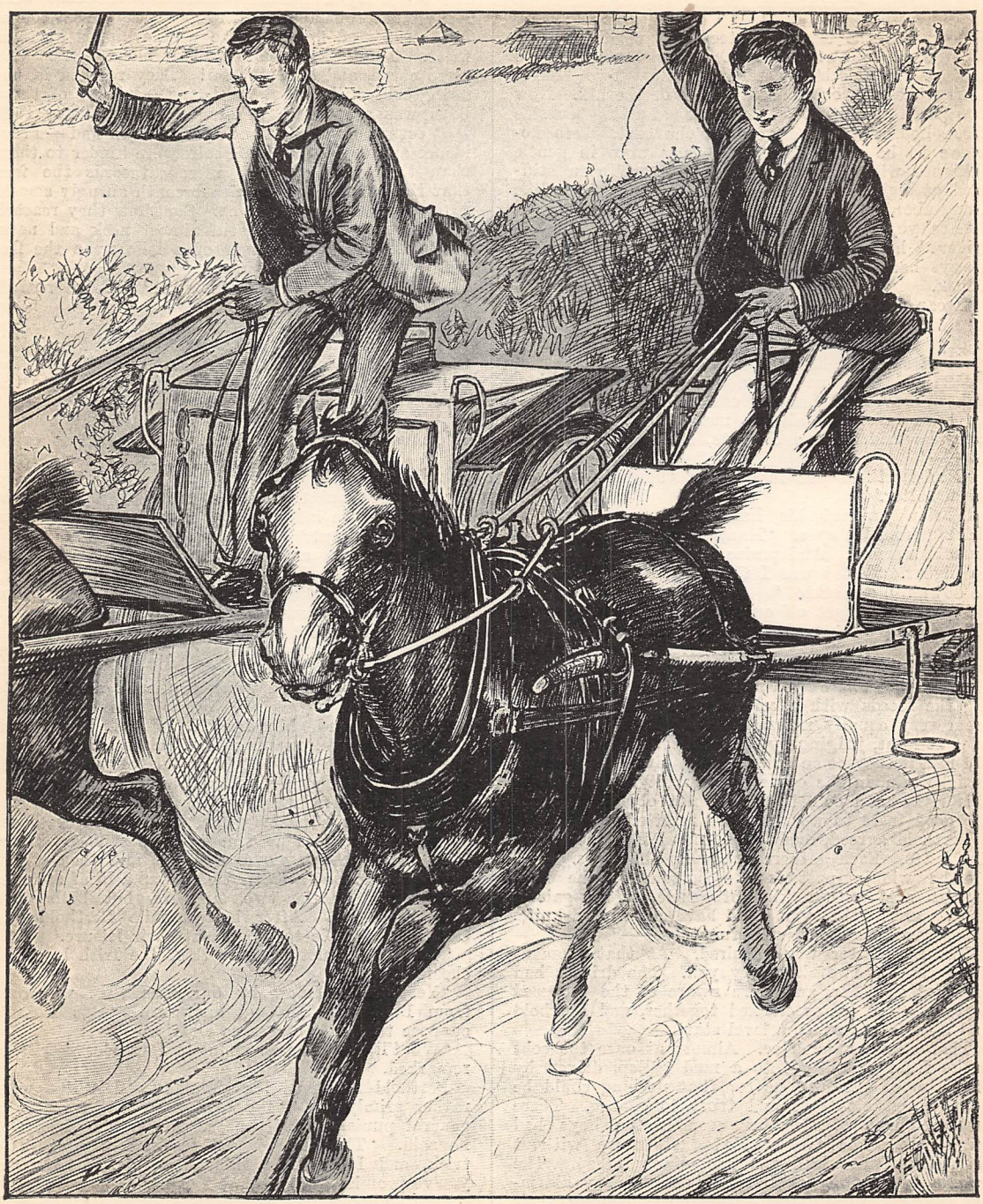
'What'll the Head do about it, I wonder?' O'Brien remarked.

Berthold shrugged his shoulders. His lips were rather grimly set. 'I dare say he will threaten a general punishment if the names aren't given up,' he said. 'The Head is rather fond of that little trick, and I — I don't think it's fair. Remember, you've promised to do what I want.'

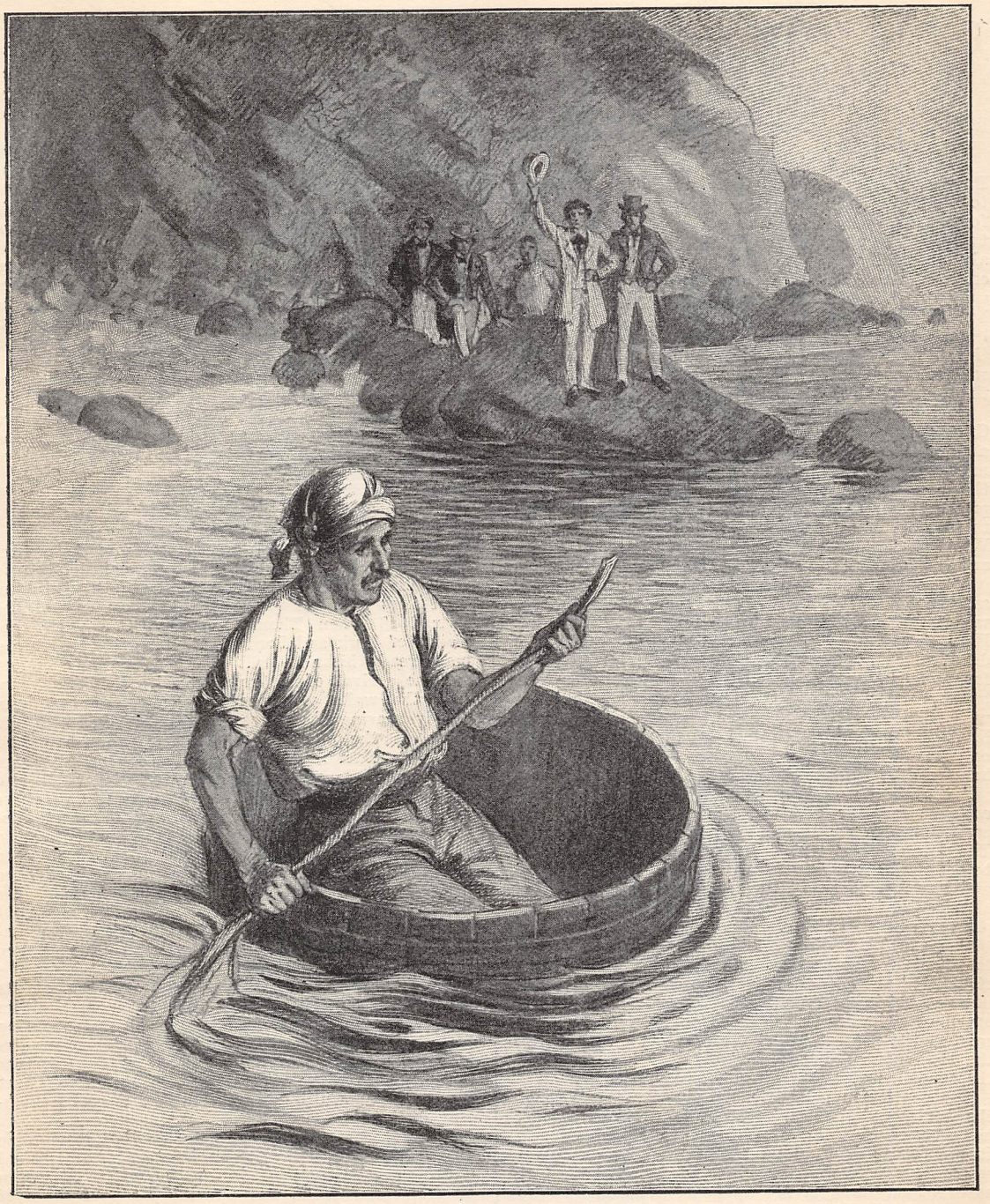
O'Brien looked at him with a smile. 'I know I have,' he said. 'But I wonder what you have in your head now!'

Berthold made no answer.

(Continued on page 206.)



"That was a wild drive."



"He pluckily committed himself to the waves."

THE CASK.

LORD BYRON, in his young days, was very fond of the water. While staying at Venice he devoted his mornings to the study of the Armenian language, and his afternoons to boating on the Adriatic. As he always paid generously, there was keen competition amongst the boatmen for the honour of his custom.

The island of Sabioncello, in the neighbourhood of Ragusa, was one of the spots which he best loved to visit. He had often been conveyed thither in a four-oared boat, and was usually accompanied by two or three intimate friends. The party was always well provided with everything that could contribute to the pleasure of the excursion. There were delicious viands, a selection of favourite books by English, French, and Italian authors; guns, lines, and nets were also included in the freight of the little vessel. Often the pretty islets by the way tempted the travellers to stop and explore them, or to picnic on their shores.

One day the gay party landed on the island of Grossa, which is but a grass-covered rock about half a mile in length. The freshness of the turf, the murmur of a spring which spouted out from under the fragrant, flowering bushes, tempted them to prolong their stay for some hours, and they decided to dine beneath the shade of a charming little grove. While the boatmen were preparing the meal, Byron and his friends strolled about the isle.

Meanwhile the boat, carelessly moored, drifted away from the shore towards the open sea. She was out of reach before any one observed her escape. Here was a nice predicament! What was to be done? The boat, which carried provisions sufficient for a week, was hopelessly lost; Sabioncello was twenty miles distant, and all the adjacent islets were, like Grossa, uninhabited. A council was held beneath the tent which had been set up; but its only result was the flying of a flag of distress, a handkerchief hoisted at the end of a pole.

Although the weather was splendid, not the keenest-eyed member of the party could discover any craft, large or small, and the signal waved in vain. The few eatables which had been brought on shore before the boat had broken away were quickly eaten, and some wine was drunk; but by-and-by, when all the provisions were consumed, the spirit of the prisoners began to sink.

One expedient after another was suggested, only to be rejected as useless. 'Could not a raft be constructed?' asked one. But the wood of the islet had not the thickness of a man's thumb. Lord Byron, excellent swimmer that he was, could, perhaps, have reached the nearest island (had he not swum across the Hellespont?), but how would that have bettered the condition of either himself or his friends?

The gentlemen then tried to sharpen the wits of the boatmen by promises of large rewards. None, however, could think of any means of deliverance. It seemed as if they would have to resign themselves to death by starvation. But suddenly, just as everybody was giving up hope, a boatman, who was called 'Cyclops'—because he had lost the sight of one eye—was visited by a brilliant idea. As there was no fresh water at Sabioncello, a good-sized cask had been brought for filling at the spring of Grossa. Happily, this had been taken from the boat before she had drifted away. Cyclops proposed to make a boat of this cask, offering to embark in it, and so fetch aid for the others. The plan was highly applauded. An opening was made in the cask, some sticks were attached to it to serve as oars; then the Venetian got into the improvised boat, and pluckily committed himself to the waves. The others followed him with their eyes until a current carried the cask out of sight. The watchers, knowing that the direction of that current was towards the land, took courage.

The next day the Venetian reappeared in a big boat, which brought provisions and refreshments of all kinds. It was high time that they came, for the prisoners had begun to feel the pangs of hunger. Cyclops told how he had been borne by the current along the coast, and how, when he came opposite to Ragusa, the novelty of his craft had at once attracted attention. He had travelled in this way a distance of thirty miles.

Lord Byron bestowed a large reward on the brave man, who by thus risking his life had saved the lives of himself and his friends; and, on his return to Venice, he bought for Cyclops a new gondola, which, in memory of this adventure, was named 'The Cask.'

E. D.

OLD ENGLAND.

III.—HAMPTON COURT.

YOUNG and old, great and small, from the gentleman ushers, secretaries, and chaplains, down to the yeomen, grooms, and menials of the kitchen, were kept hard at work on that May day of the year 1516 when Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Archbishop of York and Lord Chancellor of these realms, made ready his new-built palace at Hampton Court for the arrival of his royal guest. For two years past the walls of the river-side palace had been slowly rearing themselves in all their glow of red brick on the site of the ancient manor-house of Hampton Court. Little by little the noble design had been followed out by the master-builder and his army of apprentices, until at the end of those two years the pile had reached a stage of completion which made it possible for the Cardinal to prefer a humble request to his royal master to honour him by his presence beneath its roof. The invitation had been graciously accepted, and the King's arrival was now a matter of a few hours.

From the hour of daybreak the work of preparation had been going forward without intermission. Messengers were hurrying to and fro within the palace; bearers of burdens kept arriving at its gates; the river itself was alive with craft, either bringing supplies of food from the neighbouring farms, or containing parties of sightseers anxious to catch a glimpse of the royal entourage. For the King was to make the passage to Hampton Court by the river, which lay shining like a golden highway in the afternoon sun.

Not the least momentous event in that memorable day had been the interview between the Cardinal and his master-cook. This functionary, in his gown of velvet and satin, and wearing his gold chain of office around his neck, made his way amidst the respectful glances of his inferiors, to the private room of his master. No one outside the closed doors of that room knew what passed between the Cardinal and his cook, but when the latter, bowing

low, had left the presence and resumed his place in his own apartment adjoining the great kitchen, he summoned his assistants and gave his instructions with something of the tone and manner in which the commands to himself had been delivered. For, be it understood, the master-cook was a great personage, and this day, of all others, was an exceptionally busy one for him who was charged with the heavy duties involved in the preparation of a royal banquet.

In the great kitchen itself the activity and bustle contrasted strongly with the dignity and order of the cook's private apartment. The fires in the huge fireplaces blazed; the well-oiled spits were turning in the hands of the labourers; the yeomen of the kitchen sped to and fro, carrying the joints to the spits; the grooms were trussing the fowls which a few hours before had been strutting in the farmyards, whilst numbers of children were busily employed in cleansing pots and dishes or running errands for their elders.

A spectator would have been impressed by the scene — by the confusion of sound and movement — by the issue of directions — by the mixture of rich odours from the savoury messes that were simmering and seething in the cauldrons suspended over the glowing coals. But not less would he have been impressed by the kitchen itself. The open-raftered roof forty feet above his head, its outlines lost in the blue smoke ascending from the roast; the lofty mullioned windows, shedding a dim light upon the paved floor so far below; the great arched fireplaces — each seven feet high and eighteen feet broad — where oxen could be roasted whole on the gigantic spits; and the hatches, or dresses, on which the dishes were placed to be carried to the serving-places close by, whence they are conveyed up the back-stairs of the hall to the royal table. Opening off the kitchen were the various offices already referred to — the scullery, pastry-house, scalding-house, saucery, buttery, ewery (where were kept the basins used for washing the hands before meat), cellar, wafery, bakehouse, &c. — each presided over by an assistant cook and his yeomen servitors. Lastly, there was the room reserved for the master-cook, where he sat in semi-state to receive reports and to issue directions.

On this, the first of many occasions on which Henry VIII. honoured his Chancellor by accepting the princely hospitality of Hampton Court, it was natural that the resources of the palace should have been taxed to the uttermost to supply fitting cheer and entertainment for one whose favour Wolsey was so desirous of keeping. But, though the ordinary life of the palace was not on so lavish a scale as this, there is evidence to show that Wolsey had surrounded himself with luxury such as could have been found in none of the royal palaces at that time. The pomp of the Cardinal's life in his stately residence has been made the theme of many writers — poets and historians and dramatists alike. We have read the descriptions of the splendour of the fittings and decorations of the palace; we have been told of the rich tapestries which clothed the walls of the great parlours and presence chambers; of the 'white cloth of gold, blue cloth of gold, crimson velvet upon velvet, tawny velvet upon velvet, green velvet figuree and cloth of bawdekyn,' which formed the hangings of the Cardinal's private rooms. Cloth of gold canopied him whilst he sat at dinner, and the floor of his chambers was covered with choicest carpets from the East. We know how, at the time of his fall, the inventory of Wolsey's goods and chattels fell, through his own carelessness, into the King's hands, and how the magnificence which it showed astonished the royal reader into exclamations of anger and dismay.

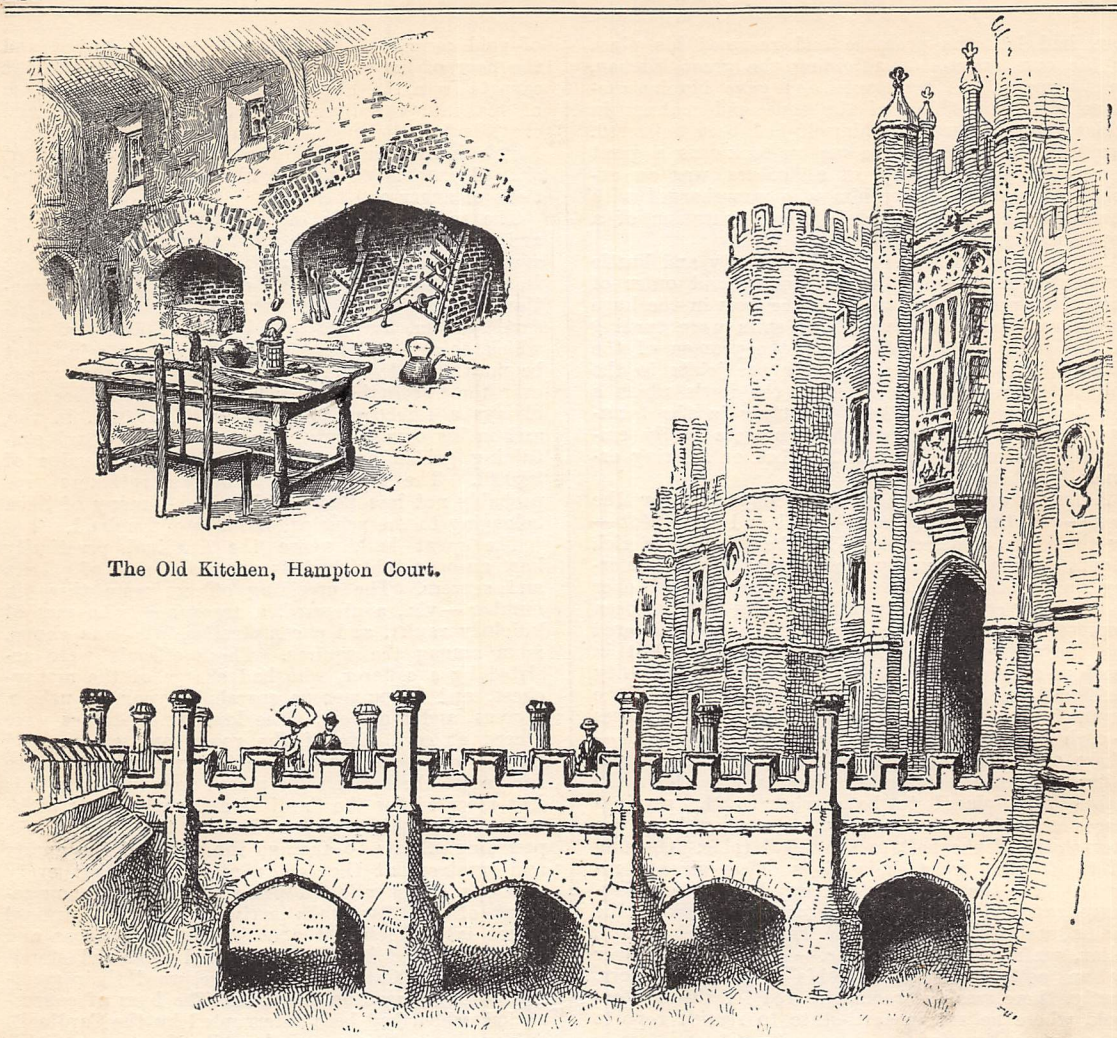
The most valuable of all the Cardinal's effects, and probably that which most struck the King with surprise, was the gold and silver plate, which at Hampton Court alone was estimated by the Venetian ambassador to be worth three hundred thousand golden ducats, or about 150,000l. — a sum which, to give it its equivalent in modern coin, must be multiplied by ten. We are also told that wherever the Cardinal happened to be living, there was always a sideboard of plate worth 25,000l. in use, and in his own chamber there was a cupboard containing golden and silver vessels to the value of 30,000l. The number of Wolsey's retainers was probably not less than five hundred — many of them belonging to the principal families of England.

The great hall, where the Cardinal practically kept an open table, had its appointed staff of officers and servers. The presiding officers were three in number — viz., a steward, a treasurer (who was of knightly rank), and a comptroller, who was chosen from among the squires. These officials were assisted by a cofferer, who had charge of the money-chest, and by numerous marshals, yeomen, ushers, grooms, and almoners. The long dining-tables were placed at each side of the room, and officers and guests were seated according to rank, whilst at the far end of the hall a table placed crosswise on a dais was reserved for the Cardinal and such guests as he selected for this honour. It was the duty of the presiding officers to arrange the order of the guests and retainers at the tables, and to see that every one was in his allotted place before the announcement of the Cardinal's arrival. As the Cardinal swept into the hall the entire company arose and silently saluted his Eminence, and remained standing until the Cardinal, having returned their greeting, took his seat on the dais. The buzz of conversation, which had been interrupted by the Cardinal's entrance, was then resumed, while the servers flitted hither and thither waiting upon the diners.

Of the scenes of dazzling splendour in the palace during the reigns of the English sovereigns who, from Henry VIII. down to George II. held their courts within its walls, we must read elsewhere. The royal occupation continued unbroken till the accession of George III., of whom it is told that he refused to reside at Hampton Court because of a disagreeable incident of his youth, when his grandfather publicly boxed his ears for some boyish fault. Thereafter the palace remained without a royal occupant, and Queen Victoria at her accession threw it open to the public. During this succession of sovereigns numerous alterations and additions were carried out.

Nearly four centuries have passed since the foundations of Hampton Court palace were laid by Cardinal Wolsey; yet it is but a few months ago that the re-excavation of the moat, which surrounded the building in Wolsey's days and which was afterwards filled up, has revealed the fine Tudor bridge which at that time spanned the moat at the

The Old Kitchen, Hampton Court.



The Tudor Bridge and Moat and Main Gateway, Hampton Court.

Western Gatehouse. The restoration of this handsome bridge gives us an additional link of interest with the most ancient portions of the palace. Since our drawing was made, new figures of 'King's beasts' — strange heraldic animals like griffins, unicorns, &c. — have been carved and put on the pedestals on the bridge, in accordance with the original design.

Those who ramble through the rooms which are associated with the memory of the great Cardinal may be inclined to look for one relic of his occupation — the red spider which bears his name, and which is said to have made its first appearance at the time when Wolsey fell under the royal displeasure. Alas! however, the 'Cardinal spider,' whose presence fable connects with the shade of the builder of Hampton Court, has been hunted down by naturalists and shown to be no more or less than a species found in old houses in every part of the country.

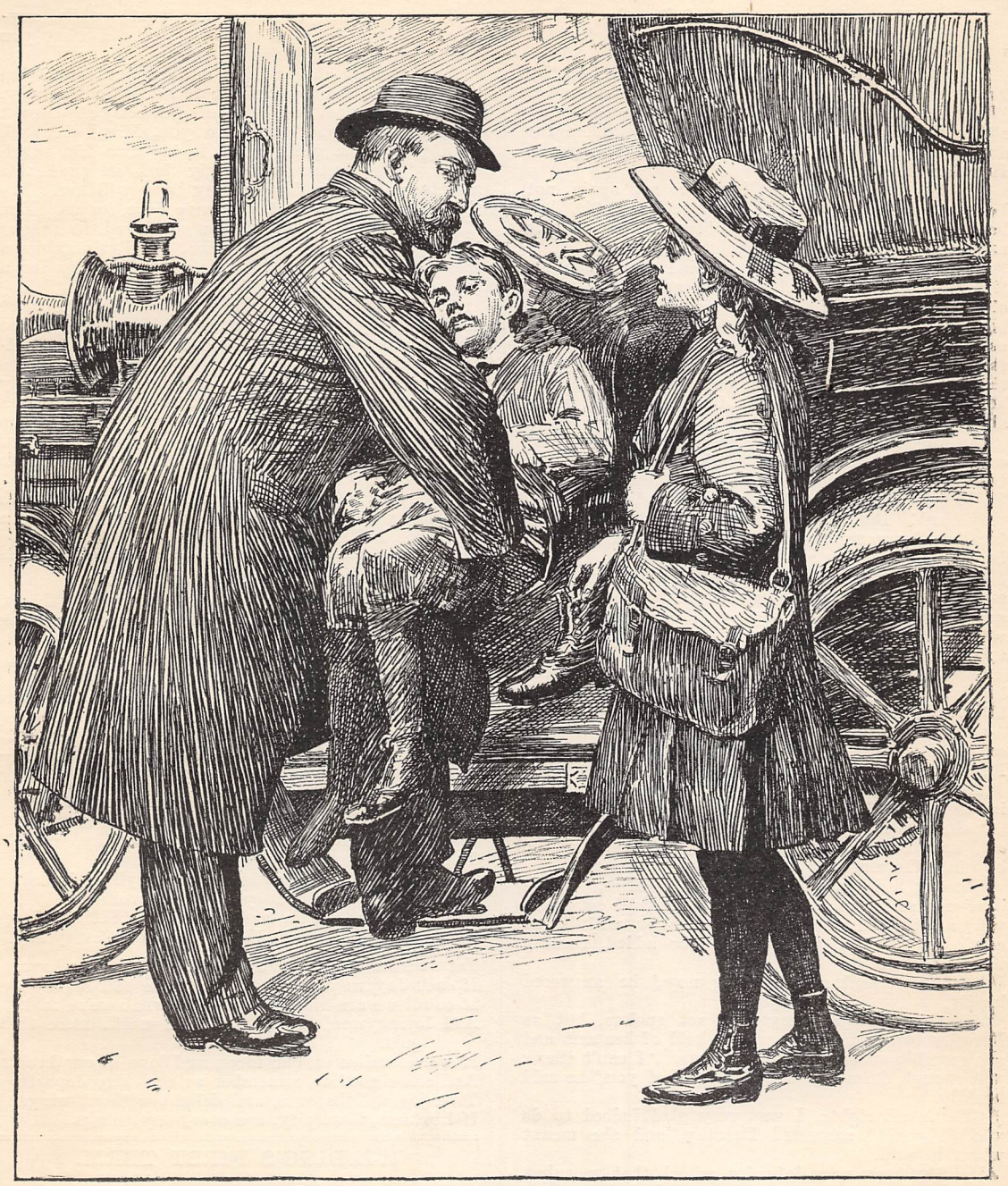
HOW DOROTHY LOST THE ATTENDANCE MEDAL.

'GOOD-BYE, Mother dear, I am just off to complete my year of school attendance.'

'Good-bye, darling; you will indeed have earned Lady Harper's prize. It has needed determination and real perseverance to be never absent and never late for a whole year.'

Dorothy gave her mother a last kiss, and picking up her satchel of books, started to walk to school.

It was nearly two miles from the village where Dorothy lived to the school, but the little girl walked the distance in all weathers. A year before, at the annual prize-giving, Lady Harper had offered a silver medal as a special prize to any girl who was never absent or late for a whole year. Now, out of twenty girls only two had never missed: these were Dorothy Willis and Marjorie Lea. Both girls had set their hearts on winning a medal, and no



"'You will be as quick as you can, won't you?'

weather was bad enough to keep them away from school.

Dorothy had gone more than half-way to school, when she came upon a boy of about twelve years of age, sitting by the roadside, crying bitterly.

She recognised him as a boy from the village where she lived. 'What is the matter, Walter?' she asked kindly.

'I have hurt my ankle, miss,' sobbed the boy, 'and now our baby will die. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Why will the baby die?' asked Dorothy.

'He's very ill, miss, and I was running for Dr. Walker when I fell and twisted my ankle.'

They were on a very lonely road, and Dorothy knew it might be hours before any one came by. What was she to do? If she stayed much longer she would be late for school. She knew where the doctor lived, but it was in exactly the opposite direction from her school.

The boy by the roadside began to sob again, not because of the pain from his swollen ankle, but because of the sick baby brother at home, who might die if the doctor did not go.

Then, all at once, Dorothy's mind was made up. She knelt down by the boy's side, and with the aid of a penknife, cut his bootlace and gently drew the boot off the bad ankle. Making him as comfortable as possible, she said quickly, 'I am going to fetch the doctor, instead of you. He will have to pass this way, and he can pick you up and take you home. I will be as quick as I can, so don't worry about Baby.'

Dorothy knew she could never be in time for school now. She had hard work to keep back the tears when she thought that she had lost her medal. To lose it after a year's regular attendance seemed very hard! But she never thought of turning back, for Dorothy generally carried out anything she set herself to do.

She was fortunate enough to find the doctor just starting on his morning round, as he had a large and very scattered country practice. On hearing what had happened, he promised to motor at once to where the boy lay and take him home in the car.

'But what about yourself?' asked the doctor kindly. 'You are one of Miss Dalton's girls, I think; can I give you a lift?'

'Oh, thank you,' answered Dorothy; 'if you could take me back to where Walter Baines is lying I can easily walk the rest of the way.'

They soon reached the boy, who was still suffering a good deal of pain from his swollen ankle.

'Ah, that is right; I see you have taken his boot off,' said Dr. Walker approvingly, as he lifted the boy into the motor.

Dorothy held out her hand to Walter, 'Good-bye,' she said, 'and I hope the baby will get quite well again, and your ankle too. You will be as quick as you can, won't you?' she added, turning to the doctor.

'Yes, we shall not be long now,' he answered kindly.

All this time the boy had not spoken, but as Dorothy turned to go he caught hold of her arm and she saw his eyes were full of tears. 'I can't thank you enough, Miss; it was real good of you,' he said huskily.

'That's all right; I was very glad indeed to do what I could,' answered Dorothy, and she meant what she said.

Dorothy was very late for school that morning, and many were the questions she had to answer when lessons were over. The girls all wanted to know why she had lost the medal.

Miss Dalton was very kind and sympathetic when Dorothy explained how it was she arrived so late. 'I am very sorry for you, dear. It is hard to lose the medal through no fault of yours; but if the little baby lives I am sure you will feel it was well worth giving up more than that; while, anyhow, you will be glad to know you did what you could,' and Dorothy quite agreed.

That evening she and her mother went down the village to the Baines's cottage to ask after the baby. Mrs. Baines's tired face brightened directly she caught sight of Dorothy. 'God bless you, Miss,' she said, taking both the girl's hands in her two big, rough ones. 'The doctor came only just in time this morning; but now he says my baby will live. We shall never forget what you have done for us. Yes, Ma'am, thank you kindly,' she continued, in answer to a question from Mrs. Willis, 'Walter's ankle is easier now; but he will have to keep it up for a bit, so my hands are full.'

At the school prize-giving no one clapped more than Dorothy Willis when Lady Harper presented Marjorie Lea with the medal for the special attendance prize.

After Marjorie had gone back to her seat, Lady Harper said she had been asked to present an extra prize, given by the teachers, to Dorothy Willis, who by doing an act of kindness had, on the last day of her school year, lost her chance of the attendance medal.

There was great applause as Dorothy, flushed with surprise, went up to receive a small wrist watch, a thing she had long wanted. A. C. E. D.

EVERY-DAY THINGS.

THE best things of life are the every-day things,
The sun in the heaven that each new morning brings;
The flowers by the wayside, that come day by day,
And lift up their blossoms so bright and so gay.
There's a flower that but once in each hundred years blows,
But who would have patience to wait till it grows?
No, give me the blooms that may always be seen—
The buttercups, daisies, that grow on the green.

The best things of life are the every-day things,
The bird in the woodland, the songs that it sings;
The lark that uprises each morning in May,
The tender home faces we see every day.
The stars that come nightly when daylight is fled,
And shine in their beauty all night overhead;
The work that we do, and the games that we play,
They're the best after all, for they come every day.

Yet sweeter things even than these we may have,
If each day we are loving and gentle and brave;
If to all we are kind, and just do what we're told,
And loving words speak that are worth more than gold.
If we've smiles on our faces, and love in our hearts,
And some good to remember as each day departs,
True joy will be ours, and delight without wings,
If kindness, love, pity, are every-day things.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 199.)

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was no doubt about trouble being caused by that mad drive. The day after the chariot race a rumour ran through the school, started nobody knew how, although Tom the porter probably had a hand in it, to the effect that somebody had visited the Head with complaints against two Dun-

bury boys. The story of the race itself leaked out, with details grossly exaggerated as usual. But no one knew for certain the names of the two who were involved in the affair.

Next day Dunbury had another sensation. During the morning Tom conducted two strangers to each form-room in turn. They were two young fellows obviously in their Sunday best, with their hair greased as though with suet, very red-faced and nervous. Apparently each master had his instructions. Upon their entry he ordered his boys to stand up in their places, and the two butchers scanned them as carefully as their own bashfulness permitted. The school as a whole rather welcomed the break in the day's work. The lower school in particular simply revelled in the novelty of the proceedings. No identification was effected, save in the case of one quite innocent boy who was able to prove a complete alibi. Several times the butchers fixed upon faces which seemed to resemble those they sought, but always after consideration their certainty failed them. Identification of a criminal is always a difficult and delicate matter. Nervous blushing can never be safely taken as a proof of guilt. Many boys in the lower school, including Piggy Harris, came near to bursting blood-vessels in their efforts to look innocent! As for the real offenders, each passed through the ordeal in his form-room with the calm of stainless innocence.

For the rest of that day the matter was discussed with huge interest throughout the school. It was beginning to be the general impression that Berthold and O'Brien were the two criminals. Their characters for daring were notorious. Every one knew that the chance of an adventure drew O'Brien like a magnet. As for Berthold, the feat was quite in keeping with his reputation. Also, on the afternoon in question some one had seen the two meet at the lodge and start together for a walk. When that fact went the rounds, as it did with the speed of lightning, it was felt that there could no longer be any doubt.

Every one wondered what steps the Head would take. It would not be like him to let the matter drop, now that the butchers had failed to identify the borrowers of their carts. He would probably threaten a general punishment if the names of the offenders were not given up. And that would most likely mean a swishing for Berthold and O'Brien, even although both were in the Upper School. For of course they would give up their names. Good old Berthold and O'Brien! What a rag it must have been! The deed was worthy of them both. To the Lower School, at least, they were bright heroes all through that day.

The Head did not disappoint expectations. He gave notice that the school were to meet after chapel in Big School. Those official gatherings never failed to give Gerald quite a painful thrill. And yet there was a certain pleasurable excitement about them. There was always a draught in Big School. The naked gaslights flickered weirdly. And there upon the dais stood the Head, lean and slight and saturnine and strong, with an odd mastery about his quiet, dark face. Five hundred boys were staring at him as he stood. They were all strangely quiet and hushed.

He had heard the gossip that connected Berthold with the affair. Down below he could see Berthold quite clearly. He was looking simply bored. Gerald hated to think that he was one of the two. He had nothing but admiration, like a true Lower School boy, for the offence itself, but it hurt him to think of Berthold being birched. Berthold was his hero; there was no one like him in the world. Gerald had scarcely spoken to his hero, but that made no difference at all. To him there was something very big about Berthold, something that lifted him head and shoulders above the rest of the men at Dunbury, even above Melton. And to a real hero-worshipper, like Gerald, it is not pleasant to think of his hero being shamefully punished.

'He looks cool enough,' Danvers whispered.

'I wonder what he's thinking about?' Gerald murmured.

'Wondering how many the Head will give him, I dare say,' Danvers responded with unintentional brutality. 'It'll be eight at the least.'

Gerald moved as far away from Danvers as he could. He knew that Danvers reverenced Berthold too in his own way, but at the moment he jarred abominably upon him. Fancy speaking like that of a man like Berthold! Gerald's thoughts were running something in this vague fashion: Berthold is quite right to break as many rules as he pleases — a chap like him can't be hedged in by mere rules — but he ought not to be found out.

But the Head was speaking, coolly, almost sardonically, as usual. 'I have learned that two of your number indulged the other day in a very foolish and reckless escapade. Those two boys took possession of two butcher's carts, left standing beside the road, and apparently raced against each other down a steep hill.'

An irrepressible chuckle ran through the school despite the presence of the Head. A flicker of a smile passed across his own keen, clean-shaven face. Sometimes, not very often, the Head permitted the school to know that he was human.

'Such childish tricks have to be paid for. Providentially the matter did not end as seriously as it might well have done. No one was killed, not even a harmless passer-by. The horses and carts were apparently uninjured. The two boys themselves failed to break either their necks or limbs. But that is beside the point. As I say, such follies must be paid for.'

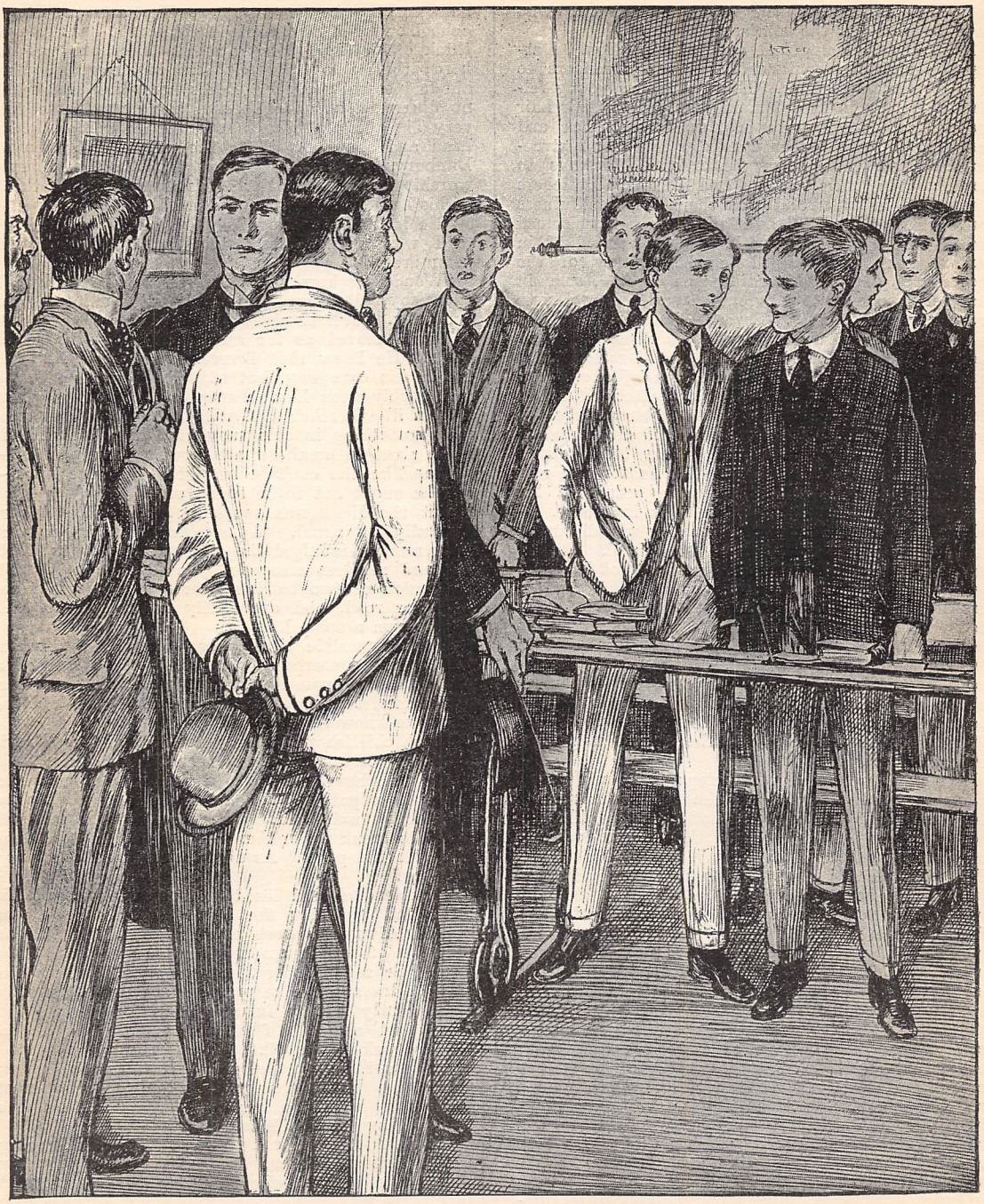
The Head cleared his throat, standing there, his left hand caressing the shoulder of his gown as usual. Always at such moments the Head had an effect as of mesmerism upon many members of the Lower School. Under his keen eyes, beneath the spell of his sphinx-like presence, they would resolve quite dizzily upon a future career of stainless virtue. And also the fresh air outside Big School would break that spell.

'Unless the names of those two boys are given up to me before twelve o'clock to-morrow, next Wednesday will be a whole-school day instead of a half-holiday for all the school.'

The Head stood for a moment as though waiting for instant confession. Many eyes, including Gerald's, were turned quite involuntarily to Berthold's face. He was yawning very slightly, otherwise he revealed no emotion.

The Head lifted his hand. 'You may go now,' he said.

(Continued on page 210.)



"The two butchers scanned the boys carefully."

"He bent forward and struck Berthold in the face."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 207.)

BERTHOLD had scarcely been alone in his study for five minutes before O'Brien entered. Probably he had expected his arrival.

'Well, the game's up, old man!' O'Brien remarked cheerfully, selecting an easy-chair. 'The Head has fairly spiked our guns!'

Berthold said nothing.

'What will he give us, do you think?' O'Brien asked. 'It's almost a year since he had the distinguished honour of birching an O'Brien!'

Berthold spoke slowly. 'He won't give us anything,' he said.

O'Brien stared. 'What do you mean? We're bound to give up our names ——'

'I don't know if you've forgotten the fact,' Berthold said quietly; 'but you promised to be guided by me over this business.'

'I know I did,' O'Brien answered. 'But — do you actually mean to say that you propose to sit tight?'

'I do,' Berthold answered.

O'Brien sprang to his feet. 'We can't, man — we can't!' he said excitedly. 'It's — it's not playing the game to let the school pay for our rag!'

Berthold answered from his chair with a fine calm. 'That's one way of looking at it. There happens to be another. I don't like this trick of the Head's in going for the whole school if he can't catch one boy. I don't — like it! It's not playing the game. It's abominably unfair, it seems to me. It's either an appeal to the school to act as detectives in their own interests, or else it's an appeal to the generosity or cowardice of the chap who's done the thing. In either case, it's not fair.'

O'Brien nodded. 'I see what you mean. There's a lot in what you say; but — we can't possibly sit tight!'

Berthold's chin was sticking out rather queerly. His face had lost its lazy boredom. 'We can and we will. The Head played this trick on me before, at the beginning of term, when I ventriloquised. I gave up my name then to save the school, but afterwards I thought it over and saw the gross unfairness of the dodge, and I made a vow not to give way to it again. And I won't!'

O'Brien sat for a moment without speaking. 'Well,' he said at last, 'it may be right enough for you, but I don't see it the same way myself. I can't let the school pay for my lark. I shall give up my name.'

'You gave me your promise,' Berthold said coolly.

O'Brien flushed hotly. 'I know I did. Well, you must let me off that promise. If you like to do a dirty thing, you've no right to make me do it too!'

He was standing over Berthold, his hot Irish blood tingling wildly.

'I shan't let you off,' Berthold answered, quiet as ever. 'And I happen to know that you don't break your word as a rule.'

'No, I don't,' O'Brien said savagely. 'You've got me in a corner right enough. But there is one thing I can do ——' he bent forward and struck Berthold, not heavily, in the face.

Berthold laughed. 'You've a perfect right to do that,' he said genially. 'But we won't fight here, if you don't mind. I have some slight respect for my furniture; besides, we should be interrupted. Will half-past twelve to-morrow, in the wood beyond the Twenty Acre, suit you?'

'Yes, that will do,' O'Brien said sullenly. He was disgusted with Berthold and with the situation into which he had been forced.

'Then there's nothing more to talk about, I think,' Berthold went on. 'Oh, yes, there's one thing. I mean to tell Melton the facts about this. Also that you wished to give our names up and that I prevented you. He can let the rest of the school know; then, if they please, they can give our names up.'

'They won't do that, you know well,' O'Brien said furiously.

Berthold shrugged his shoulders. 'They must please themselves.'

O'Brien was staring at him with a kind of puzzled anger. 'I'm hanged if I can make you out. I think you're mad! I know you're not afraid of being swished, but you seem to have a sort of wish to make yourself unpopular. Oh, it's not a bit of good jawing to you, I know!'

'Not a bit,' Berthold replied serenely.

The door banged behind O'Brien. Ten minutes later it opened to admit Melton.

'You're the very man I wanted to see,' Berthold said, pleasantly.

Melton seemed worried. 'They say that it was you and O'Brien who drove those carts,' he began. 'What an old ass you are to go out of your way to get into hot water!'

'I'm not sure that I am going to get into it this time,' Berthold drawled.

'Didn't you do it?' Melton asked, with relief.

'Oh, yes, I did it, right enough. I and O'Brien drove that race; and very good fun it was. But O'Brien and I are going to fight to-morrow morning because I refuse to give up our names.'

Melton stared. 'You're not going to give them up?'

'No,' Berthold answered. 'I hold O'Brien's promise, and I don't like the Head's methods.' And he explained his views to Melton curtly enough.

'Then you really propose to let the school suffer?' Melton asked, in utter wonder.

'I want you to let the school know the facts, unofficially, of course,' Berthold answered. 'Make it clear, any way, that O'Brien is not to blame. And any one who pleases can send my name up to the Head. I shan't blame him.'

'You know that no one will,' Melton said, grimly.

'Then I can't help it,' Berthold remarked.

Melton was growing angry. 'You can help it! I don't know if you consider it honourable to let the school lose a half-holiday ——'

'That's what O'Brien said,' Berthold put in.

'Of course he did! It's what I should have expected you to say. How can you answer it?' Melton asked, sharply.

'I don't answer it. I only say that the school can take it out of me any way they please. Let them send me to Coventry, or anything. I shan't mind.'

'It's not fair to O'Brien or the rest. It's not honourable or straight!' Melton persisted.

'Oh, that's what O'Brien said,' Berthold repeated, wearily. 'I don't know if you'll insist on fighting me, too?'

Melton looked at him curiously. 'No, I don't

think I will fight you,' he said, slowly. Melton was one of the few men at Dunbury who could afford to refuse a fight, if he saw fit, without disgrace. He had the strength of a horse, and, as was well known, the pluck of a bull-terrier.

'I don't know that I'm sorry to hear it!' Berthold said, whimsically, with a glance at Melton's shoulders.

'But I am pretty sick about it,' Melton went on. 'Is it any use my begging you ——'

'I'm afraid it isn't,' Berthold answered, quietly.

Melton left the study without another word.

Berthold sat for a long while with his hands clasped behind his head. He seemed to be thinking hard. His mouth looked strangely obstinate. At last he murmured to himself, 'It does look dirty, I suppose. But it's not because I funk the Head. It's not that! it's not that! Well, there seems a chance of some little excitement, anyhow. And that will be better than thinking about — about poor old George!'

(Continued on page 218.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11. — Inversions.

1. I am expensive — but invert, and find that I am to peruse;
2. I am good rest — invert, I am the part that most of us refuse:
3. I am a sweet and pleasant fruit — invert, I am to gather in;
4. I am a pinch, a little draught — invert, I'm used for fastening:
5. I can do anything — invert, I am a great man's prison isle:
6. I'm used for storing corn — invert, and you can write with me awhile:
7. I am enclosed in something hard — invert, and you will find in me

A large cask for your oil or wine, a measure for its quantity.

C. J. B.

(Answers on page 250.)

———

Answers to Puzzles on page 178.

9. — Alone in London. Alice in Wonderland.
The Wide, Wide World. The Daisy Chain.
Nothing to Nobody. The Water Babies.
Little Saint Elizabeth. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Adrift in a Boat. Tom Brown's Schooldays.
No Chance. The Fairchild Family.

10. — 1. Tom Pinch. 4. Ivanhoe.
2. Arthur Pendennis. 5. Robinson Crusoe.
3. Amyas Leigh. 6. Guy Mannering.

FROM OUR READERS.

IV. — THE REASON.

WHAT! heavy clouds and gloomy skies,
And yet there's sunshine in your eyes!
Large raindrops falling one by one,
And yet you seem so full of fun!
All dancing round in merry glee,
More happy children ne'er could be!
What is the reason? Tell me, pray!
'Our Chatterbox has come to-day!'

Doris Hopper (age sixteen).

A DOG'S CURING.

HE was my dog; I knew no more than that —
Save that his name, thrown in with him, was Pat.
What was his pedigree, his age, his history,
Were matters utterly unknown to me.
I bought him at a sale, the auctioneer
Declaring at five pounds he'd not be dear,
But since the dog's record he could not fix
He knocked him down for seventeen-and-six.
Released from half a yard of rusty chain,
Pat raced with me full speed along the lane.
The street being gained, I had a sudden whim
To go down on one knee and fondle him;
But as I dropped, Pat bolted off instanter
And crossed the roadway in a steady canter;
A row of cottages the dog had seen,
Each with a doorstep wondrous neat and clean;
At the first doorstep Pat drew up and growled,
Then climbed the spotless stair and — simply howled!
Why he thus howled I could not understand;
I stood and glared at him, shook my clenched hand,
And raised my voice in a protesting roar —
Pat answered by bombarding the next door.
At seven doors I saw him bark aloud —
His antics were attracting quite a crowd —
Each door was now framed by a wrathful face,
And I a central object of disgrace.
Just then, from out the crowd, a saucy rogue
Came shouting: 'I see thou'st bought Old Peter's dog;
Old Peter was afflicted with a cold,
And when he took the milk round to be sold
T' old chap could neither speak, nor knock at doors,
So left the job to his companion on all fours ——'
I read the riddle then; I thanked the rogue,
And once more gained possession of my dog;
Vowing such folly could not be endured,
I took him to my 'missus' to get cured.
My missus, being a gossip, told the tale
To every chance acquaintance within hail.
Result: the dog was coaxed by methods rude
To howl on doorsteps in the neighbourhood —
On one he got a drenching from a tub,
A neighbour introduced him to a club,
An unkind maid poured tea-leaves on his snout,
Then flicked him off the doorstep with a clout;
Another with her broomstick hit him hard,
Then swept him to the bottom of the yard.
Poor Pat came crawling sadly from the wars,
Minus his collar, plus a dozen scars.
To-day, when habit drives the dog to bark,
He prudently performs it in the dark,
Waits for the rising of the distant moon,
And to that orb he dedicates his tune,
For he has found, up to the present date,
The man up there does not retaliate.

* * * *

At this point I am told my story's lost,
Fit for waste paper only, at the most,
Unless I crown it with a worthy moral,
And win, by decent verse, the usual laurel —
So here I set it down: when humankind
Follow the course to which my dog inclined,
Pursuing customs that are out of place,
Unmindful of the fitness of the case,
'Tis only right that they should feel the stroke
That may alight from hands of worthier folk.

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

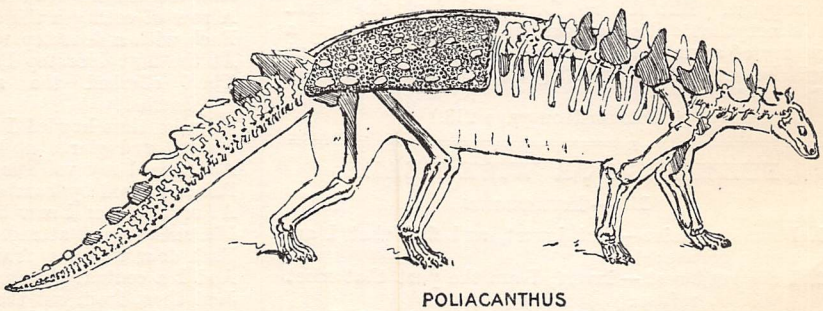
III. — LAND AND SEA DRAGONS.

WE will now pass from the flying dragons, which formed the subject of our last chapter, to the land-dragons which, ages ago, roamed over this land of ours. The boys and girls who have not the good fortune to live near our great national Museum at South Kensington, where the remains of these monsters are preserved, must draw upon their memories of the fabled beasts of goblin-land, aided by our illustrations, if they would conjure up a picture of those far-off days and the strange creatures which then walked the earth. There, it must be remarked, were reptiles, the lordly ancestors of the crocodiles, lizards, and snakes of to-day, which by comparison with them are mere pigmies, even the largest of them. There were in those far-off days no birds and no mammals, for these had not yet appeared.

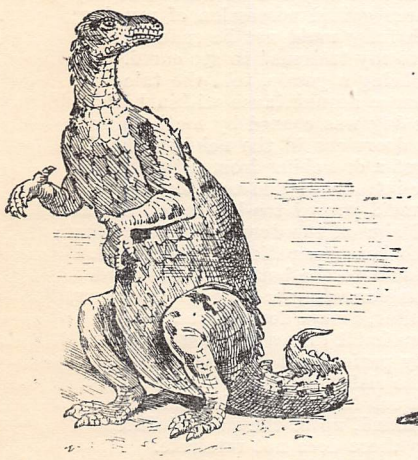
The largest of these huge creatures was known as the iguanodon, from the curious likeness which its teeth bore to those of the South American lizard, known as the iguana. It walked on its hind legs, and the distance from the ground to the top of its head measured some fourteen feet! Its thumb was fashioned in the form of an enormous spur, and was perhaps used as a weapon to fight its neighbours with. That it was largely, if not entirely, a vegetable feeder is shown by its teeth, which, by the way, were replaced in the front of the jaws by a horny sheath like the beak of a bird. Remains of the iguanodon have been found in plenty in Sussex; some in the shape of bones and teeth, and others of footprints. From the shape of the tail it seems probable that this great beast lived near rivers and spent some of its time in the water feeding on water-weeds.

Remains of another of these dragons, the 'Scelidosaurus' have been found in the Lower Lias rocks of Charmouth, Dorsetshire. This also walked on its hind legs and was apparently covered with spines. It was, however, a feeble creature compared with the iguanodon, for it does not seem to have exceeded twelve feet in length. But even that would give us a creature at least as big as a tiger, and no less powerful. Slightly smaller was the four-footed poliacanthus found at Barnes Chine, Brixton, Isle of Wight; and this also had a covering of bony plates and spines on its back. That monsters like the iguanodon should ever have been able to walk upright, on hind legs alone, seems almost incredible; and, indeed, this would have been impossible but for the great length and weight of the tail, which served to preserve the balance when walking, and as a support when resting. Why these creatures should have become extinct is one of the problems which none of us has yet been able to solve, but it was possibly because they were unable to keep pace with the changes going on in the world around them.

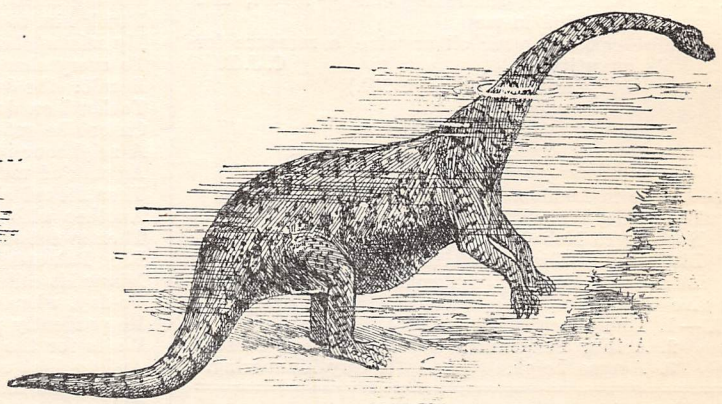
Side by side, so to speak, with the great land-dragons there lived also huge river-dragons, some



POLIACANTHUS

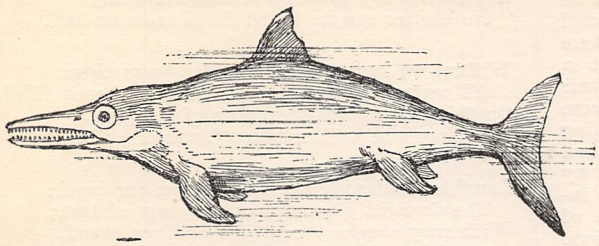


IGUANODON

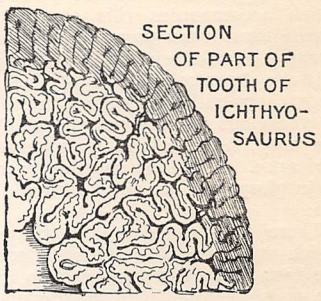


CETIOSAURUS

of them as much as sixty feet long. Limb-bones of such monsters were, many years ago, dug up near Oxford. These belonged to a beast called the 'Cetiosaurus,' or whale-lizard, and from what we know



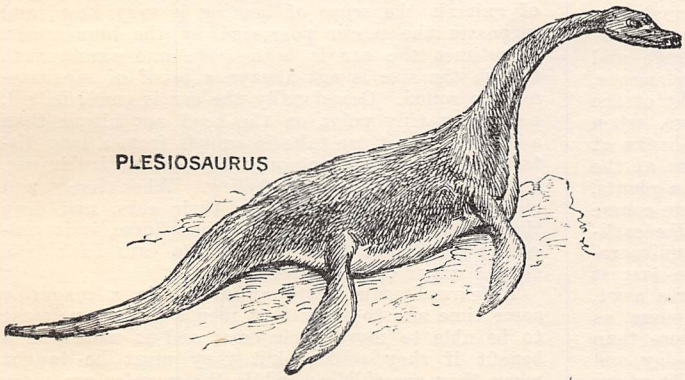
ICHTHYOSAURUS



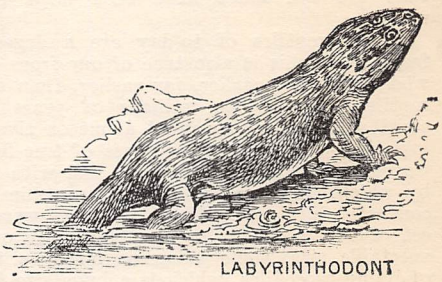
SECTION OF PART OF TOOTH OF ICHTHYOSAURUS

of similar animals which lived in America it must have been amphibious, like the hippopotamus of the African rivers to-day. The tail was of enormous length, very thick at the base, and tapering to a whip-like point; the neck was also very long, while the head was small. As its teeth show, it lived on water-plants and roots.

When I am drifting along the reed-fringed margins of the Thames, revelling in the blue skies of June, I often try and picture what the rivers of these past ages must have looked like, and whether



PLESIOSAURUS



LABYRINTHODONT

these huge river-dragons would have resented my intrusion on their solitude. It would not have been difficult, I think, to escape them, for such unwieldy frames could hardly have moved very swiftly through the water, though the tail must certainly have been a powerful driving organ. The legs were, one would imagine, hardly suitable for swimming, but one must not forget that in shape they differed in nowise from those of the hippo, which swims with ease.

Matters were very different in regard to the old sea-dragons of these ancient days, such as the 'ichthyosaurs' and 'plesiosaurs,' as they are called in museums and scientific books. Those who have seen the skeletons of these weird creatures in museums must surely have been impressed by the huge size of the jaws, the terrible teeth, and the great eyes. They were dwellers in the sea, and fed largely upon fishes, not such as we know, but of species wherein the body was encased in an armour plating of bony scales, arranged like a mosaic, and with highly glazed or enamelled surface. Hence the need of powerful teeth. Originally, without doubt, land-dwellers, they seem at first to have modified their bodily structure to suit an amphibious life, probably in lakes and rivers. Thence they seem to have migrated to the sea, when, to fit them for their still more strenuous life, their bodily changes proceeded to yet greater lengths. The legs now became transformed into paddles, which, in the case of ichthyosaurs, were remarkable for the fact that the bones of the lower arm were so reduced in size as to be well-nigh indistinguishable from those of the wrist and fingers! Further, this paddle had a fringe of skin along its edge to increase the size of the paddle, while, to assist in the same direction, the number of the fingers was also increased. In the long-necked plesiosaur, the paddles are of the same type, but not quite so profoundly changed.

But this does not end all that is to be said of these rulers of the deep, as they were then, for, as in the case of the pterodactyls, or flying dragons, which swarmed in the air above them, the last representatives of their race were toothless. This loss of teeth, be it noted, was not a loss which overtook individuals in old age, as it overtakes us, but it was a gradual process of decay in the race as a whole, extending over countless years. That is to say, in succeeding generations the teeth got smaller and smaller, till finally ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs came into the world without teeth at all, the jaws

being encased in horny sheaths. The ichthyosaur must have looked very like a porpoise; but we have nothing to-day with which we can compare the plesiosaur, yet we can conjure up a pretty good idea of its appearance from the numerous skeletons in our museums, some of which are in a wonderful state of preservation. A reference to the picture which accompanies this chapter will convey at a glance more than pages of description. As to their size, we should remark that the largest species were between twenty and thirty feet long, and judging from their build, they must have been as active and as voracious as the porpoises of to-day, which, by the way, have, as it were, entered into their inheritance. For the reptiles reached the zenith of their glory just as the mammals were entering into life.

There is one feature of these strange creatures which we must not omit to mention, and this is the fact that they possessed no less than three eyes; the third being in the middle of the head. Why it was needed we cannot imagine. But even to this day some reptiles possess traces of this eye, and it is largest in that strange creature, the hatteria of New Zealand, though even here it is but a mere vestige, covered during life by a scale. If the head be carefully dissected after death, however, an unmistakable eye will be found just under the scale, peeping, as it were, through a hole in the skull. If my readers will carefully examine the middle of the crown of a fossil ichthyosaur, or plesiosaur, when met at a museum which possesses such treasures, they will find quite a large hole, which shows that the eye must have been large enough for use.

If the reptiles of to-day are a degenerate and feeble folk, this is also true of our frogs and newts, whose day was earlier, far earlier, than that of the reptiles. Time was, millions of years ago, when giant salamanders sprawled about on river-banks at low tide, or lurked under roots of tree-ferns at the water's edge. Here some died, and with the plants, by which they were sheltered, became in due course converted into coal! These creatures were the earliest of the world's 'dragons,' and were of quite respectable size, some being as large as the largest of living crocodiles, which is a huge size for a newt, surely; for the labyrinthodonts, or salamanders, as they are sometimes called, were nothing more than huge newts, such as we catch in ponds to-day and ignominiously thrust into a pickle-bottle! They are called labyrinthodonts because of the curiously complicated character of the tooth-structure when seen in section; they are, in short, the 'labyrinth-toothed' newts which mark the dawn of the world's land-dwellers. Till they and their near relations appeared on the earth there were no land animals. These strange creatures, indeed, are the ancestors of all land-dwellers, and hence they are creatures of quite extraordinary interest. The skull-roof was curiously sculptured, and the body was more or less completely protected by a bony armour. Like modern newts, as larvae they lived only in the water, breathing by external, branched gills, which stuck out on each side of the neck like plumes. Later, as in the newts to-day, the gills vanished and lungs took their place, when land-dwelling became possible.

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S., &c.

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

WEAK wings are fluttered at the window-pane,
And tiny feet, half frozen, grip the rail;
A plaintive cry for help is made in vain;
No shelter can be found from snow or hail.

Within, we keep our merry Christmas cheer,
All warm and gay, table and hearth well filled:
On this, the happiest evening of the year,
Let none be dull or hungry, sad or chilled.

Laughter and song resound among our band;
The firelight gleams upon the berried tree;
With rosy cheeks the joyous children stand,
Awaiting gifts to crown the evening's glee.

The glazing eyes no longer find the light,
The quivering feet relax their feeble hold;
A ball of feathers drops athwart the night;
Only a little sparrow, dead of cold.

A. G. Cuthbert.

MOVEABLE EARS.

ONE advantage that most animals have over our nobler race of beings is that they can move their ears. To them it is a great benefit to be able, by shifting the ear, to hear more distinctly any sound that may indicate danger. In a large number of animals the sense of hearing is very keen, and surpasses the power possessed by the human ear. Sometimes the ear is both large and ornamental, though the size is not always a proof of sensitiveness to sound. Occasionally the ear is small indeed, perhaps a tiny point on the head not bigger than a pinhole, yet it can take in sounds from a long distance off. The ear not only has its particular use, but serves also to show feeling. When lively and cheerful, some animals raise their ears, and drop them if they are alarmed. With a horse, it is generally considered that putting the ears back is a sign of anger or viciousness.

A learned man wrote an article in a magazine some time ago to show that men and women ought to be able to move their ears, and it would be a benefit if they could; but they must be taught when they are children, while the muscles are more easily moved than in after years. Unfortunately, he did not explain how we could learn this. Again, he says that people wear too many things on the head which press the ears flat, and do not give them a chance to use any power they have. History tells us, however, of persons who could move their ears, either singly or together, and St. Augustine declared that, in the olden time, you might have seen such a power shown by whole nations (probably they were rather uncivilised); some of them could also raise the hair of the head without using their hands. Another old writer tells us of an Italian who often had to fly for his life, because when people saw his ears move they thought he was bewitched. It is said to be a fact that persons whose ears stand out from their heads hear better than those having ears quite flat.

J. R. S. C.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

IV. — THE CALICO-PRINTER'S VAN.

THE May of 1812 was by no means the springtime of the poets. A bitter east wind was blowing, the sky was covered with heavy clouds, and such flowers as had ventured out of their winter's sleep looked pinched and miserable, and so did two Frenchmen who stood moodily looking out of the window of a small house in Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

'Ugh! what a climate!' said the younger man, Dubois by name, as he huddled his cloak round him. 'Who could believe it to be May — it might be midwinter!'

'It is the usual climate of Albian, my friend,' said the other, gloomily; 'the summer here is wind and rain, and the winter is wind and fog and snow. I know! I have now had twelve months of it ——'

'And are longing to see la belle France once more, hey?' said Dubois, clapping the other on the back. 'Cheer up; things may yet happen.'

'Things never happen here, Dubois,' said the other, sadly. 'This war will go on for ever. Buonaparte is in Russia now; but he will soon conquer that country, and then he will turn his attention to England, and meanwhile we are prisoners on parole ——' Here he broke down, and sobbed out, 'And I shall never see my wife and little Fanchette again!'

'Chut, chut! Michaud!' said the other, kindly; 'no Frenchman must despair. It is true we are prisoners to-day ——'

'And to-morrow, and the next day, and all the days of our life,' said Michaud, bitterly.

'Wait a minute,' said Dubois, as he got up, opened the door, and looked cautiously down the passage to be sure no one was within earshot. Then returning, he stood close by his friend and whispered, 'I have heard to-day of a plan of escape — a perfectly safe plan; but, of course, money is needed, as, indeed, it always is in this ungracious country.'

'Escape!' said Michaud, his face lighting suddenly up at the thought; but then he added sadly, 'But how about our parole?'

'Bah!' said the light-hearted Dubois. 'What of that! Is not this perfidious Albion? And why should not we be perfidious to match? Over a thousand of our countrymen on parole have made their way back to France, and why should we be more squeamish than they?'

'Well, tell me the plan — is it very risky?' asked Michaud; 'for I do not wish to find myself in prison.'

'No risk at all,' said the other gaily; 'it is simplicity itself, and has never yet failed. Listen. I have been introduced to a man, a calico-printer, and in his business he employs a strong covered cart, to carry the heavy bales. This man has found it worth his while to transport Frenchmen instead of bales of calico; he has fitted up his cart inside with seats, and takes six men each trip.'

'And his price?' asked the elder man.

'Ten pounds a head. Cheap for liberty, is it not?'

'Two hundred and fifty francs! What robbery!' said Michaud.

'Not for liberty!' repeated the other; 'and remember he takes us to the coast for that sum, and then we can easily find a ship, and we will not return to this country till we come with our Emperor for the sack of London!'

After much discussion of ways and means, it was finally decided that the officers should each secure a place in the calico-printer's van, and one foggy evening, about a week later, the two men left Ashby-de-la-Zouch, carrying heavy bags of provisions, which were, however, concealed under their military cloaks.

About a mile outside the town, at the corner of a lonely road, they found the van drawn up and waiting for them, and hearty greetings from the four Frenchmen already inside awaited the two as they climbed up and took their places in the gloomy van. So cheery, indeed, was this welcome, and so unrestrained their laughter, that the driver, Webb by name, at last opened the door and exhorted them to silence. 'We are coming to a village,' he said, 'and my calico bales must not be heard talking!'

The driver chose the most lonely roads, never allowing his 'guests' to leave the van except at nightfall, when they might stretch their legs and breathe for a while the fresh air.

So the days passed, and no incident whatever happened until they got to Beckenham Common, in Kent, where suspicion was for the first time excited.

It was ten o'clock at night, and the driver was about to unbolt the doors and allow his captives a little liberty. He had already unharnessed the horses and taken them on to the Common to graze, when a horse-patrol came up, and ordered him to move on. 'No grazing allowed by night on the Common!'

Webb hastily obeyed, but being nervous, he somehow let the van overbalance and fall heavily on the road, of course tipping the Frenchmen one on to the top of the other with the jerk.

They, frightened out of their senses, shrieked out in their alarm, but, fortunately for them, the thick walls muffled the noise, and the patrol rode off unsuspectingly.

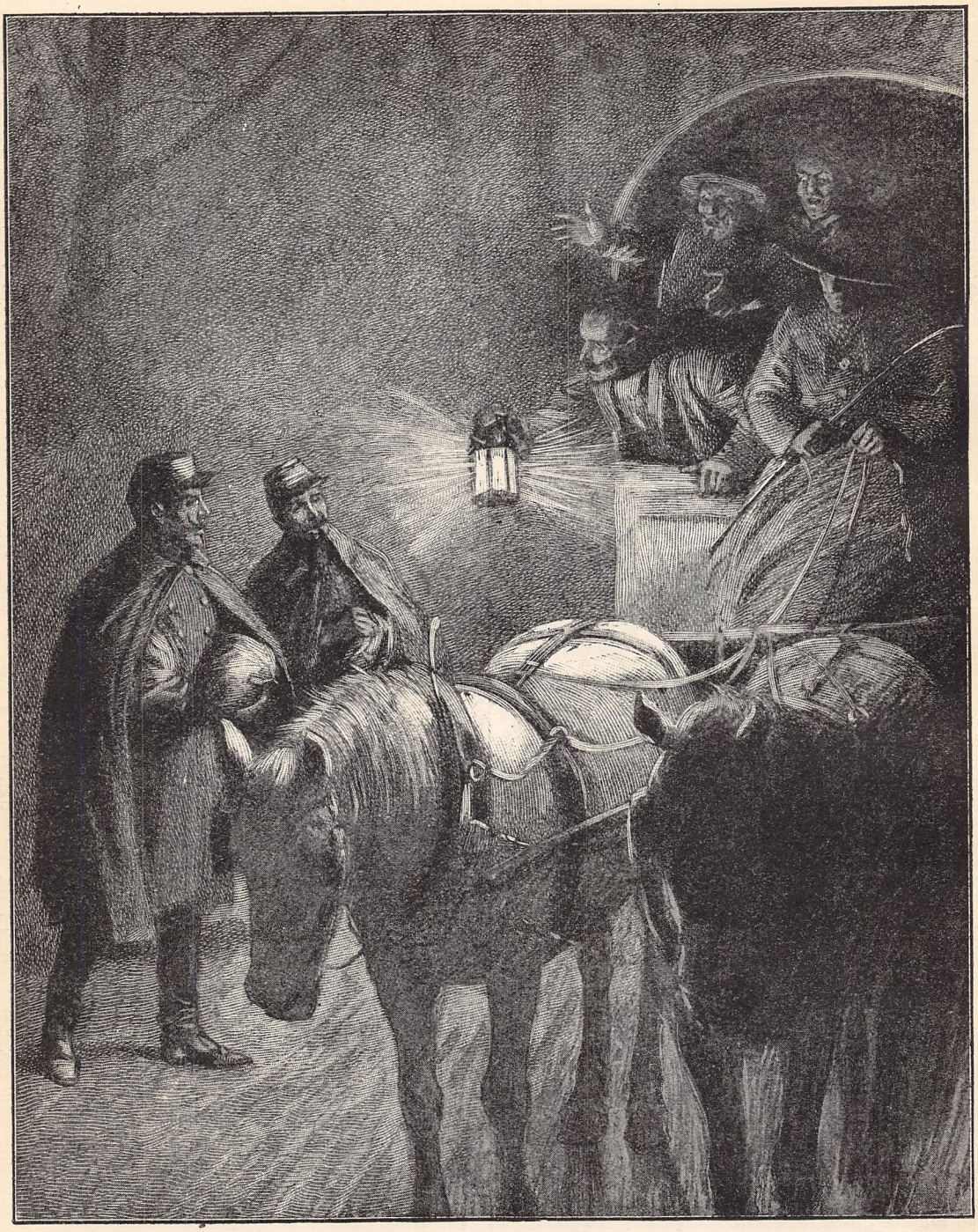
The next mishap — a far worse one — occurred at Canterbury. Here the driver, as was his wont, stopped outside the city at a little inn, which was, as a rule, deserted after nightfall.

But on this occasion it was surrounded by soldiers, who had come to capture two harmless British tradesmen who had been denounced as French spies because they had been seen playing dominoes!

The inmates of the van had, most of them, stepped out before they realised the situation, but Michaud and Dubois, being soldiers themselves, and hearing military orders in the darkness, were more cautious. They crept under the van, and were safely hidden there whilst the other men and the driver were at once seized by the soldiers, and marched off to Canterbury gaol.

The two officers eventually found their way to Dover, and from thence to France and liberty, but Webb was brought up before the magistrates for 'aiding and abetting the escape of the enemies of the King,' and sentenced to imprisonment and a heavy fine, whilst the poor Frenchmen were sent to Portland and kept in that dreary prison until the victory of Waterloo put an end to the war, and restored all the French prisoners in Great Britain to their own land.

E. A. Bulley.



"They found the van waiting for them."

Pu-Yi, ex-Emperor of China.

EMPIRES AND EMPERORS.

IV. — THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

PU-YI, the ex-Emperor of China,* is a minor; he was born in February, 1906, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in November, 1908. It was considered unfitting that the Emperor, though a mere baby, should be left to the guardianship of women, so he was the same day taken away from his mother and nurse and handed over to the care of tutors and guardians.

His Imperial Highness, however, began his reign by letting some of his subjects know that in purely personal matters his will was to be consulted, and he spent his first night as Emperor in such lusty screaming and howling for those he had been accustomed to that even the rigid Chinese etiquette had to give way, and the old nurse was sent for in a great hurry.

The Chinese Empire is immense. It occupies nearly a third of the great continent of Asia, and comprises many different nationalities. China proper — the Middle Kingdom (the ancient name is Cathay) — is the southeast portion, and the capital is Pekin. There are many different dialects spoken in this great empire, and, besides this, there is an official or formal language, which is only used by highly educated people, and of which the common people know nothing. A northern Chinaman can seldom understand the dialect of his fellow-countryman from the south; and, strange as it may appear, the only way they can usually converse with each other is in a kind of English, which both, as a rule, understand!

The English spoken in China is not, however, good English, but a jargon, which goes by the name of 'Pidgin' English. 'Pidgin' comes from the Chinese attempt to say 'business' — pidgin-English being the way business men first tried to make themselves understood, and they turned their English sentences as a Chinaman would do if he were speaking his own language. For instance, suppose you want to be shaved, you enter a barber's shop, and the barber, after the usual ceremonious bow, says, 'Wanchee cuttee, hey?' You answer, 'Yes, but no wantee cuttee too muchee.' 'Oll ligh, me savee!' says the barber, setting to work.

Every one in China drops into this slovenly habit of conversing with the natives, and even amongst those Englishmen who can speak pure Chinese it has come to be considered bad form to air your learning before common folk. It is a great pity that Englishmen should have allowed their language to be thus mutilated.

The climate in China varies as much as the language: in some parts the heat is intense, and in others the cold is very great. The Chinaman, however, adapts himself to the weather by putting on one wadded garment on the top of the other, and speaks of 'a three, or four, or six-coat day' in describing the winter weather; and in summer he wears the scantiest possible clothing.

Except for the head-dress, both men and women wear practically the same clothes, a loose jacket, fitting closely round the neck, and wide, short trousers. A man's jacket is longer than that of a woman; indeed, it is considered very indelicate of a man not to wear long skirts to his coat, and very unwomanly for a woman not to wear trousers. Certain colours may only be worn by officials, blue being the general wear of the common folk. Yellow is for very grand people indeed, a yellow jacket being sometimes bestowed on any man who is specially deserving of honour. General Gordon had a yellow jacket sent to him.

For centuries it has been the custom for Chinese women of the upper classes to bind their feet in such a way as to make them utterly useless for walking on. However, in January, 1910, a regulation was made by the Minister of Education that, for the future, no girl should be admitted to school with bound feet. What joy this law must have given to thousands of little Chinese girls!

Pu-Yi, not long before his abdication, had just begun his education, and I can only say I pity any one, Emperor or serf, who has to learn to read that very difficult language. As a rule it takes an intelligent child six years of hard study to learn to read in Chinese, and some children never learn at all, try as they may. The writing and printing are not arranged as in our books, horizontally from left to right, but placed in long columns, as you may see on the tea-boxes in grocers's shops, to be read from the top to the bottom. There is no Chinese alphabet in the strict sense; all the letters are words. Most words are represented by a special sign, and when you think how many words there are, you will be able to understand what a child has to undergo to commit all these different signs to memory.

Chinese civilisation is very ancient. Paper was made in the country in the first century after Christ, and printing from wooden blocks was practised hundreds of years before these arts were invented in Europe.

The Chinese, too, were the first to use the glossy thread of the silkworm to manufacture into silk, and this culture was unknown in Europe until the sixth century, when it was introduced in a rather singular manner. Two monks, who had long worked amongst the Chinese, and knew all about the culture of silkworms, thought it would be a good thing to introduce the silk manufacture into Europe. But the Chinese were very jealous of any other nation learning their trade secrets, so that the eggs of the silkworm had to be hidden by the monks in a hollow cane. They were safely brought to Constantinople in the year 552, and since that day silk has been manufactured all over southern Europe wherever the mulberry-tree grows freely.

* At the moment when these words were being printed the Chinese revolution brought about the abdication of the little Emperor, who was only nominally the ruler of his country. Perhaps he will have a happier life in a less exalted position.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER XIII.

FIGHTS were extremely rare at Dunbury, except in the case of rough-and-ready affairs between excited Lower School boys. A fight between two men of such standing as O'Brien and Berthold was almost unheard of. The merest hint of such an event would have aroused huge interest and excitement. But neither Berthold nor O'Brien was in the least desirous of an audience. Each of them took

pains to avoid notice. O'Brien arrived at the meeting-place in the wood accompanied by a friend from his own house, named Mackford, to find Berthold waiting there alone.

'I haven't brought a second,' Berthold explained, quietly. 'I don't want to mix any one up in this rotten business except myself. I shall be quite content for Mackford to time the rounds for us, if he will.'

Mackford expressed his willingness, and there was a short, rather awkward pause.

'Well, I suppose we had better get to work,' O'Brien suggested at last.

Berthold smiled faintly. 'I suppose so,' he said, and he began to take off his coat. Then he paused. 'I don't really want to fight you, O'Brien, you know!'

O'Brien stared, as well he might.

'You can think me a coward, if you like!' Berthold said, indifferently.

'No, I don't think ye that,' O'Brien answered, quickly. 'And there's no need to fight at all, as ye know. If you will only let me off my promise, and come up to the Head with me ——'

'No, I can't do that,' Berthold said.

'Then there's nothing for it but fighting!' O'Brien retorted, and removed his coat.

'I suppose so,' Berthold agreed regretfully.

They faced each other with their shirt-sleeves rolled up. They were a well-matched pair. Both of them were tall and slim and active, and in fine condition.

Mackford called 'time,' watch in hand, and the fight began. The Irish boy always disdained caution and careful boxing. He came boring in at once in his usual headlong style. Berthold, light-footed and agile, avoided his rush with ease, and got home a straight left-hander. O'Brien smiled cheerily. He was the kind of boy who is really at his happiest in a fight. He came in once more, far cooler than he looked, hitting with both hands, not to be denied. This time Berthold made no effort to slip him. They came to a great rally, standing toe to toe, each hitting his hardest, almost careless of guarding. Now they were both enjoying themselves. O'Brien half slipped, was half knocked down, once, but he was up again in a moment, and hitting like fury. 'Time!' called Mackford, and as they drew off and rested pantingly, both of them had their marks to show.

Now they were at it again, harder than ever. But now Berthold began to box with skill, whilst O'Brien was still slogging gaily. And, given equal strength and pluck, a boxer must always beat a mere slogger. The Irish boy was as plucky as possible, he seemed to revel in punishment, but Berthold's straight left found his face again and again. O'Brien was laughing as the round ended, but Mackford looked rather anxiously at his marked face. And then all three turned sharply at a sudden sound.

The hedge was lined with staring boys! Punt-about was entirely abandoned. A long kick had sent a ball very near the hedge, and the boy who followed it had caught a glimpse of the three in the clearing. He had taken in the meaning of the scene in a moment, and had been swift to prove his good feeling for his fellows. Like a rabbit he had scurried back, had passed the word that there was actually a fight on in the wood between Berthold and O'Brien, and — punt-about had held no more attractions for any one!

Berthold was disgusted at the sight of this audience. He walked over to O'Brien at once. 'Look here, I've no sort of use for making a spectacle of ourselves!' he said in a low voice. 'What do you say to postponing our little affair?'

But O'Brien's Irish blood was thoroughly heated. It would have taken more than a mere audience to make him quit that fight. He did not often get such a chance of enjoyment. He grinned broadly. 'It can't be helped,' he answered. 'Audience or no audience, this is too cheery a little scrap to be put off!'

Berthold shrugged his shoulders vexedly, and Mackford called 'Time!'

But the on-lookers were to suffer a very grievous disappointment, one about which they did not cease to lament for weeks. Half-way through that third round, when excitement was at its highest, when O'Brien had just been knocked right off his feet, and, springing up, had landed his first clean right-hander, when those of the Lower School were just beginning to yell with gusto, there came a sudden interruption. A crisp step upon the cinder-path was heard by a few cool members of the audience, there was a sudden whisper of 'Billy' — and Mr. Williams appeared. Chance had brought him to the spot in the course of one of his brisk constitutionals. And how the Lower School did hate that chance!

Billy was a sportsman, as all men agreed, and an adept at not seeing those things which it was needless and without tact for him to notice, but in this case he had no option. He was bound to stop a fight in which two Upper School boys were engaging before a crowd of juniors. The combatants drew off at sight of him, the audience began to melt away with speed, and he climbed promptly through the hedge.

'This must go no further!' he said shortly.

Berthold made no answer. His face revealed no emotion of any sort, but it is probable that he felt rather ashamed of himself. Mackford looked a trifle nervous.

But O'Brien broke out in his impulsive Irish fashion. 'Oh, sorr, if you will only just walk on and forget that ye've seen anything!' he said earnestly. 'It is too pretty a fight to waste, indeed it is!'

Billy smiled in spite of himself. He liked O'Brien, as did most people, even those masters who had most trouble with him. O'Brien was hot-tempered and naturally lawless, but he was entirely truthful and generous.

'I think you have both done more than enough,' Billy said, glancing at their faces. 'Now understand, I shall take no further notice of this if you give me your words that it stops now. There is no reason, I hope, why you should not shake hands?' He looked at them questioningly.

'No reason as far as I am concerned, sir,' Berthold answered.

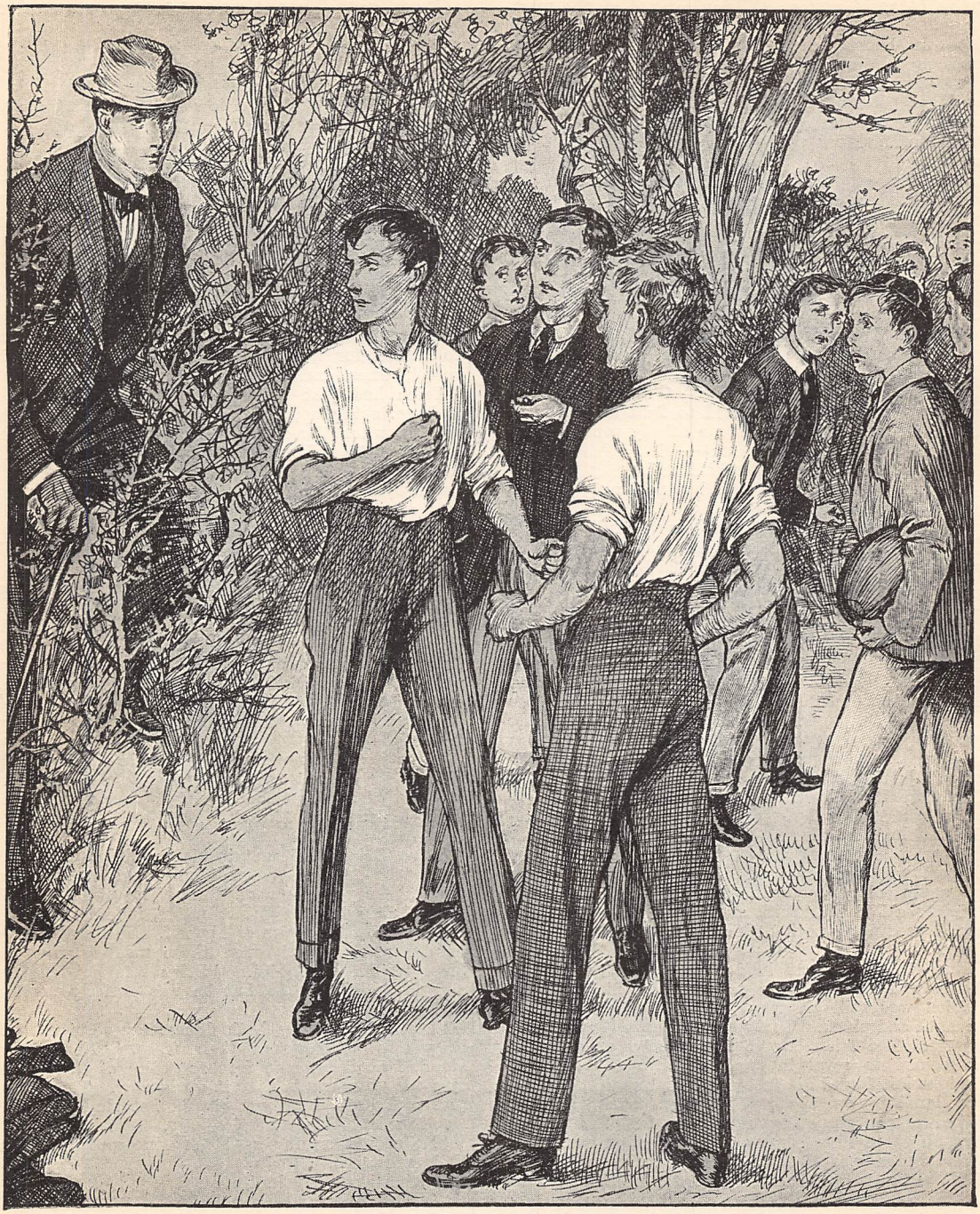
O'Brien obviously hesitated.

'Well, O'Brien?' Billy asked.

'Sure I want to go on with the fight,' O'Brien muttered.

Billy spoke in a different tone. 'You can't go on. It is something of a disgrace for boys of your standard to fight before a crowd of grinning juniors.'

'We didn't want them here,' O'Brien said quickly.

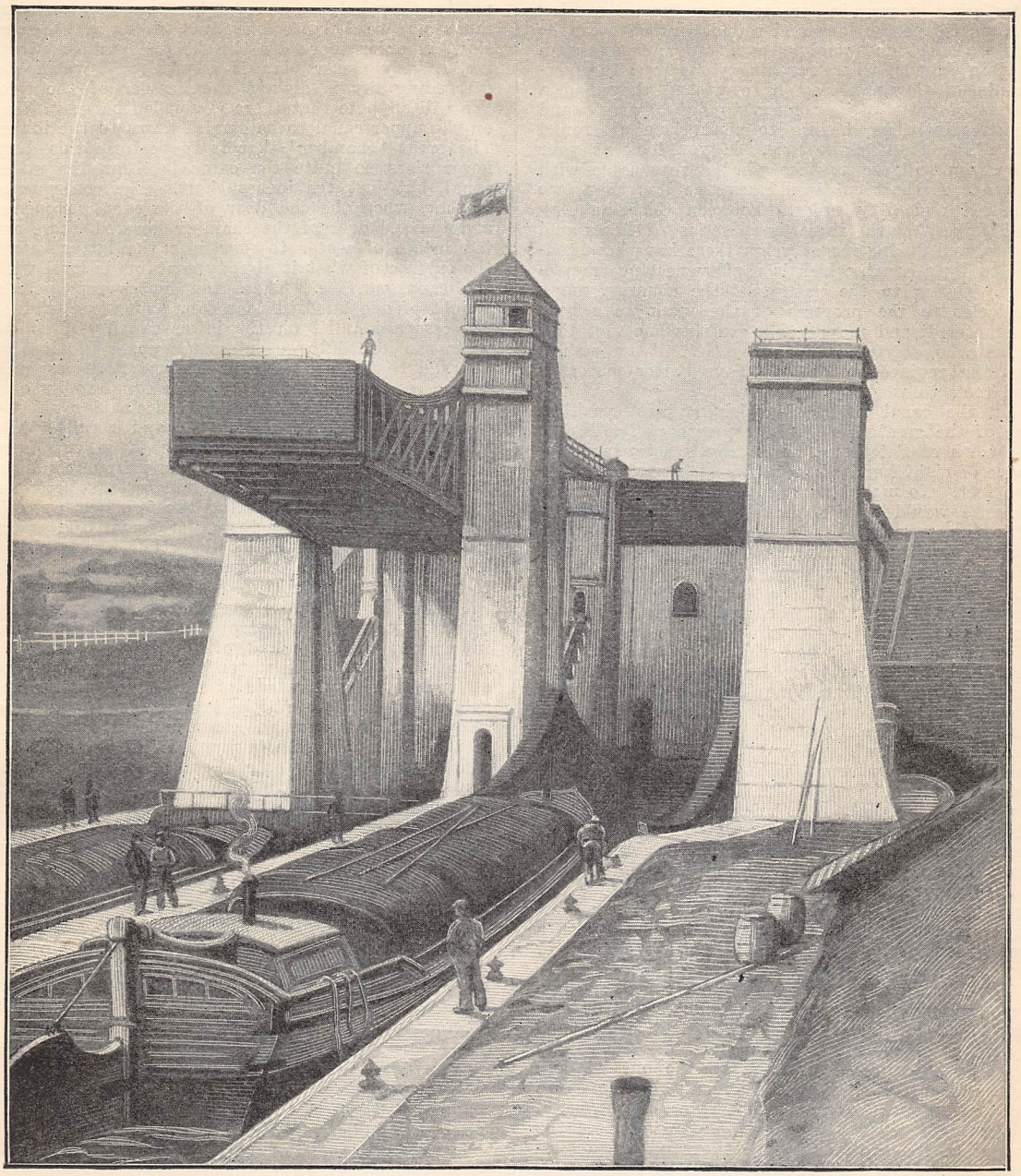


"Mr. Williams appeared."

'No; I can quite believe that. But they would turn up by instinct. Now, are you going to shake hands and give me your promise, or must I take other steps?'

'I suppose I must do as you say, sorr,' O'Brien answered gloomily.

The two boys shook hands without great warmth. The Irishman was obviously still sore about the



The Ship Lift at Peterboro', Ontario.

matter. 'Better put on your coats,' Billy suggested. 'I suppose you know, Mackford, that by law the seconds in a duel are as liable to punishment as the principals?'

'I didn't know it, sir,' Mackford answered.

'Well, you do now,' said Billy laughing; and he nodded and resumed his interrupted stroll.

(Continued on page 226.)

MARVELS OF MAN'S MAKING.

IV. — SHIP-LIFTS.

DISTANCE means time, and time means money. Therefore it is only natural that the merchant says, 'If I save distance I shall save money.' With this object in view, it is very often necessary to call the engineer to find a way over or through some

interfering mountain or to span some roaring stream, before the long and roundabout road can be made a short and straight one. There is one such road in Canada, where for long years past the merchants of Georgian Bay have wished they had a means of getting their goods to Lake Ontario and Montreal without having to send them all round Lake Huron and Lake Erie. If you look at your map, you will see at once what a reasonable wish it was. A short cut would save no less than two hundred and fifty miles. Between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario there is a series of lakes and rivers, and during recent years these have been connected by a canal, which is rapidly nearing completion. Owing to the nature of the country, many obstacles to the progress of the work have been encountered, and maybe this explains the fact that those who started it long ago left it unfinished. But the engineers of to-day have better materials and tools to work with.

On the canal route of which we are speaking, one of the greatest difficulties presented itself near the town of Peterboro', in Ontario, where, in a distance of eight hundred feet, there is a rise of sixty-five feet. To mount to such a height in so short a distance would have required a very large number of ordinary locks, besides being very wasteful of water. So it was decided to do it in one 'bound,' and a clever Canadian engineer made designs for a stupendous ship-lift. There were already in Europe several of these stately engineering contrivances, such as those at the Grand Junction Canal on the Weaver, in England, and those at Fontinette, in France, but none of these had to raise the loaded canal barge more than some forty-five feet, whereas the one at Peterboro' would be called upon to hoist its burden to a height of nearly seventy feet.

At the place where the lift was required, three tall towers of masonry were erected, one on each side of the canal and one on a dividing wall in the centre of the canal. The height of these towers is about one hundred feet, and they constitute little more than the stalwart guides between which the great lifts rise and fall. For this purpose there is a deep groove from top to bottom of each tower on that side which is nearest to the canal. The central tower is a little higher than its neighbours, with a small room at its summit, from which the manager can keep a watch on all that is being done.

The lifts, or chambers, as they are called, are two huge watertight vessels, one hundred and thirty-nine feet long and thirty-three feet wide, and weighing eight hundred tons each. They are strongly built of iron girders on the outside, and both ends are hinged at their lower side, so as to fall easily open to admit the water of the canal when required. The inrush of water increases the weight of the chamber to one thousand seven hundred tons. It is easy to understand that such ponderous vessels as these will require a giant to raise and lower them, but the giant is ready to do his work. Between the guiding towers, at that part of the canal into which the lifts will sink when bringing their burdens down from the upper waters, a well is dug, eighty feet deep and fourteen feet in diameter. Within this well a great hydraulic ram rises and falls, lifting or lowering the chamber between the towers. Of course there is a well and a ram for each lift, and as they rise and fall alternately, they balance one another to a great extent, much as we balance one another on a sea-saw. Now, in order to render this balancing more effective, a very clever plan is adopted, by which the descending lift is always the heavier of the two. We will suppose that there is a laden barge waiting on the upper canal to be carried down to the lower. The great 'chamber' that is to perform this duty never rises to quite the same level as the upper canal, but just ten inches short. The consequence is that, when the end door of the canal is opened and the end door of the chamber lowered, there are ten inches of water to flow into the latter before the surface of what it already contains is level with the canal surface. These ten inches represent a weight of one hundred tons over and above that of the companion lift on the lower canal. Of course when the loaded barge enters the upper lift it does not add to the lift's weight because it drives back to the canal as much water as is equal to its own weight. This is the case with all floating objects, whether a thimble or an ironclad, and is called their 'displacement.' When everything is in readiness, the manager, or lock-keeper, signals from his little room in the top of the central tower, whereupon the hydraulic pipe connecting the two ram-wells is opened, and the descending ram forces the water through this pipe to assist the other lift in rising. The pressure at the bottom of these wells is equal to two thousand tons.

Having sunk with its barge down this great step of sixty-five feet, the end of the lift chamber comes in contact with the end of the lower canal. To make the joint quite watertight, there is fastened all round the outside end of the lift a small india-rubber tube, and before the two doors are opened to allow the water from the chamber to join with that in the canal, this tube is pumped full of air, till it swells enough to fill the slight space between the canal end and the lift. Then the doors are lowered, and the barge floats on its way once more, the extra ten inches of water in the lift (of which we have already spoken) being led away into various channels for special uses. No vessel thus travelling from Georgian Bay to Montreal, or back again, will be kept more than fifteen minutes at the Peterboro' Lifts, and indeed the actual 'step up' and 'step down' can be done in three minutes. Such an engineering feat is enough to assure us that there are no difficulties too hard to be got over, and no region through which a ship may not be carried, where a short route is wanted from sea to sea.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

VII. — JULY.

HARK! the swifts in hot July,
Skimming o'er the tree-tops high,
Utter screams of pure delight;
Let us watch their lovely flight.

Do they never touch the ground?
See them circling high around!
Wheeling, darting on their prey,
Strong-winged, tireless are they.

Curious their shrieking cry
As they dash in numbers by,
Sooty-feathered, swooping flocks,
Haunting churches, towers, and rocks.

A BOY, A DOG, AND A LANTERN.

JOHN RIGBY was eleven years old, and he lived in the prettiest little cottage you could imagine. It looked in summer-time as if it were bound to the mountain-side by all the lovely red creepers and honeysuckle which covered it from chimney to threshold. But in winter, when the wind swept up the valley and the clouds hung low on the mountain, things did not look so gay.

One tempestuous November evening John had been into Ambleside on a message. He had had a terribly rough walk and was glad enough to be nearing home. It was intensely dark, but he had a lantern, and knew every step of the way. Ah! here he is now by the little church. He must leave the highway, cross a rough bridge, climb the bank, and then he will be within a hundred yards of his home. But what a noise the river was making! There must have been rain high up in the mountains. John was deafened by the roar. He felt the frail bridge rock beneath his feet, and was glad to set foot safely on the further bank. He had often seen bridges broken by mountain torrents, and knew that there was real danger at such a time.

He stumbled up the familiar path, which now closely followed the stream, when suddenly he stopped, possessed by the horrible sensation of being swallowed up. Down, down, down he sank, powerless to help himself. He made a frantic grasp at the bank, but this only served to separate him from his lantern which remained now some three feet above his head, though still, most fortunately, alight. Down, down, until he was now in the river itself, which swept hungrily round him, soaking him nearly to his shoulders.

John guessed what had happened. The path had been undermined by the river, and his slight weight was sufficient to make it collapse altogether.

For the first few minutes there was something to be done in testing the possibilities of the place. If only he could reach his lantern he might find out his position more accurately; he might venture a few steps up or down the stream, or discover an overhanging branch by which to pull himself up the bank. But all his efforts were of no avail. There the lantern twinkled hopelessly above his head, and scramble up the bank he could not.

'Perhaps it will act as a lighthouse and attract people's attention,' John said to himself. 'But I know it won't last long. There's very little candle, and the rain is sure to get in and put it out. Oh, dear, how dark it will be then!'

John now began to think of all the dreadful things that might happen. 'I can't stand here for ever. I should be washed away as the sheep are sometimes.'

He had a horrid picture in his mind of being dashed against rocks and carried away through the darkness.

'It's getting slippier and slippier, and colder and colder,' he thought. 'And nobody will come and look for me, for Mother thought I should stay in Ambleside to-night!'

And yet all the time there was another picture in John's mind! He was to get out all safe and sound somehow and have the glory of telling his adventure in school the next day. He would beat young Irving, his special rival, wouldn't he now! and he could prove his story to be true by showing his schoolfellows the very place where ——

Yes, where he was actually and really in the river, miserably cold and hungry, and quite ignorant of any way of getting out. It was all very well to think of the glory afterwards, but now the cold reality was only too present.

And safety seemed so near, though so hopelessly out of reach. Just a little daylight might put things to rights in a minute, or a trifling difference of slope in the bank above his head, or even a little less noise in the water. Some one would be sure to pass. If only he could hear their footsteps and they could hear him shout!

A motor-car went tootling by; John could hear it. If only its people would notice his little beacon-light. But they were much too intent on getting to their journey's end to observe a small lantern burning in a quiet place.

Just then a soft body thumped against John and was carried rapidly away down-stream. It might have been a drowned animal or only some matted weed. To his great surprise he screamed in terror.

'You stop that noise,' he exclaimed quite crossly, for he was a plucky boy and ashamed of tears. 'Of course it'll all come right in the ——'

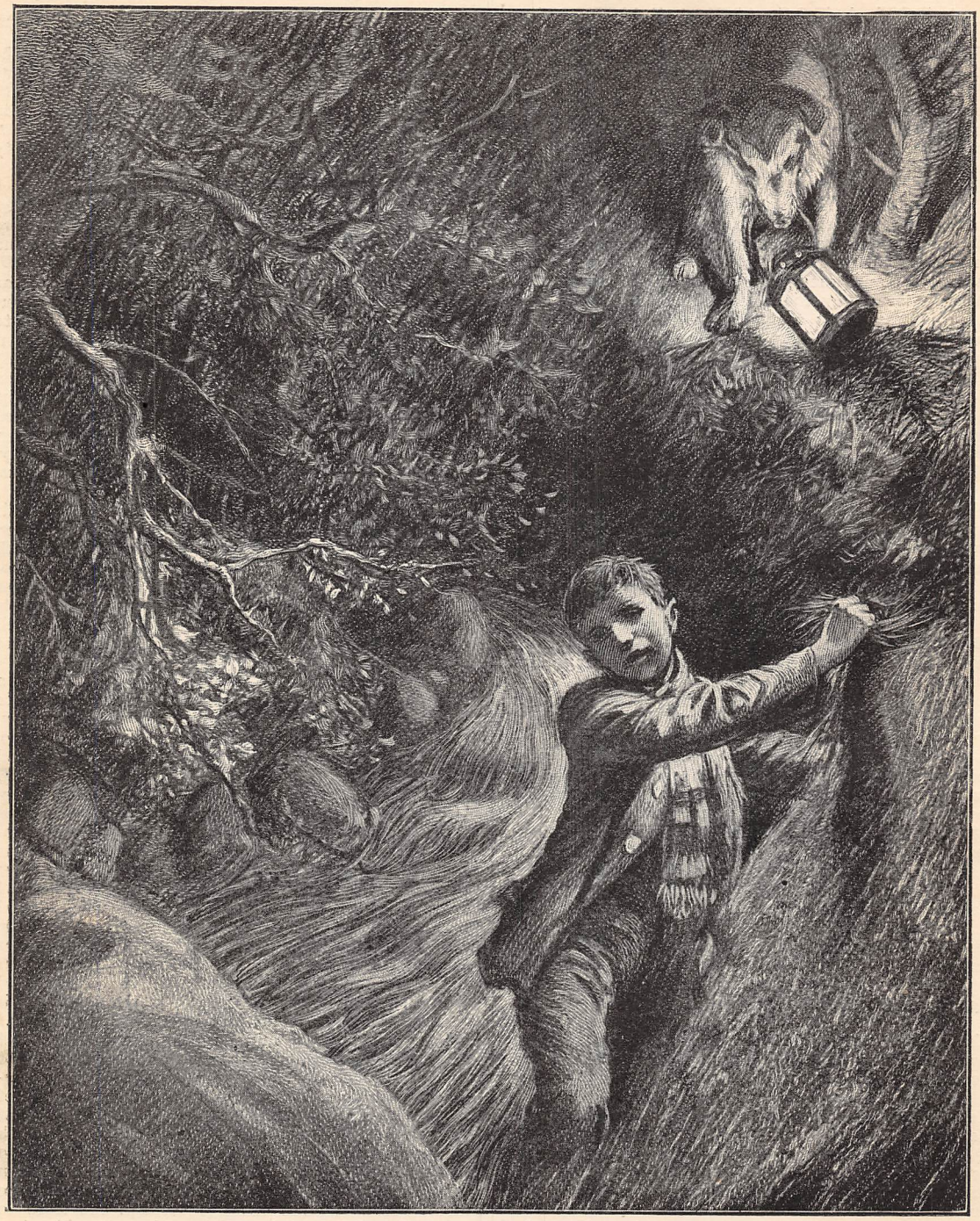
His sentence was never finished, for suddenly his foot slipped and he was sprawling in the water. There was a horrid gurgling sound close by which seemed as if the river were swallowing him altogether. He gasped a few incoherent words of prayer and summoned all his courage as he stretched his arms wildly on all sides. Fortunately his hand fell on a low-lying bunch of grass, and he managed to steady himself.

'Near go that!' he spluttered as he felt for a more secure footing. And then his heart leapt into his mouth. 'Woof-woof!' sounded just above him. It must be Bob, the neighbour's dog — close by, too, just above John's head, attracted by the lantern and barking at it.

'Bob, Bob, good dog, good dog!' shouted John. 'Oh, if only he could explain where I am!'

'Woof-woof!' answered Bob with an entirely unintelligent bark, his whole attention fixed on the lantern. Then there was a very faint whistle from Bob's master, which made John shout as he had never shouted before. Those few seconds seemed like a lifetime! Would Bob run away and not help at all, or would he go on barking till his master came? He was a young dog and not very wise yet. For a few moments he played with the lantern and then . . . . he picked it up in his teeth, tossed it backwards and forwards, put it out, and ran away.

Poor John! This sounds rather like despair. But after all, though Bob never gave another thought to the lantern, yet he had done his work. For in tossing the lantern, he threw the light for one brief second down the bank and on to the stream, so that John saw three feet below him a great stone with an overhanging bough. He was able to slip along the bank, pull himself up on to the stone and from that on to the bank. Safe! safe! Dry land once more! Now a blind struggle through the trees to the path and he was home in no time — a shivering, dismal object certainly, but still quite unhurt, so that a long night's rest in a warm bed made him as jolly as a sand-boy the next day, and quite ready to tell all his adventure to young Irving. E. C. M.



"For a few moments Bob played with the lantern."

A QUEER FISH

No. 29. New Series, 1912. CHATTERBOX. *Weekly — One Halfpenny.*
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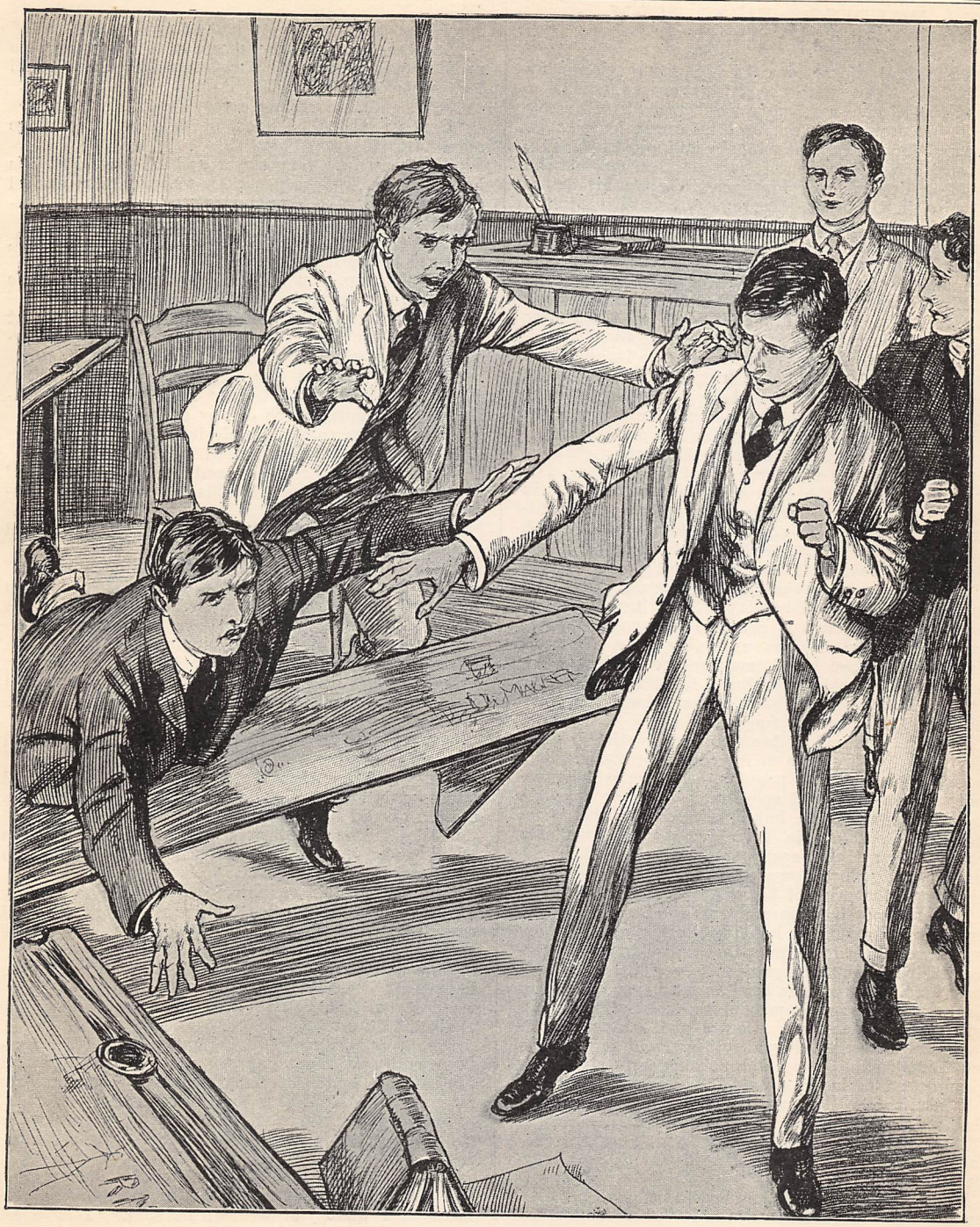


"He came down heavily."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 221.)

BERTHOLD threw one half-inquiring glance at O'Brien, saw that the Irishman was not in a mood to welcome a friendly word, and walked away alone. It seemed to him that he would have to be prepared for a good many lonely walks in the future. But neither that prospect, nor the feeling that he would be deserving of loneliness, affected his determination in the least. There was a hard, obstinate strain in Berthold's character known to very few until that term.

Gerald was one of those thrice-fortunate people who had seen the fight. The news of it ran like wildfire through the school. Nothing else whatever was talked about at dinner. Some of the Lower School almost went so far as to forget to have second helps in their absorbing interest. It seemed a pity that such a fight had not been fought to a finish. There were keen and fiery arguments as to who would have been the ultimate winner, arguments so pointed and furious as almost to end in battles. Most experts favoured Berthold's chances, but the Irish boys to a man stood by O'Brien. But by the afternoon the fight was almost forgotten in another even more startling sensation. Word filtered through that the report had been correct which attributed the chariot race to Berthold and O'Brien. Also it was said that they were not going to give up their names, and that in consequence the school would lose their half-holiday. This item was not believed at first, but it came to be known that it was true on no less an authority than Melton's. Finally, every one heard, and was compelled to believe that Berthold had refused to allow O'Brien to give up his name, and that it was about this very point that the two had fought.

Dunbury had seldom been so deeply stirred. The general feeling was one of incredulous wonder. Berthold had been widely popular, had been widely recognised as a real good sportsman, however eccentric he might be at times; but it seemed that the school had been mistaken in their judgment. This was scarcely the act of a sportsman. It was playing the game 'pretty low down' for Berthold to let the school pay the price of his rag.

That more or less represented the general attitude. Gerald and Danvers, at least, held other views. They were true hero-worshippers to the backbone. Whatever their hero was pleased to do — well, he was still their hero. But it was hard to sit by and listen to the comments of silly people who did not, were not worthy to, understand. Gerald and Danvers heard Page and Kirby talking about Berthold in the Second Form-room. They did not appear to welcome the prospect of losing a half-holiday in the least.

'Dash it all! It's a dirty trick!' Kirby grumbled. 'I don't see why we should stand it.'

'Enough whole school-days, without an extra one,' Page groaned. 'I bet you they'll put us to mathematics too.'

Mathematics were Page's pet abomination. All lessons were distasteful to him, and more or less incomprehensible, but his hatred for the torture known as mathematics was quite passionate.

'I think the prefects ought to go to the Head about it,' Kirby snarled. 'They say that Berthold told Melton about the whole affair.'

'But Melton's not a prefect,' Page objected. 'I don't suppose the prefects will do anything.'

'No, they only make nuisances of themselves to people doing no harm!' Kirby said bitterly. 'I call Berthold a sneaking cad!'

Gerald and Danvers were very near to exploding.

'I never thought much of him myself,' Page agreed. That, from Page!

'They say he's very clever and all that, but he's beastly stuck up, every one knows. And I'm dashed if I know why he should think such a lot of himself!

'He helped to beat Tedford!' Gerald burst out, very red in the face.

'Oh, shut up, you kid!' Kirby commanded. 'We don't want to listen to you!'

Danvers broke in at that. It should be said that the prestige of Kirby, Page & Co. had suffered enormously since the successful resistance to their rule.

'He could lick the two of you together with both hands tied behind his back!' Danvers cried insultingly, finely unconscious of any exaggeration.

'And I'd like to see him do it!' Gerald added.

Kirby and Page were moved to violent wrath.

'You two want a lesson and you shall have it!' Page cried. 'You kids in this form have been unbearable lately!'

'Let's lick them now!' Kirby growled, and grabbed at Danvers's collar.

But Danvers had learned ready activity in the last few weeks. A new boy in the Lower School is soon bound to learn it, in self-defence. He evaded Kirby's clutch like an eel, and with the same movement contrived to thrust a form before his assailant's feet. Kirby was always clumsy. He came down heavily, bringing Page on top of him. Danvers and Gerald were able to vanish from the form-room almost with dignity.

'Stupid beasts!' Danvers said as they walked across the quad.

'Do you think that the school will send Berthold to Coventry?' Gerald asked, although the very idea seemed absurd to him.

'I don't know,' Danvers answered, and then he added proudly, 'Whatever happens I shan't send him to Coventry!'

Gerald was able to perceive dimly the absurdity of this remark. 'I don't suppose Berthold would care if you and I sent him to Coventry or not,' he said sadly. 'Oh, but I wish it hadn't happened!'

Danvers spoke stoutly. 'I don't care what has happened!' he said. 'Whatever he likes to do, Berthold is good enough for me! Remember that try against Tedford?'

Gerald felt vaguely that Danvers might be foolishly cocky at times, but he was a decent chap all the same. Danvers had really put his own thoughts into words. 'Yes,' he answered fervently.

They walked on a trifle comforted towards the grub-shop; but even caramels were somehow lacking in flavour that afternoon.

Melton came to Berthold in his study that evening. His manner was without its old friendliness. 'I have done what you wished,' he said. 'I have let the school know what O'Brien wanted to do, and what you mean to do.'

'Ah, yes, thanks,' Berthold answered flippantly. 'O'Brien's behaviour has been excellent. He would make me fight him this morning!'

'So I heard,' Melton said shortly.

'I gather that I'm not exactly popular just now,' Berthold suggested.

'You can't wonder!' Melton retorted. 'The school don't think you're playing the game. You can't think it yourself!'

Berthold smiled. 'I didn't say that I was exactly admiring myself. I seldom do, you may be surprised to hear. But I do find the position rather bracing. Try a little unpopularity yourself some day, Melton. You've always been the popular man. But you'd really find that unpopularity is good for you — prevents fatness!'

'I didn't come here to talk rot,' Melton said curtly.

'No?' Berthold asked. 'Why did you come?'

'To ask you to think better of this business. It's — it's not like you. I can't understand it. You surely don't mean to let the school down really?'

'You've all got the remedy in your own hands,' Berthold answered quietly. 'Let the prefects tell the Head that I'm the criminal.'

'They won't do that. They can't. It would make a sneak of me. It isn't as though you had told it to a prefect. Besides, it's a thing you must do yourself if any one does it.'

'I shan't do it,' Berthold answered. 'As I say, the Head's methods don't please me, besides —— I'm sorry for the school, of course. And I expect them to make me pay for it. They'll be quite right to send me to Coventry.'

'I shouldn't be surprised if they did,' Melton growled, sore, puzzled, and disappointed.

'I shall manage to endure it,' Berthold answered serenely. 'And of course I shall be happy to resign my Fifteen colours, if you think fit.'

Melton broke out at that. 'Oh, what rot you talk! Why should the team suffer because of your silliness? You were reckoned worth your colours, and so you got 'em. That's nothing whatever to do with this disgusting business!'

Berthold nodded. 'Just as you please, of course. I suppose you're right, more or less; but as a matter of fact, I shall be pretty busy for the rest of the term. I'm going in for the Archdale Scholarship, and it'll mean a hateful amount of grind.'

Melton stared in spite of himself. Berthold in the past had never shown much inclination for voluntary labour. 'A new idea, isn't it?' he asked grimly.

'Yes, I only settled it to-day,' Berthold answered placidly.

Melton stamped up and down the little study for a few moments in angry silence. 'We have been friends, more or less, haven't we?' he asked abruptly at last.

'I always thought so,' Berthold answered.

'Well, I hate this sort of jaw, and I've no wish to be emotional, but if you have any liking at all for me you'll think better of this business ——'

'I've got a great liking for you,' Berthold said steadily; 'but I shan't think better of it.'

And that ended Melton's efforts at persuasion.

(Continued on page 238.)

THE MISSIONARY'S CHAIN.

MANY years ago a missionary brought home from Madagascar a beautiful gold chain, which had been made for him by one of the natives. The account which he gave of the means by which the chain had been made is exceedingly interesting.

The workman obtained his metal from two Spanish doubloons, each of which contained about three times as much gold as an English sovereign. He put these coins in a little crucible of baked clay, which he placed upon a bright charcoal fire, in order to melt the metal. The fire was blown by a pair of bamboo bellows, kept at work by a boy. These bellows were of a very simple kind. Two pieces of thick hollow bamboo, about a foot long and an inch in diameter, were stuck upright in the ground, side by side. Their lower ends were closed by the soil in which they were planted, but on one side of each pipe a little hole was made close to the ground, and into this a small hollow reed was inserted at right angles to the upright tube. A pair of long sticks, just wide enough to fit the upright bamboos easily, were placed in them, and the boy moved these alternately up and down. When a stick was forced down into its bamboo tube, it compressed the air below it, and drove it through the horizontal reed into the fire.

When the doubloons were melted, the workman took up the crucible, and emptied its contents into a groove in a horizontal piece of wood. There the metal was allowed to cool into a small and slender ingot or rod.

The workman's next task was to convert the gold ingot into wire. For this purpose he made use of a low table or bench, on one end of which there was a wooden roller, and on the other a strong steel plate set up on edge. In this plate there were a number of small holes, varying in size, and ranging from one only a little smaller than the thickness of the ingot down to one which was scarcely larger than a pin-hole. To the roller at the other end of the bench a small but strong rope was fastened, and to the loose end of this rope there was attached a pair of nippers or pincers. A strong wooden rod or bar placed on one end of the roller gave a convenient means of turning it round.

Taking up the gold ingot, the native workman laid one end of it on a little anvil, and hammered it out to a long point. Passing this point through the largest hole in the steel plate from the side nearer to that end of the bench, he drew forward the nippers on the end of the rope, and made them fast to the protruding point of the ingot. Then, going to the opposite end of the bench, he began to turn the roller, and wind up the rope upon it. As the rope was drawn on to the roller, it pulled the ingot clean through the hole in the plate, drawing it out into a much longer and at the same time a much more slender rod.

Releasing this lengthened rod from the nippers, the man hammered a new and smaller point on the end of it, and putting this through the next largest hole in the plate, he re-attached the nippers, and drew the rod through as before. By this means its length was still further increased, while its thickness was again reduced, and it now began to look like a thick wire. In the same way it was drawn through the remaining holes in the plate.

Experience had taught the native workman, however, that the gold could not be repeatedly drawn out thinner in this way, without becoming more and more brittle; and he knew that if he did not remove or correct this brittleness, the wire would

eventually break under the strain which was put upon it. In order to prevent this, he placed the wire from time to time back in the fire and made it moderately hot. This had the effect of making the metal soft again, and thus the workman was enabled to draw it out into very thin wire, which still remained pliable.

When the wire was drawn out small enough for his purpose, the native bent and twisted it into the form of a strong and pretty chain, with the help of a pair of pliers and an old knife-blade. This part of the work was executed with great skill and taste, but there was no novelty in the workmanship which need be specially described. W. A. Atkinson.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

VI. — SPINACH, PARSLEY, CABBAGE, AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

THERE are one or two more leaf-vegetables still to be considered before continuing the bud-vegetables. I have left out spinach and parsley. Spinach (Spinacia oleracea) belongs to the Goosefoot tribe. It is not a British plant at all, but several of the members of its family which are natives are often used as spinach, and said to be quite as good a vegetable — these are plants called Good King Henry and Sea Beet.

The spinach as we know it was used by the Persians in ancient times, and very likely first grew in

Fig. 1.—A Spinach Plant.

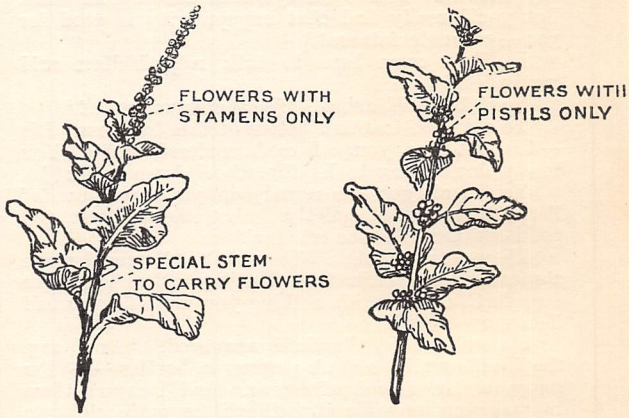
Persia. It came to Europe in the fifteenth century, and now is grown in most places, for it is a very useful vegetable, some varieties being procurable nearly all the year round.

It is grown for its leaves only, which are of a lovely bright green colour and very shiny. Spinach needs to be cooked as soon after gathering as possible, as it bleeds very badly, and therefore soon wilts. If grown in a garden, in order to have a continuous stock it should be sown every fortnight from March to July.

It is the very young leaves which are wanted, and so, as soon as the poor plant has put up a good show (fig. 1) along comes the gardener and gathers them all, and the plant has to start all over again.

There is one queer feature about spinach: it has two distinct kinds of flowers. They are both very inconspicuous, being small and greenish (much like the flowers of that weed in our gardens, dog mercury). One kind grows spikes of flowers which only contain stamens (fig. 2). The other kind carries its flowers in the axils of leaves that grow up the flower-bearing stem; they are in clusters and only contain pistils (fig. 3). Now, it is a curious fact that the plants which have flowers with only pistils are much stronger and have many more leaves than those that carry the stamens, so, naturally, gardeners try to have as many pistil plants as possible.

So much for spinach. Now about parsley. You all know parsley by sight (fig. 4), for I am sure you must often have it on your table, its pretty leaves being arranged on the dishes when cold meat is served and also on butter. I have no idea how it



Figs. 2 and 3.—The two kinds of Spinach Flowers.

came to be used thus. Its scientific name is Carum petroselinum. It came to England in 1548 from the island of Sardinia. I have heard that it grows wild on the banks of the Avon, especially near Clifton. I have also read that the Emperor Charlemagne (about 800 A. D.) ordered it to be cultivated because of its great use in medicine. It was used as an antidote to the too generous taking of wine! A very useful thing to know about it is, that if you chop its leaves up very finely and apply them to wasp or bee stings, immediate relief from pain will follow; this is well worth remembering. Parsley was known in Rome in its prosperous years and was used in the garlands the Romans made for their great festivals. I believe it was utilised because it keeps its

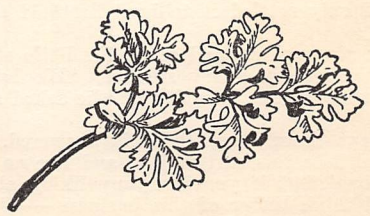


Fig. 4.—A Branch of Parsley.

colour well, even when faded. It sometimes produces huge leaves like very thick and complicated ferns. If the climate be fairly mild the plants will persist for years, but only a few will have flowers and seeds, and these only after two years. The flowers are just like the fool's-parsley you find in our hedges, or little carrot.

I read of a curious property said to be possessed by parsley, but I have not tried it, and I do not think I am inclined to believe it. It is said that if you rub parsley on a glass tumbler or goblet, it will break it. Now, do not go and try it on Mother's best cut-glass tumblers, but you might inquire among your friends about it. I read it in a very old book on herbs, and sometimes one comes across some queer ideas in such books. I rather fancy this is only a legend.

I have never heard of any one using parsley except as a decoration or a flavouring, so after all it ought perhaps to have been classed among the herbs, not among the vegetables; but again I do not think parsley is dried, and one always thinks of herbs as dried.

Now let us return to the bud-vegetables. We have already taken lettuce, which was a well-developed bud; now we will talk of a gigantic bud, viz., the cabbage.

The cabbage belongs to the natural order Cruciferae and I may as well now say that the cauliflower and the broccoli, and many others also, belong to this family. The word 'cabbage' means a very compact ball or head formed by close layers. In this case the ball or head is formed by the close formation and clinging nature of the leaves. A cabbage will generally remain close, but if a lettuce (as sometimes happens) does this, it is said that 'the lettuce has cabbaged.' So you see this word cabbage is really a verb — the verb 'to cabbage,' that is, to grow a close head.

The cabbage grows wild on the sea-cliffs of many parts of England and Wales, as also on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. In some places (Jersey for one) it grows to be quite a tree, obtaining a height of sixteen or eighteen feet, and birds have been known to nest in it! The stems of such cabbage-trees are quite woody and are used for walking-sticks and even as timber. The chief varieties

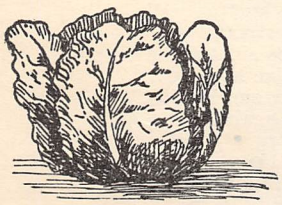


Fig. 5.—A Cabbage.

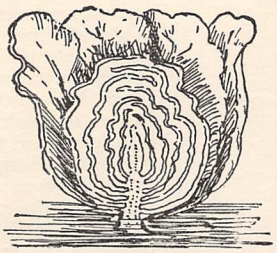


Fig. 6.—Section of a Cabbage.

of the cabbage arrived in England some time in the sixteenth century, and, of course, are very largely cultivated. The ordinary cabbage (either red or green) is simply the end bud, and no other bud ever develops. I give a sketch of a cabbage just as it grew (fig. 5), and then a sketch of a section right through it (fig. 6), and there you see plainly that it is simply a huge bud.

Another form of cabbage, viz., Brussels sprouts, is a collection of heads. The end bud grows upon a stem (about one and a half to two feet in length) which gradually thickens and carries a number of leaves (fig. 7), in the axils of which buds are formed, exactly like our cabbage, only, of course, much smaller. The end head opens fairly wide, but the other buds all keep 'cabbaged.' In order that the buds may grow well, the gardener or farmer (Brussels sprouts are rarely grown in gardens) breaks off the lower leaves when the buds are fairly young, and you get the effect you see in fig. 8. In the country we buy the whole stem just cut from the root at the base; but in London and other big cities they are sold by the pound, all the 'sprouts' or buds being cut off. No doubt this is done to save room in packing for market, as the stems would take a lot of room and increase the weight. I was in the

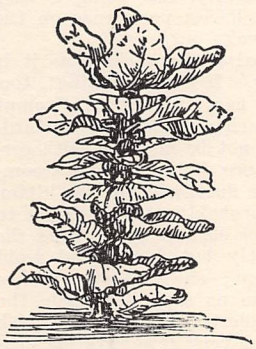


Fig. 7.—Brussels Sprouts Plant in Leaf.

Fig. 8.—Brussels Sprouts trimmed for the Market.

country a little while ago with a lady who had always lived in London. When we passed a field of Brussels sprouts she was quite astonished to find how they grew; she had always had a general idea that they were just very tiny cabbages, and that they grew each on its own root! E. M. Barlow.

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

VII. — CATS.

DOGS are always praised in comparison with cats, which is rather curious. You will remember how the Man, in Rudyard Kipling's 'Just So' stories, treated the dog as his best friend, but threw things at the cat whenever she ventured inside his cave. This is rather the attitude of many men and boys towards cats to-day, isn't it? I do not think that it is at all fair to poor puss; people who have studied her carefully are strongly of the opinion that a cat is really more intelligent than a dog, and there is no doubt that, if treated kindly and considerately, she becomes just as affectionate and faithful to her owners.

There used to be a great many wild cats in England at one time, but men of science do not think that our domestic cat is descended from them, be-

cause of a curious difference in the two species' tails. A house cat's tail is always thin and tapering, but that of a wild cat is short and bushy. Neither does this characteristic change even though the wild cat be domesticated for several generations.

Whatever our cat's ancestors were, however, there can be no doubt they were beasts of prey, because the love of hunting is one of a cat's most prominent instincts. Puss is in fact a born poacher: not only does she hunt mice, rats, and birds, but, if her home is a country one, she will often slink off to the woods and fields to hunt rabbits and sitting game-birds. The nesting partridge falls an easy prey to her, as do the fat little bunnies as they carelessly feed and play outside their burrows in the gloaming.

Few people have any idea how many hundreds of cat-lives the keepers' guns account for every year. To him they are vermin merely, and being a very silent person as a rule, he buries poor puss on the spot and the secret never leaks out.

A kitten can learn several tricks as long as it is taught during its first year. It can be trained, too, not to steal, just as a dog can, and not to attempt to injure pet birds. To teach a kitten that a bird-cage and its contents must not be meddled with certainly takes time and patience, but it can be accomplished. Place a cage on the floor, and put the kitten down beside it. She will probably at once begin to scratch at the bars with her claws; every time she does so, tap her paws gently but firmly and scold severely at the same moment; she will soon realise what is meant, and as soon as she sits beside the cage without offering to molest it, reward her with some favourite dainty. In a very few days the lesson will be learnt. I knew one cat that became great friends with its mistress's canary; the bird would hop all round the cat on the floor and even pour forth his song while perching on pussy's back, and yet he was never harmed in any way.

When a cat loves you she will often follow you round the garden for a stroll like a dog; a kitten of ours, when she saw we were preparing to go out, would take great delight in hiding herself behind a bush, and then suddenly jumping out upon us, whisking away again before she could be caught.

Cats are so easily kept that I am afraid many people neglect to look after them at all, leaving it to the servants to give them an occasional saucer of food. This is a cruel mistake, for they require a lot of food, and if not supplied with it will always be out foraging. So give your pet two large saucerfuls of milk every day, one at breakfast-time and another at tea-time. For midday dinner let her have a plateful of meat scraps, potatoes, and gravy, and the same for her supper. A cat fed like this, and provided with her own snug basket to sleep in, will almost entirely give up poaching, especially if she is shut into the house at night.

A curious thing happened in our village some years ago. A woman possessed a very fine black cat of which she was particularly fond and proud. Pussy had the best of everything for his comfort, even a luxurious basket in which to take his nap. One day in February the cat disappeared, greatly to his mistress's grief and distress. The last time she had seen him that day he was lying asleep in his basket. They searched everywhere for the animal in vain, and at last were forced to conclude that he had been either trapped or shot in the woods near by. The summer passed, and one fine day in October, when the woman entered her sitting-room, what was her joy and astonishment to find the cat calmly lying asleep in his old basket, just as if he had never been away. Where and how he had spent all those months remains a mystery to this present day.

I have heard of other cats, too, who left their homes and went to live in the woods for a few weeks, but in most cases it was when they had kittens. Probably the mother cat, if badly looked after at home, found she had more chance of getting regular food for herself and her babies in the wood.

The following is a true and pretty story about a cat. A little young sick rabbit was found in the flower-garden, and brought into the house, to a lady who was always kind to everything that suffered. She was sorry for the poor little animal, and petted it, and cosseted it very much. The poor little shivering thing was put on a soft rug by the fire, but it seemed to be getting worse and worse, when, to the dismay of its friend, she saw the cat creeping towards it. Mrs. Pussy was driven away, but later the lady had to leave the room to see somebody. When she returned to the invalid she was quite startled to find the cat lying down close beside it, feeding it and warming it. When the cat saw her mistress had found out what she was doing, she was evidently afraid that she would attempt to drive her away again, for she jumped up and, taking the rabbit in her mouth, carried it off to her own comfortable basket, and putting it to bed there, attended to it and nursed it back to health and strength.

I. E. N.

THE SLUMBER-SHIP.

DO you know that I'm a captain,
And my ship sets sail at eight?
But it never goes without me,
If, maybe, at times I'm late.
It never needs to wait for wind,
And never gets up steam,
And goes upon the land as well
As over sea and stream.
And oh, the strange sights I have seen,
As on its deck I've lain;
But always, ere the sun is high,
I'm safely home again!
It's not a 'really-truly' ship,
And must be rather small;
For I can stretch from stern to bow,
And I'm not very tall!
Yes, I'm the captain of a ship
(And crew, as well, it seems);
Nurse calls this little ship — my bed,
Its voyages — my dreams!

Stephen Southwold.

AN HISTORICAL SPIDER.

IN the ceiling of one of the rooms in Sans Souci, the world-renowned palace of Frederick the Great, is painted a gigantic spider with its web. The origin of this strange decoration is as follows: —

This room was the great King's breakfast-room,

and was next to his bedroom. Every morning when his Majesty came into this room, after dressing, he drank a cup of chocolate which he always found ready for him on the table; but on one occasion, just as he was lifting the cup to his lips, he bethought himself of something he had left in his bedroom, and returned for it.

On coming back to the room his Majesty discovered that a spider had dropped from the ceiling into the cup, and he called to his attendant for a fresh supply to be prepared for him. The next moment the King was startled by the report of a pistol. No sooner had the cook received the order than he blew out his brains — because the King had refused the chocolate, into which he had put poison, and he thought himself discovered.

It was in remembrance of this remarkable narrow escape that Frederick the Great ordered the spider with its web to be painted on the ceiling.

THE WESTOVER SCHOLARSHIP.

IT was a sultry day at the end of July — too hot to do anything requiring energy; a day to be spent among the cushions of a boat in a backwater or lying under the trees on the river-bank. Certainly not the day for an examination. So thought the boys of Form I. at Westover Preparatory School. And yet, there they were, about a dozen of them, chained to their desks in the hot and sunny classroom for another hour at least.

A Latin examination was going on. Once in three years a scholarship to the Public School of Bastbury was given to the boy who came out top in the marks gained by the midsummer examinations. The scholarship was tenable for three years and was only open to the boys of the first form. It was, of course, a tremendous honour for the boy who won it, and usually competition was very keen. This year, however, it was universally felt that the prize would lie between two lads — Graham Macrae and Gerald Stair. The former was the more brilliant of the two, but the latter had a very great capacity for work.

Macrae was the only son of very wealthy parents. His father, an exceptionally clever man himself, was very anxious that his son should distinguish himself at his studies. Gerald Stair, on the other hand, was the son of a clergyman living in a small town, with five other children besides Gerald to educate and only a small income to do it on. He had told Gerald, at the beginning of the year, that this scholarship was his only chance of a public school, and that, unless he could gain it, it would mean the town Grammar School for him next term.

In spite of their rivalry the two boys were the greatest of chums, and one of Gerald's chief reasons for desiring so ardently to win was that he might go on with his friend to Bastbury, for Graham was going there next term whether he won the scholarship or no.

The Latin paper was the last of the examination. The results of the others had been given out day by day, and up till now Macrae led by twenty marks. Stair, however, had great hopes that to-day's paper would give him the lead, for it was quite his best subject and Graham's worst one. Everything had been going easily for him so far; the questions were just what he had expected, and he was finding it easier to keep his pages tidy than usual. Graham, on the other hand, as Gerald could see as he looked across the room, was feeling the oppressive heat, and probably also the strain of the previous days, for he was not a strong boy. Evidently, too, by the way he was frowning over his paper, this subject was troubling him as much as usual.

But suddenly Gerald came to a stop. 'Give the English for and decline the noun castra,' read the question. What was the English for castra? He knew it perfectly well if only it would come from the back of his brain.

Thinking as hard as he could his eyes wandered round the room — castra, castra — whatever did it mean? He must beat Graham in this paper — he had nothing to fear from any of the other boys whose marks so far were all far below either Macrae's or his. At that moment a slight breeze, coming in through the open window, blew one of his neighbour's papers down from the desk. Almost unconsciously his eyes looked down at it, merely watching the fluttering thing. It rested on the floor, and before he had realised what he was doing, it had turned writing upwards and he saw, 'Latin — castra. English — a camp.' Too late he turned away his head. What was to be done? Was it right to answer the question after what he had seen? And yet it was a word that he should have known almost as well as his own name, and he felt sure that in a moment more he would have thought of it for himself. And yet — what worse dishonour for a schoolboy than to copy another fellow's work? No, he would leave the question unanswered, and trust to a good paper in other respects to pull him through.

The bell rang for papers to be collected. Gerald had finished the questions, but he did not feel that the last ones had been done as well as he could wish. Try as he might to banish it, the unpleasant incident of that earlier question still disturbed his brain.

Out in the playground, however, exams. were forgotten and all the boys were discussing a cricket match to take place the next day. The term was to be finished off with a match, Day-boys versus Boarders, and Stair, as captain of the boarders, had much to arrange, and soon recovered his good spirits.

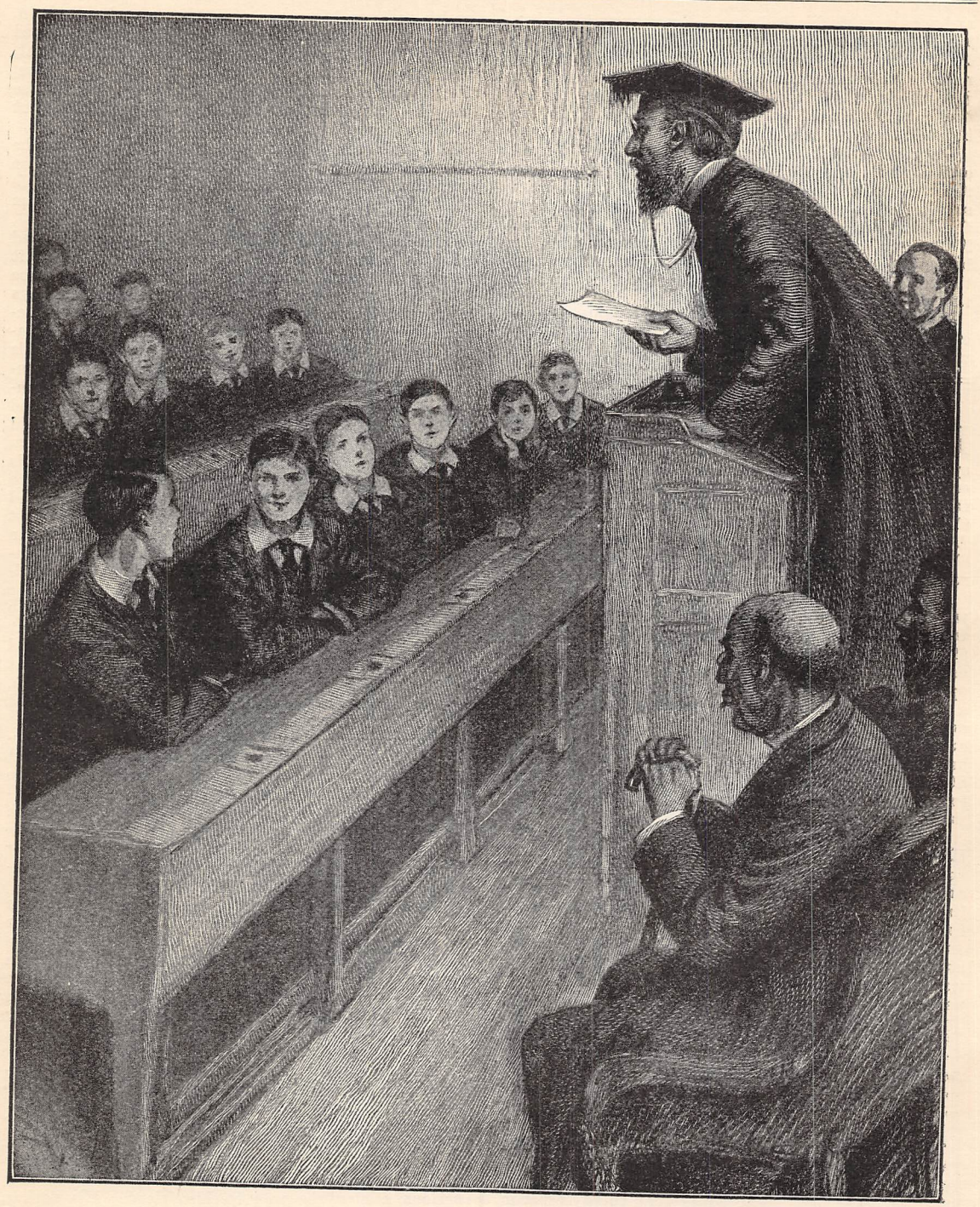
They had not long to wait for the results of their efforts. The next morning parents and boys assembled in the long hall for the distribution of prizes.

'And now,' said the Head Master at the end of a short opening speech, 'you would like to know who has won the scholarship.' All eyes turned towards Macrae and Stair. 'Macrae comes out first with seven hundred and eighty-nine marks. He therefore wins the school scholarship. A gentleman who wishes to be nameless has offered one to the boy who comes out second. This Stair has gained, with seven hundred and eighty-seven marks.'

Amid the applause of the school Gerald and Graham looked at each other with shining eyes — no need for Grammar School or separation now.

It was Mr. Macrae who had given the second scholarship. Graham had told him how much it meant to Gerald, and had begged to be allowed to withdraw from the competition when he found how serious a rival he was to his friend. His father, however, had promised that should he win it and Gerald be second, he himself would send the latter to Bastbury. And this tremendous secret Graham had kept for over a week!

M. C.



"'You would like to know who has won the Scholarship.'"

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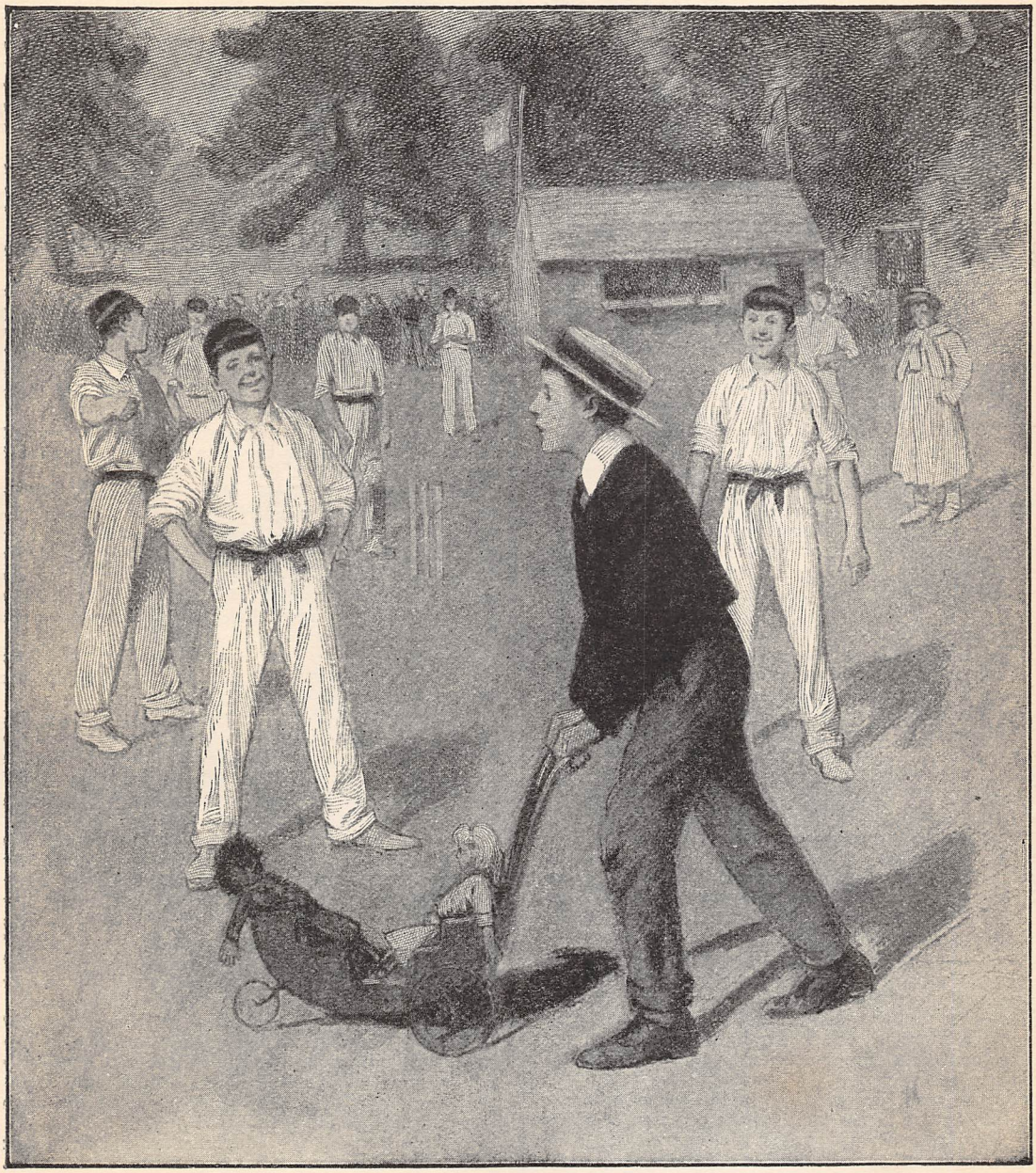


"He could see the boys pause in their game to watch him."

HOW MARTIN MADE GOOD.

AFTER the wretched result of his attempt to rescue Betty Winstanley from the river, Martin Stanhope wearily concluded that there was no room for him in St. Hilary's School. All his governess-taught boyhood he had looked forward to going to a real school, and when the kindness of an uncle won for him this privilege, he was the happiest boy in the kingdom. He had mixed very rarely with other boys, but from books had gathered a store of information about school life, its pleasures and requirements. So he plunged confidently into the life of St. Hilary's School, determined to succeed in games and in lessons, and to win approval and popularity.

Since his arrival he had met with a series of disillusionments. He learned that no amount of good intentions, even supported by knowledge gained from story-books, made up for lack of experience when cricket was in question. After one valiant trial to prove his worth in the cricket-field, he was sent to practise among the smallest boys in the school, and even they regarded him with open amusement. In every direction he was similarly baffled, and the only distinction he gained was that of being unusually stupid. One of the chief points his early reading had impressed on him was that pluck always tells in the end. A fellow who never acknowledged defeat, and accepted discouragement cheerfully, always came to his own sooner or later — in stories; but the boys of St. Hilary's seemingly did not possess such delicate perception as the situation required, and they regarded Martin's perseverance as a sign of obstinacy and self-conceit. Nevertheless, Martin continued in his quest for heroic deeds, yearning for a chance to prove his mettle.

When the opportunity arose, Martin was on the spot. The head master's little daughter, Betty, running away from her governess, stumbled over a root by the river-bank, and fell into the water. The river bounded the cricket-field, where the bigger boys were playing, but Martin, being allowed to take no part in the game, was watching from the river-side, so as to lose no chance of learning how cricket should be played. Even as he saw Betty tumble into the stream, he realised that this was the chance for which he sought, but gave no thought to the fact that he could not swim. Into the water he plunged just as he was, got caught in the current, and was as helpless as Betty, so that when the others rushed to the rescue they found two to bring ashore instead of one. To make their task more difficult, Martin persisted in trying to save himself, and struggled in his rescuer's grasp; but finally he was landed on the bank, and taken off ignominiously to the school infirmary.

Thus he was the only boy in the school who escaped any share in the glory of the occasion, his leap into the water being regarded as an example of stupid foolhardiness in rushing into unnecessary danger. Yet this was not all. Having been tucked up in warm blankets, and left to rest, Martin decided this was 'coddling,' against which he must make a manly resistance. He therefore got up, dressed, and joined his schoolfellows out of doors, with the result that he was sent back to the sick ward in earnest, and kept there for a week.

That week broke down Martin's good resolutions, and he decided that his mother had been wise, after all, to keep him at home under the care of a governess. He was composing in his mind a letter asking to be called home, as he walked round the grounds on the first day he was allowed out of doors. He kept as far as possible away from the other boys, and so came within sight of the head master's garden, where Betty lay on a lounge-chair. In stumbling that day by the river she had twisted her ankle, and thus was kept prisoner longer than Martin.

'Hullo!' said Martin, in a friendly voice. He was more at home with little girls than with boys, and he could tell that Betty was troubled about something. 'How are you getting on?'

'You're the boy that tumbled in like me, aren't you?' said Betty. 'Wasn't it nasty and wet?'

Martin winced at this way of describing his action; but Betty made up for her remark handsomely.

'I think I like you better than the other boys,' she said. 'They bring me heaps of things — flowers, and cherries, and chocolates sometimes, because I'm lame; but they won't talk. They just put down the things and run away.'

'Was that why you looked so sad just now?' asked Martin, opening the gate and walking over to her.

Betty shook her head, then looked critically at Martin, as though wondering whether he would understand. Her decision was in his favour. 'No,' she said, 'I was thinking about Gladys and Golly.' She touched the doll's perambulator, with its doll and golliwog seated at either end. 'You know, they're so disappointed that they can't go to watch the boys playing cricket.'

'Yes, you used to take them every day,' said Martin, who remembered seeing Betty and the perambulator outside the railings.

'They do miss it so,' went on Betty with a sigh. 'I wanted Miss Dale — she's my governess, you know — to take them to the cricket-field, but she only laughed and said it wouldn't hurt them to wait till I was better. People don't always understand, do they?' she added, looking up.

'No,' agreed Martin earnestly. He himself had been amused by the little trouble that Betty was taking so seriously; but her last sentence roused his sympathy. Betty was doubtless as anxious for the happiness of her dolls as he was for the good opinion of his schoolfellows. He looked at Betty's wistful eyes, then at the perambulator, and came to a sudden resolution. It was no longer any use hoping to prove himself manly and heroic, anyhow.

'I say, would you trust them with me?' he said. 'I'll wheel them up to the cricket-field if you like.'

Then Martin knew what gratitude and appreciation meant when he saw Betty's little face simply alight with happiness. 'Will you really?' she gasped. 'I thought boys hated dolls?'

'Not such nice ones as yours,' said Martin, artfully. 'I will take great care of them.'

Accustomed though they were to Martin's strange ways, the boys were completely startled when he strolled slowly past the cricket-field pushing a doll's perambulator. Martin was fulfilling his promise thoroughly, and would not allow himself to hurry past, great though the temptation was. He could see the boys pause in their game to watch him, but he did not flinch.

'Those are Betty's dolls,' said Betty's brother. 'She's been wanting people to bring them here for a long time — asked me even!'

'Well,' said one of the leaders, 'Martin has more pluck than I gave him credit for, to wheel that thing along here. I couldn't have done it.'

'It's all he is good for,' suggested another, with a laugh.

But the older boy checked him. 'Don't make any mistake, Jackson,' he said. 'Young Stanhope is doing the pluckiest thing that's been done in this school yet, and I believe there's better stuff in him than we thought. I mean to look him up.'

Which he did; and although the two boys exchanged only commonplaces, there was somehow a feeling of comradeship behind the simple words, which deepened as the days went by, until presently Martin realised that at last he was one of the school.

I. A. Davison.

THE CARACAL.

THE readers of Chatterbox may have heard of an animal called the caracal, one of the relatives of tigers and leopards, nearer akin still to the lynx. Indeed, it is supposed that this is the species which gave rise to the saying about a person being lynx-eyed; its eyes are sharp, possibly more so than in others of the family, though all lynxes have keen vision.

This wild beast is found both in Asia and Africa. It is distinguished from the lynxes by the greater length of its tail, its general red colour, black ears, and slender built. A few of the Indian caracals have some scattered white spots. Its limbs give the idea of great strength and powers of running; in fact it is swifter than the hunting leopard, and, like that animal, has been trained for the chase. Several of the Indian princes keep a number of caracals. The caracal of India avoids the forests, and likes to lurk amongst low bushes and tall grass, though it may be seen running bravely over the open country. There it attacks various small deer, foxes, and hares, also birds both large and small; it will seize a crane or a peafowl. So agile is its nature that one has been seen to spring up in the air six or eight feet and bring down in its fore-paws a bird that was flying overhead.

Though the caracal has been partially tamed, the Boers say it has a defect of character which makes it an uncertain or dangerous pet. Dogs of the largest size are afraid to meddle with the caracal. That it cannot be a very thirsty animal is shown by its living in some parts of Africa far away from water. According to the Boers, karosses or cloaks made from its fur are effectual in curing rheumatism, which may perhaps be true, for when the close soft fur is handled, it is found to be highly electrical.

J. R. S. C.

'SPARE THE MONUMENTS!'

A True Story.

THE Acropolis (or citadel) of Athens is a rocky hill in the midst of a wide, pleasant plain, with the sea only four miles away. Some four hundred years before the birth of Christ, when Athens was at the height of her glory, this Acropolis contained the most splendid works of art that the world has ever known.

The chief ornament of the Acropolis was the Parthenon, or temple of the Greek goddess Athena, which crowned the top of the hill. This temple was erected by Pericles, the great statesman of ancient Athens, and it was the largest and most beautiful of the many temples which covered the Acropolis, and even now, in its shattered state, it is a noble ruin, and the admiration of all the world.

Outside the Parthenon there once stood a colossal bronze statue of Athena, the guardian goddess of the city, represented in full armour with outstretched spear and shield. Phidias sculptured the goddess, and made her some fifty feet high, and then further raised her by placing her on a pedestal of twenty feet, so that she over-topped the temple roof, and the golden plume of Athena's helmet was to be seen far out at sea, and formed a well-known landmark to the sailors in the Gulf of Aegina.

Succeeding centuries wrought many changes in Greece, and all for the worse. Her glory faded — she became the prey of first one nation and then another, till in 1460 A. D. the Turks became the masters of the country — which, with a slight interval, they managed to hold till the nineteenth century.

The Greeks, however, made many efforts to free themselves from the hated foreign yoke, and in 1821 they found an opportunity of breaking out into another insurrection, which in the end proved successful, as it enabled the Greeks to be governed by a king chosen by themselves.

But there was much fighting before the Greeks could get rid of their Turkish masters; all Europe sympathised, however, with the Greeks, and England especially bestirred herself to help them, sending both men (Lord Byron was one) and money to help on the 'War of Independence,' as it came to be called.

During this war occurred an incident which gives us an idea of the immense pride and reverence with which the modern Greek still regards those noble monuments of his former greatness.

It was the year 1822, and bitter war was raging between the Turks and the Greeks, the latter having the mortification of seeing the green banner of the prophet on the top of their Acropolis, and the turbaned Mussulman camping under those ancient walls.

This was hard to bear, but there was worse to follow!

A spy brought word to the Greeks that the enemy were short of ammunition, and were about to despoil the ancient monuments for lead to cast into bullets.

This was more than the Greeks could bear!

'Let us give them ammunition!' a young leader cried passionately. 'No matter that it will be used against us! Let us at all costs save our ancient monuments!'

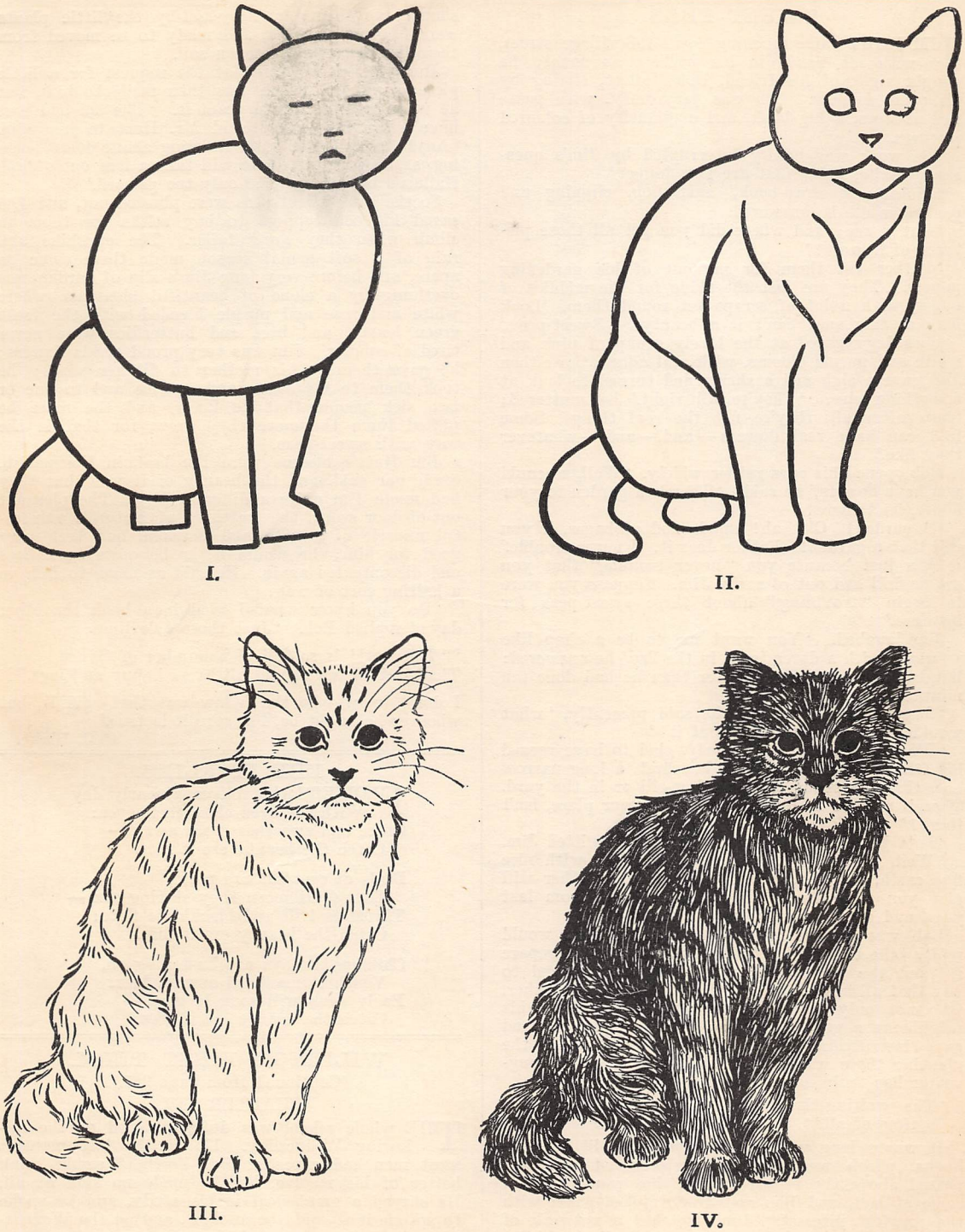
His enthusiasm infected his compatriots, and a little band, headed by a flag of truce, agreed to go over to the Turkish camp to make their offer of ammunition. Quickly climbing the hill, the Greeks found their further way stopped by a formidable-looking Turk, who, scimitar in hand, asked fiercely, 'What do the unbelievers demand?' scowling the while as he stood under the green crescent-crowned banner, with a soldier standing on either side.

The young Greek hastily ran forward with outstretched arms. 'My father,' he said politely, addressing the elder man in Eastern fashion. 'My father! we have heard you lack ammunition — we

"'Spare the ruins!'"

have plenty, and will gladly grant all you need, if only you will give orders to stay the rifling of our ancient monuments. They belong not only to us — the whole world would grieve for their destruction. Oh, my father, spare the ruins!'

The young man's appeal touched a chord in the Turk's bosom. He waited a minute, then said calmly, 'Be it so! I grant your request,' and with lightened hearts the little band returned to bear the welcome news to their friends. E. A. B.



I. II. III. IV.

HOW TO DRAW A CAT FROM THE SIMPLEST OUTLINES.

SWEET-PEAS.

JIM HART came mooning down the village street, with his hands in his pockets as usual; he caught sight of his friend, Bob Hallett, sitting by an open window. Bob was very busy, with paste and scissors, a big book, and a quantity of coloured pictures.

His work was hardly interrupted by Jim's question, 'Hallo, Bob, what are you doing?'

'Making a scrap-book,' said Bob, clipping and pasting while he answered.

'Oh! I see; and where did you get all those pictures of flowers?'

'Father cut them for me out of his gardening papers. They are just the thing for the middles of pages, with a lot of scraps set round them. Look here at this one; isn't it a beauty? — Sweet-peas.'

Both boys gazed at the lovely group of pink and white and purple blooms, with real admiration; then Jim gave a sigh and a shrug, and turned to look at something else. 'They're all right,' he muttered; 'but, after all, they're not the real thing. Some folk can have real flowers — and — and — whatever they like.'

Bob opened his eyes rather widely. 'Well, so could you have flowers,' he said. 'There's a garden to your house, isn't there?'

'A garden? Oh! ah! spuds and cabbages, if you call that a garden! Father does it. I never trouble.'

'It's just because you "never trouble," that you get so dull and out of sorts, Jim. Suppose you were to begin "troubling" about these sweet-peas for instance.'

Jim laughed. 'You want me to be a chap like yourself, with a dozen irons in the fire,' he answered: but he looked a little brighter than he had done ten minutes before.

'Suppose I did trouble,' he said presently, 'what would be the way to set about it?'

'Why,' explained Bob eagerly, glad to have roused his friend, 'you must get a box first, a long narrow one, that can stand on a window-sill or in the yard. There's sure to be an empty box at your place, isn't there?'

'Lots knocking about in the cellar,' admitted Jim.

'Well, get one and clean it, and fill it with nice fine earth, and then, when that's ready, Father will give you some seeds. He saved no end from last year, and ours were real good sorts.'

Bob was not at all sure that Jim Hart would really take the trouble to hunt up a box and prepare it; but the very next evening Jim came round to say that all was ready, and Mr. Hallett, Bob's father, who not only loved flowers, but loved to do his neighbours a good turn, gladly found the seeds and gave instructions about planting. But after the planting there was the waiting, and, as some song-writer has truly said:

'The waiting-time, my brothers, is the hardest time of all.'

It was a long while before the queer little green hooks, which were to grow into sweet-peas, appeared above the brown mould; however, they did come at last, and Bob and Jim watched them with the greatest interest. Jim stretched a network of white cotton across the box to keep off the birds; he tended and watered his precious seedlings, and brought them indoors every night lest the cold should nip them; and by-and-by the little plants were four inches high, and ready to be moved from their box nursery into open soil.

Jim's father wondered at the request for a little piece of ground which was then made to him, but he was quite willing to grant it. 'The lad had best have what he wants,' said Mr. Hart to his wife. 'Anything is better than standing about doing nothing, as he used to. If he will take a leaf out of Bob Hallett's book I shall be only too pleased.'

So the little sweet-peas were planted out, and Jim saved his odd coppers to buy sticks for them to climb when they grew taller. The sunshine and rain of a soft genial season made them come on apace, and before very long Jim's slip of garden was overhung by a cloud of beautiful blossoms, where white and rose and purple blended with the fresh green leaves, and bees and butterflies were never tired of coming. Jim was very proud of his flowers; he gave them to his mother to fill her vases; he took them to his aunts and cousins and to one or two sick people that he knew, and the more he picked them the more they grew, for that is the way with sweet-peas.

Jim Hart's blooms were the best in the parish, every one said, and the beauty of it was that they had made Jim quite a different boy. The pleasant out-of-door work, the watching of Nature's wonderful miracle of growth and blossom, had been very good for him; he would never be quite so listless and discontented again. He said as much to Bob, in a halting sort of way.

'Do you know what I read in a book the other day?' replied Bob. 'Just these two lines:

'"The world is so full of a number of things,
That I think we should all be as happy as kings."'

I don't know who the fellow was that said it, but whoever he might be, I'm sure it is true.'

C. J. Blake.

ERE IT FLIES.

FLOWERS that bloom at early day
With the even close their eyes:
Grace and sweetness pass away —
Catch the beauty ere it flies.

Birds at eventide are mute,
Though at morn they singing rise —
Throstles trill and blackbirds flute:
Catch the beauty ere it flies.

Childhood's days are hastening on,
Youth to manhood onward hies:
Early dews will soon be gone —
Catch the beauty ere it flies.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 227.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE whole school was duly punished on the following Wednesday. Up to the last moment most men had expected that Berthold would think better of his resolve, but he made no sign at all. He stayed a great deal in his study, and he spoke to no one if it could be avoided, and on the Wednesday afternoon he crossed the quad to go into form with a face as placid and unmoved as ever. A few scattered hisses were audible from various form-

room windows, and when he heard them Berthold smiled very slightly. He sat through form apparently without emotion of any kind. The more indignant portions of the school asked furiously what you could do with a chap like that? He seemed to care for nothing and nobody. He might have been made of steel. There was only one change to be noted in Berthold at that time, in addition to his new habit of silence, and that was his sudden industry. The Poodle could not make it out at all. He had always known that Berthold had brains, but he had known also that he was incurably idle. Now Berthold was undoubtedly working hard.

Afterwards matters settled down quietly. The Head took no further steps to discover the identity of the offenders. As for Berthold, he made no attempt at all to win back the favour of the school. Indeed, he chose to accept voluntarily a greater measure of isolation than would naturally have been his portion. In the ordinary way the school would not have borne malice for very long. They were not likely to be able to forget altogether Berthold's try against Tedford; much would have been forgiven him for that. They did not pretend to understand his offence, it was not like him in the least, but — he had always been considered a little 'mad,' and soon they would have forgotten how he had let them down. A few of the poorer sort would have continued to snarl, but the great mass of the school would gradually have found themselves swearing by old Berthold once more. But he chose to assume that he had been sent permanently to Coventry, and, since he gave no encouragement to any one to resume friendly relations, there he had to remain.

He played for the school every Saturday, as before, and he played hard, but it was noticed that he had lost something of his old brilliance. Berthold had to be feeling more or less happy to be at the top of his form, and he was anything but happy in those days. No one guessed as much, but it was a fact that Berthold himself condemned what he had done more bitterly than any aggrieved grumbler in in the school. Yet his obstinacy remained unshaken.

And in the second round of the house matches for the Silver Ball he did force himself to play his old game. Vickers's had drawn a bye in the first round, but in the second they met Thomas's, and were expected by every one to lose with ease. Thomas's boasted two Fifteen men, three Thirty caps, and a team that was strong and heavy all round. Berthold was the only colour in Vickers's team, and the rest of the side were comparatively small and light and supposed to be lacking in dash. Small the forwards certainly were, but they were a tough, compact lot of hard-shovers with a good notion of breaking up in defence, and their full-back was a slim-built child who could kick and tackle and who did not know what funking meant.

Berthold addressed the team, as was customary, in the dormitory class-room before the game. His manner was curt and rather forbidding. The occasion was a shade embarrassing. It was almost the first time that he had spoken to any of them since that Wednesday. But now they were going into battle together, and old Berthold was their one hope and stay against these weighty legions, and they would have welcomed gladly his old joking fashion of speech. But they did not get it. Berthold spoke jerkily as from a sense of duty, straight to the point.

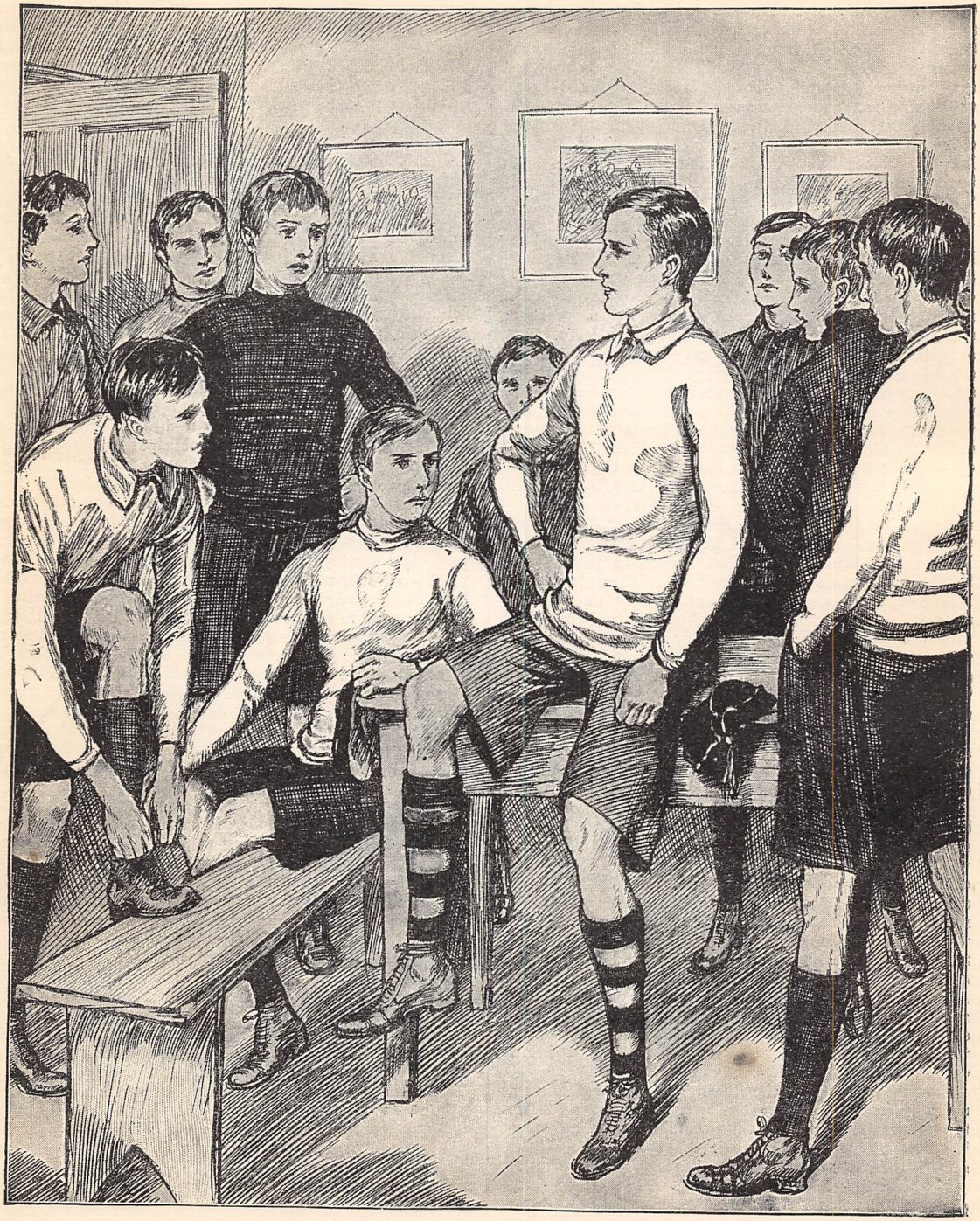
'We're going to win,' he said, 'thanks to the mud, but we shall only win in one way. They'll play to their "colours"; we must play to the ball. You forwards can win or lose the game. I've watched you, and I know what you can do. If you shove for all you're worth, and keep the ball close, and break up smartly to help us in defence, we shall just win. They'll play selfishly, if I know them. That's the lot!'

His prophecy was certainly fulfilled. Thomas's team did play to their colours, and those colours did stick selfishly to the ball. Vickers's team followed their grim-faced skipper on to the ground, determined to do or die, and, anyway, to down some of Thomas's big men if it took four of them to do it! Also, the forwards meant shoving, hard shoving. Thomas's men expected to win in a canter. All the school thought that they would win. Other games expected to be more interesting were in progress, and there were few spectators at first. They crowded up later when the prolonged yells told them what a furious fight Vickers's small and despised men were putting up.

The game was played on a heavy ground that sloped rather steeply. Berthold had the good fortune to win the toss, and, of course, elected to play downhill. Probably the luck of that toss decided the result. The first scrum was worthy of the old hard-shoving days of Rugby football, and must have lasted for five minutes. Half-way through it neither pack had made an inch. It had been a joyful surprise to Vickers's forwards to find that they could even hold their heavier opponents. Then Berthold called on them from behind, and the hill helped them, and they made their effort. Thomas's scrum began to give. The ball was snugly tucked in Vickers's second row, and Berthold, with his eye upon it, was throwing his weight into the back of his scrum. For a glorious thirty yards Vickers's pack shoved their struggling foes, and at the sight, at the wonderful, unexpected sight, the rest of Vickers's house along the line set up the discordant, inspiring howl that never died until the final whistle went.

It was a game that will not be forgotten by those who played in it. Some of them were to play for their counties after leaving school, one of them was to win his English cap, but without exception they look back at that game as standing alone in their memories. Scrum followed gruelling scrum. When Vickers's pack had the ball, they kept it tight for the most part and trusted to stern shoving and the hill. When Thomas's forwards got it, they strove to heel, for the sake of their speedy and fidgeting three-quarters, and as they heeled Berthold would slip round with his long-armed, smothering tackle, and Vickers's scrum would break up into eight small, mud-stained, entirely desperate units with only one idea in their whirling brains — to drag down any Thomas's man, however big and strong and famous, who was silly enough to hang on to the ball! Thomas's star men did hang on to it, and were duly dragged down, as a lonely bison is dragged down by three or four wolves. And then would follow another savage scrum. And ever the holding brown mud flew, and ever the howl of 'Vickers's!' from the line beat down all rival howls. Vickers himself, red-faced and stamping with excitement, was screaming his own name like a man possessed.

(Continued on page 242.)



"'We're going to win,' he said, 'but we shall only win in one way.'"

No. 31. New Series, 1912. **CHATTERBOX.** *Weekly — One Halfpenny.*
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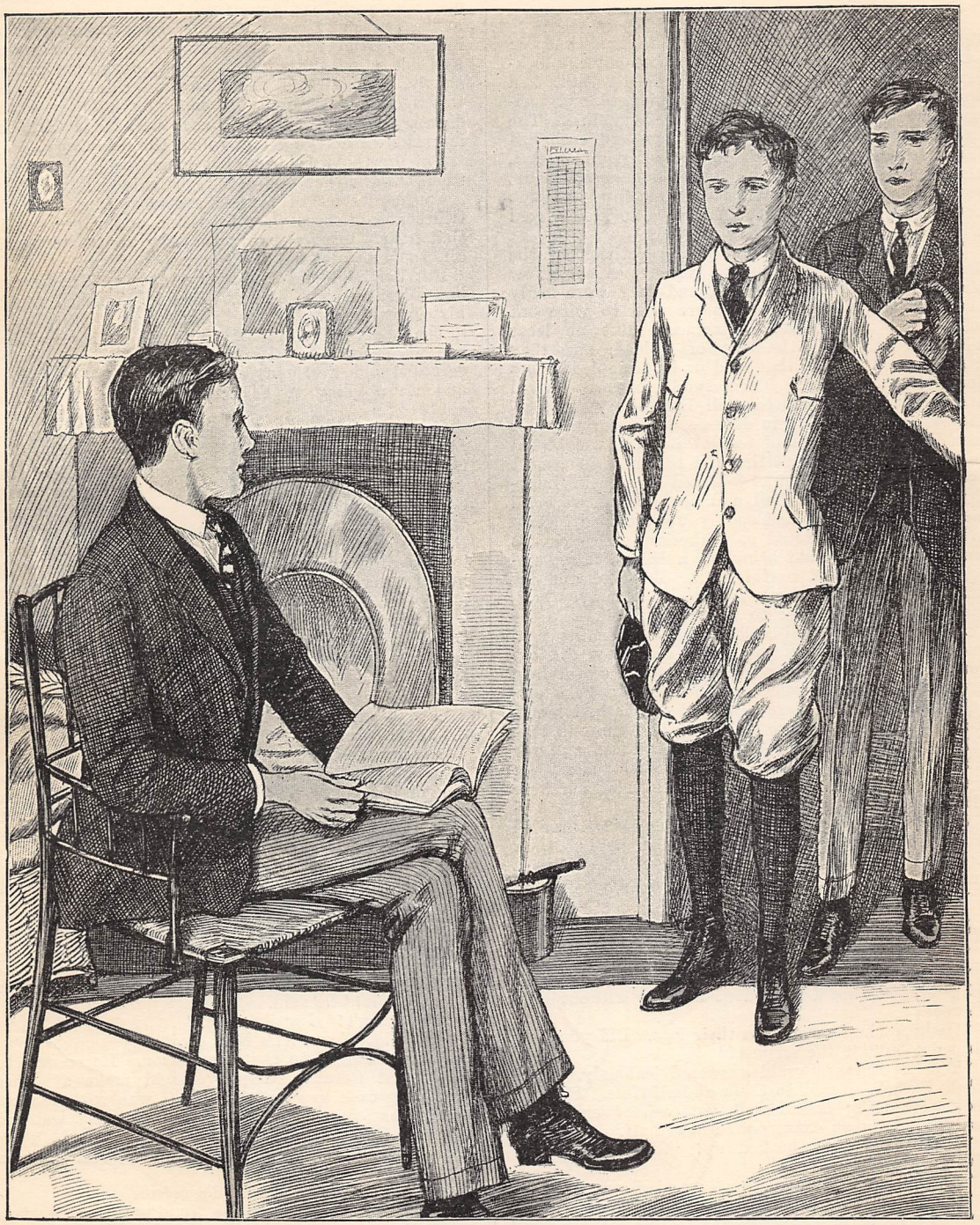


"'We want to get your tea ready, if you'll let us.'"

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 239.)

THERE was only one score before half-time, or indeed, as it proved, in the whole game. Vickers's forwards, helped by the friendly hill, had worked the ball right down. A prolonged and furious scrum took place on Thomas's very line. The ball had been in both packs in turn, and each had failed to hold it. Vickers's got it finally, and heeled, almost for the first time. Berthold snapped it up, swerved, elusive as a mud-stained shadow, and was over the line with a try! He failed to kick a goal with a ball like a heavy bag of mud.

The second half was almost a repetition of the first, save that the positions were reversed. Now Vickers's were playing up-hill, and they were badly overweighted, and Thomas's were mad to wipe out what they considered a disgrace. But at least Vickers's had the stimulant of a lead, and they meant to hold on to that lead or be trampled inches deep into the mire! Their small forwards lasted amazingly. They shoved still like weary Trojans, they broke up swiftly in defence, they marked their men like veterans out of touch. But the weight did tell. Thomas's were getting the ball now in almost every scrum. Attack was followed by attack. Luckily the state of the ball and the ground were all against safe passing and speedy work behind. Time after time a pass would go slithering, and Vickers's small forwards would bring off a hard-kicking, unscientific, but most useful rush. Berthold and his behinds tackled like demons, gave of their very best, muddy from their feet to their tangled hair. Once Parker, the small full-back, brought down his man on the very line. He won fame that day, did the small full-back. That tackle was spoken of for long in Vickers's. And somehow the defence held out, and the gasping forwards endured to the bitter end. Never was whistle more welcome than the one that told that Vickers's had brought off a most amazing win against long odds. When Berthold called for the usual cheers for the defeated side, his men were almost too blown to raise a shout.

Gerald and Danvers, very hoarse and dry-throated from yelling and excitement, walked behind their skipper as he limped back to change. They felt it an honour to tread somewhere near his footsteps.

'Oh, my word, isn't he a wonder?' Gerald muttered, looking after Berthold much as a dog looks after his master.

'There's no one to touch him,' Danvers agreed.

'He won the game. The rest of the team were splendid, but they'd have done nothing without him, I swear!'

'He kept the forwards on their legs. Did you hear his voice outside the scrums?'

'Yes, of course,' Gerald answered jealously. 'And I heard what he said to them at half-time. He said they were doing dashed well, but each of 'em would have to put in an extra pound next half.'

'No wonder they bucked up! What would you give to play with him?'

'Anything I've got. Perhaps we shall one day.'

'One of us might, with awful luck, this term, if one of the team got crocked. We've both of us played for firsts once or twice.'

'Firsts' were the house teams without big-side players.

Gerald gave a kind of gasp at the vision opened up. 'No such luck, I'm afraid.'

The house and the rest of the team had pressed on in front, wild with enthusiasm over their triumph. Berthold climbed the stairs to the dormitory rather slowly, with Gerald and Danvers behind him. He was feeling exceedingly 'done.' As he opened the door a yell went up, and a rush was made with the intention of carrying him round the dormitory.

But Berthold held up his hand and checked the rush. 'I'd rather you didn't,' he said quietly.

Confused cries of protest answered him. All old trifles and offences were forgotten and wiped out in that hour. 'But we want to carry you!' 'Hang it all, you must let us!' 'You won the game!'

But Berthold said again very soberly, 'Thank you, but I'd rather you didn't.' And he vanished within his compartment.

The house were left staring and feeling snubbed and uncomfortable. Hang it, no one ever could understand old Berthold! But never mind, we won, and we're going to be cock-house now, beyond a doubt!

Gerald and Danvers had witnessed the little scene round-eyed. It made quite an odd impression on them. They left the dormitory and walked together round the quad without speaking for a while. Gerald was remembering how Berthold had let him wait upon him once after footer, and was wishing that he dared to offer to do so now. But he stood in exceeding great awe of Berthold, and apparently he did not wish to have anything to do with any one now.

It was Danvers who spoke at last. 'I wonder if he'd let me fag for him?' he said thoughtfully.

Instantly Gerald became hotly jealous. 'He did let me once,' he said. 'But everything's different now.'

'I've a good mind to chance it,' Danvers said in the same tone.

'Chance what?'

'Why, ask him to let me get his tea ready for him in his study this afternoon,' Danvers answered in a voice that was both anxious and important. 'A man who plays like that oughtn't to have to get his own tea ready!'

'He wouldn't let you!'

'He might!'

'He'd snub you pretty badly!'

'I don't care!' Danvers said superbly. His tone implied that it was more honourable to be snubbed by Berthold than praised by most people!

Gerald changed his tactics. 'I shall ask him to let me do it!' he said.

'You shan't! I spoke first!'

'Well, look here, let's both do it!'

Danvers agreed to that suggestion. He seemed to think that Gerald's company might make a rather terrifying task less awful. But it was with beating hearts that they hung about the quad and watched Berthold into his study when he had changed. They crept up the stone stairs side by side, and Danvers tapped upon the door.

'Come in!' called Berthold's voice.

He looked surprised at the timid entry of the two small boys. 'Yes?' he said pleasantly enough. 'What do you want?'

Berthold had always spoken pleasantly to juniors. Probably the habit had cost him no effort, but it un-

doubtedly accounted for some of the worship lavished upon him.

'We — we want to get your tea ready for you, if you'll let us,' Gerald and Danvers answered, speaking together, each with a distinct tremble in his voice.

Berthold looked amused at first; then he frowned a little; he opened his mouth apparently to refuse the request. Gerald found great courage. 'Please let us!' he said earnestly.

Berthold stared at them curiously. 'Why on earth do you want to?' he asked.

They looked at him, and failed to find any words, but their eyes were full of worship.

Berthold's first impulse had been to send them away. He preferred to be alone. He wanted no clumsy juniors smashing his cups. But as he looked at them he changed his mind. Perhaps at that moment he understood something of the power he wielded, and had rated so lightly, and was grateful for it. Perhaps he was even a little touched. 'Thanks,' he said, 'you may get my tea ready if you like.'

No two prouder small boys than Gerald and Danvers ever fetched cake from the grub-shop or scalded their fingers in the process of making tea.

(Continued on page 255.)

THE LOVELIEST SEASON.

WHICH is the loveliest time of the year?
Each of the seasons to some will appear.
First of all comers is Spring, gentle Spring,
When the buds open and woodland birds sing;
Snowdrops and primroses under our feet
In the green lanes make a perfume most sweet;
Clad in new verdure trees throw off their grime —
Surely sweet Spring is the loveliest time!

What, though, of Summer — shall she bear the prize?
Red are her roses and blue are her skies,
Light are the zephyrs which float in the air,
Never did Nature before seem so fair.
On rippling streams sunbeams dance with delight,
Glittering stars deck the mantle of night,
Daytime and night-time alike are sublime —
Is not the Summer the loveliest time?

Autumn, brown Autumn, sweet sights can unfold
With her bright cornfields a-glimmer with gold;
Ripe are the clusters of nuts overhead,
Russet and crimson the leaves overspread.
Silver the mist rising up from the fen,
Silver the moonlight aglint in the glen;
Painter and etcher in harmony chime —
Autumn to them is the loveliest time.

What of the Winter, so cold, drear, and dark,
When the wild waves toss the quivering bark,
When moor and mountain are shrouded in snow
And the wind shrieks in the valley below:
When trees uplift their gaunt limbs to the sky,
Leafless and seemingly dead to the eye?
Even so, when all is spangled with rime,
Children think Winter the loveliest time!

G. D. Lynch.

WOLF, THE WEAVER.

ONE day, in the year 1430, Andreas Wolf, the weaver of Naumburg, was busy at his loom when he heard the sound of a drum in the street outside his house.

'Ursula,' he said to his wife, as he rose from his seat, 'please fetch my sword and spear; it is time for me to go to drill.'

'It's a sad waste of time,' sighed Ursula, nevertheless getting his weapons, and fastening them on carefully. 'The weaver's shuttle suits your hand better than the sword. Why, you can't bring yourself to kill even a fowl or a pigeon! How, then, could you strike at a man with a sword, or run him through with a spear?'

'Never mind,' said Wolf, cheerfully; 'if I can't fight, I can, at any rate, fill up a gap in the ranks! I shall be of as much use as a scarecrow, which does nothing, yet serves to keep off the birds from the corn.'

'Father,' said Erwin, the eldest of Wolf's eight children, a boy about twelve years of age, 'give me your sword and spear, and let me go to drill instead of you. I am not afraid. I would kill all the enemy with my spear!'

'Oh, you dauntless hero,' laughed his sister Beatrice, 'you talk of spearing a host of men, and only yesterday you could not wring a pigeon's neck.'

'That is a different thing,' answered Erwin. 'Of course I could not hurt the gentle creatures which eat out of my hand. But, as for those Bohemians, I should like to cut them to pieces! If one of them were to come in at this moment, and attack Father or Mother, would you not all fight for them?'

'Yes, yes!' shouted the children, in chorus.

When Wolf had gone off to his drill, Erwin took his father's place at the loom. He threw the shuttle in a workmanlike manner, but his thoughts were elsewhere. 'Mother, dear,' he said presently, 'may I go out for a little while to see Father and the other burghers drilling?'

But his mother told him to be a good boy, and stick to his work. Meanwhile Wolf had reached the drilling-ground.

'Hallo, here comes our warrior-in-chief!' remarked one of the burghers, as the slack-jointed, slightly stooping weaver approached.

'Goliath Wolf!' sang out another. 'See how his lance glitters in the sun! How many of the enemy will you be answerable for, Wolf? Would fifty be too few for you?'

Wolf's only reply to these jests was a good-humoured smile. Then the jokers shook hands with him, and entered into friendly conversation. Only one man continued to banter him, and that was his cousin Schelle, bath-master, barber, and apothecary of Naumburg.

'You should be named "Lamb" instead of "Wolf,"' he said. 'You would tumble down if one of the enemy so much as looked at you, and you would defend yourself with the butt-end of your lance, lest the point should scratch him! A thousand foes would not frighten me!'

Schelle was the greatest chatterbox and the greatest braggart in the town. He did not cease his jokes at the weaver's expense until the drilling began, when he had to hold his tongue.

Skilful as Wolf was at his trade, he was singularly

awkward in his military exercises, drawing thus upon himself frequent reproofs from the commanding officer, and the ridicule of his comrades. Once, mistaking the word of command, he wheeled to the right instead of to the left. The three men immediately behind him, no better skilled in such matters than himself, followed his example, and marched away from the rest in an opposite direction. The spectators roared with laughter, in which Wolf, not a bit offended, joined, though he tried his best not to be so stupid again.

But he felt himself to be 'a fish out of water,' and was very glad when the drilling was over and he could return to his home. There, weary as he was, he sat down at once to his loom, telling Erwin to go out for a run.

In the market-place, Stein, the town drummer, was terrifying a crowd of children with his description of the dreaded Bohemians. 'They are more like wild beasts than men,' he said. 'Their hair resembles a lion's mane, their teeth are like the tusks of a wild boar, and the long, crooked claws on their hands are like eagle's talons.'

'Don't be afraid,' said Erwin to the children. 'Think of our strong, high walls and our wide moat. And if the Bohemians did dare to scale the ramparts our brave citizens would soon drive them back.'

'With your father to lead them, eh?' mocked Stein. 'He would tackle a hundred foemen single-handed, no doubt.'

'Some day,' retorted Erwin valiantly, 'you will have to beg my father's pardon for these rude jests of yours. In the hour of danger we shall see who in Naumburg has the stoutest heart.'

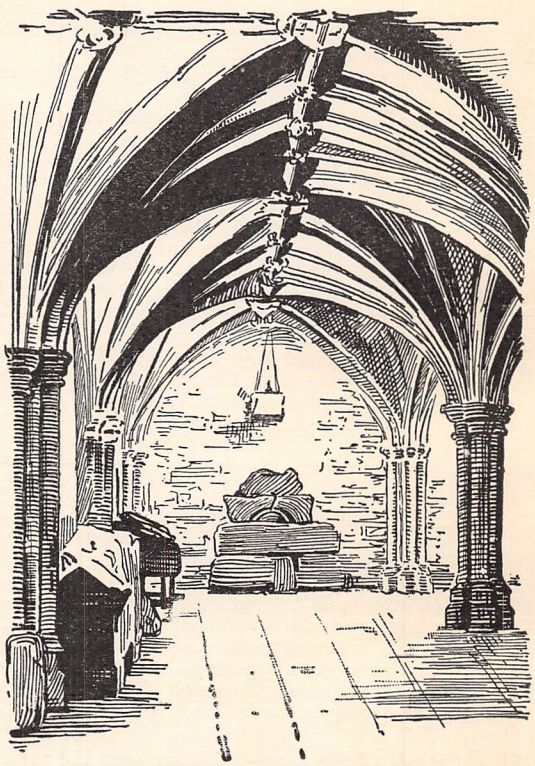
(Concluded on page 252.)

OLD ENGLAND.

IV. — THE GUILDHALL.

WHEN Dick Whittington set out on that journey which was to lead him to fame and prosperity, he little thought, I imagine, that he would one day figure as the hero of fairy tale and pantomime. But thus it turned out; and Richard Whittington, wealthy and respected citizen, and thrice Lord Mayor of London, is to-day to many children no real flesh-and-blood person, but an imaginary hero, recognisable only by his plumed cap and his pet cat. History, however, tells us another story, and proves that the gallant little story-book Dick was a very real and loyal citizen of the greatest city in the world. His memory is kept alive by many wise and generous gifts to his native city, and, not the least among these, the Guildhall of London stands largely as a memorial to his reality. For when, in the fifteenth century, it became necessary to repair and enlarge that ancient building, money left by Richard Whittington, Alderman and Lord Mayor, was used by his executors for that good purpose. The truth that underlies fairy tales is often forgotten. Not one of them but teaches some lesson which its readers cannot fail to take to heart: of laziness, cruelty, and meanness coming to a bad end, or of honesty, industry, and kindliness winning success and finding reward, as Dick Whittington did.

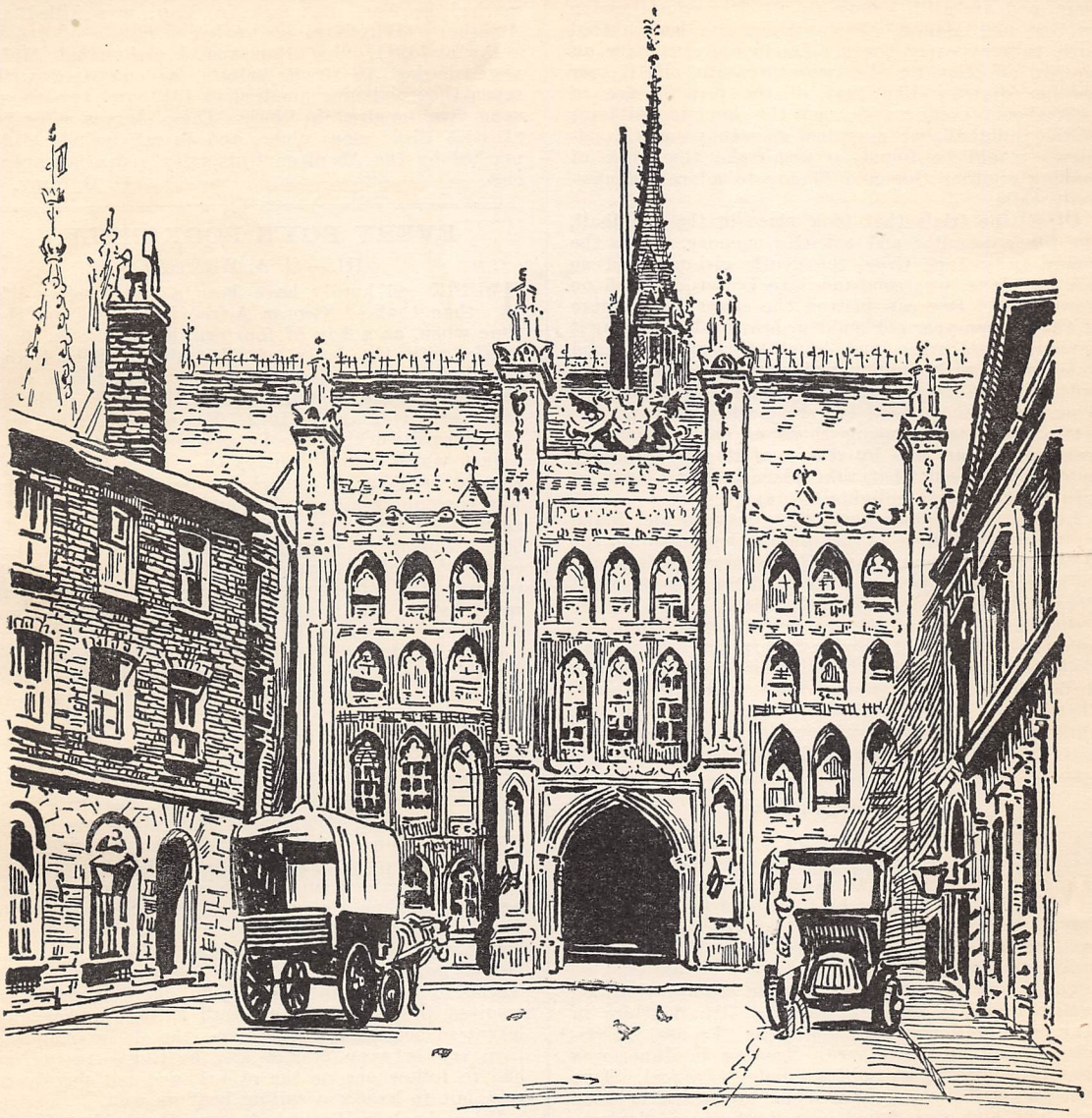
But the Guildhall has many other associations than this. From very early times it was the centre of the municipal life of London. Here, in Saxon and in Roman days, the law was administered, as it is to-day, and tradesmen and citizens of every degree came hither to settle their differences, or demand their rights. History is full of records of cases argued and settled there, of trials for offences,



The Crypt of the Guildhall.

of wrongdoers punished, and wrongs put right, within those walls. And the records of feasting and merrymaking are no less numerous. As to-day, so of old, Kings were honoured by reception and feasting at the hands of the Lord Mayor of London. There are many accounts of such noble banqueting, where the description of the dishes served, and their splendour and state, read as much like a fairy tale as does the story of Dick Whittington.

There is a very amusing description by an eye-witness of the occasion when King George III. and his wife, Queen Charlotte, were entertained to a banquet and ball by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. It must have been a tiring day for the Royal guests, who set out early, in state robes, to see the Lord Mayor's Show. 'The Queen's clothes,' says a lady who was present, 'which were as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make them, were a suit from which fell a train supported by a little page in scarlet and gold.' When the Show had been seen and was over, the King and Queen, their Royal relations and attendants, repaired to the Guildhall, where the State banquet, lasting many hours, took place. After this,



The Guildhall, London.

preparations were made for the ball, which lasted until two o'clock in the morning, when the worn-out Royalties were kept waiting a long time while their coachmen and carriages were found to convey them back to the Palace at St. James's. Such a state of disorder in the Royal stable arrangements is inconceivable nowadays; but we must remember that, before a regular police force was formed, it was no easy matter to clear the streets and prevent overcrowding and misadventure on such occasions. The writer whom we have quoted goes on to say that the Princess Dowager of Wales might have been seen awaiting the tardy arrival of her carriage in a temporary passage outside the building, very cross indeed at the delay. 'Nor could she be prevailed upon to retire into the hall,' says the chronicler, to whom this display of Royal 'tantrums' had, no doubt, its humorous side.

One Ned Ward, writing an account of the Lord Mayor's Show in 1709, remarks on the presence of two curious images which were carried in the procession, and states that he asked a friend what was the meaning of these two 'lubberly preposterous figures.' The friend, perhaps seizing the opportunity to tease his 'country cousin,' tells him that they are no doubt intended 'to frighten stubborn apprentices into obedience'—an explanation which seems to have perfectly satisfied simple Ned! These two figures were the counterparts of those that now, carved in wood, adorn the great hall of the Guildhall. They

were, and are still, known to all citizens of London as Gog and Magog. Their origin has been traced back to very early times. Londoners still have an amused affection for the two old giants, and if ever another disaster like that of the terrible fire of 1666 should occur to destroy the famous buildings of the Guildhall, we may feel sure that some wood-carver would be found to undertake the work of making another Gog and Magog to adorn its new-built walls.

Of all the trials that took place in the Guildhall, one has a peculiar and pathetic memory. Here the young Lady Jane Grey, the gentle girl-queen of so few sad days, was condemned to her cruel death on Tower Hill. One can picture the slight little figure of the sixteen-year-old maiden, bearing her unsought honours with grace and humility, her undeserved punishment with dignity and courage. There is no sadder figure in history than that of Lady Jane Grey, and few can read her story without tears.

One other trial among those of earlier times is worth recording here by reason of its extraordinary unlikeness to any that take place in our Courts of Law in these more enlightened days.

In 1441 four persons were here accused and found guilty of the crime of hastening the death of the delicate young King Henry VI., by causing his image to be made in wax, and by sticking pins therein! They were all four punished by death.

Such are a few of the wonderful scenes from history the Guildhall of London has framed for us. To visitors to-day the old building offers many sights. Apart from the Courts of Law and the Council Chamber of the City Corporation, there is a fine library and a wonderful museum of objects connected with the history of London from the earliest times.

BIRD-RINGING.

BIRD-RINGING consists of putting small aluminium rings round the legs of young birds — or any others that can be caught. These rings have an address and a number on them, and by this means the movements of migratory birds can be watched to a certain extent. They are very light and do not hinder the bird at all.

The following are a few of the results obtained during 1911. A linnet marked in Warwickshire in May, was recovered near Bordeaux (France) in October; another ringed near Reading in June, was caught in October at Sabres Landes (France). Two meadow pipits were marked in Yorkshire in May and July, and were found near Bordeaux in September and October. A swallow marked in Staffordshire in August, was picked up near Bordeaux in October, and a house martin ringed in Roxburghshire in July was found in Cher (France) in October. A cormorant marked in Co. Wexford in June, 1910, was caught at Finisterre (France) in November of 1911. Two common terns, ringed in Ross-shire in August, and in Renfrewshire in July, were recovered fifteen miles south of Oporto, and near Aveiro (both in Portugal), respectively, in October.

Of birds marked abroad, and recovered in England, I might give the following examples: — A starling marked at Viborg (Denmark) in October, was caught near Shropham (Norfolk) in November. A black-headed gull was marked at Schleswig in June, and recovered at Breydon (Norfolk) in October. A heron marked in East Denmark in May, was killed at Amesbury (Wiltshire) in October.

During 1911, nine thousand five hundred birds were marked in Great Britain, as compared with seven thousand nine hundred in 1910, and two thousand two hundred in 1909. These figures refer to 'British Bird' rings alone, and do not include birds marked by the Aberdeen University and other agencies.

G. B. Hony.

EVERY BOY'S BOOKSHELF.

III. — G. A. HENTY.

THERE can hardly have been a more active life than that of George Alfred Henty. From the time when, as a boy of fourteen, he fought his first battle with the bully of Westminster School and was hopelessly beaten, his career of activity may be said to have begun, and it ended only with his death at a ripe age in 1902. For nearly sixty years of his hard-working life he enjoyed robust health — a fact which, while it helps to explain his indifference to hardship, is remarkable because as a boy he was constantly ailing. To quote his own words, 'I spent my boyhood, to the best of my recollection, in bed.' During these spells of sickness he 'read ravenously' (as he expressed it), feeding his mind with romance and adventure, and indeed everything that came in his way; and all his leisure hours from school were given to the same pursuit.

Many of the incidents described in his books were drawn from his own experiences as a war correspondent — of long, dreary marches performed on foot or in the saddle, through the wilds of Asia, or the tropical forests and swamps of Africa; of encounters with savage warriors in the hill fastnesses of Abyssinia or the African bush; or of days passed amidst the confusion and terrors of the streets of Paris during the Commune. The roll of the drum, the shrill piping of the fife, the call to arms, the regular tramp of marching feet, the volleying of musketry or the booming of guns, the yells of savages or the shouts of victory — this was the stirring kind of music which accompanied the making of such books as Henty wrote. He rose up from his sick-bed to go to school, and as a Westminster boy he learnt to be a man. Beaten in his first fight, he resolved to be victorious in all future battles; he learnt to box, he learnt to row (the choice of sports then lay between cricket and boating — every boy had to follow one or the other), and not merely to row, but to handle a sailing boat as well.

When he left Westminster for Cambridge, Henty felt himself to be a man. He was certainly very manly — not afraid of work, and as fond of sport as any Cambridge man could wish to be. He could box, wrestle, row, and defend himself with the foils against any adversary. He was also a great walker, covering fifty miles in a day with ease. Here, then, was just the sort of spirit which would take fire when any peril or disaster threatened his country.

At the beginning of 1855 England was entering upon the second period of the Crimean War; the news of the sufferings and privations of our troops during the winter, as the result of mismanagement, had aroused deep indignation, and people here were saying, 'This must never occur again,' and not only saying it, but taking active steps to ensure the future comfort and well-being of the soldiers. Num-

bers of young men were offering themselves as recruits in various departments of the service, and amongst these was young Henty, who had a burning desire to be of use in some capacity in the field. His offer to serve in the Commissariat Department (it was called the Purveyors' Department in those days) was accepted, and he was sent out with the rank of lieutenant in the army to assist in the arrangement and distribution of stores for the hospitals.

His duties were arduous and often dangerous, but he performed them with zeal and energy, working day and night with the rest of the staff to restore order out of chaos. They had in their midst a heroic example, Miss Florence Nightingale, whose ministrations to the sick and wounded were carried out in the face of danger and with a disregard for personal health and safety that won the admiration and love of the whole army.

Henty in his letters home conveys a striking picture of the state of the besieging army before Sebastopol in the spring of 1855; he describes the miserable condition of the huts and tents during the heavy rains which turned the streets of Balaclava into rivers of mud, and rendered the entire camp one vast bog into which men and animals sank knee-deep at every step. If the state of things by day was dreary enough to depress the spirits of the most ardent soldier among them, that of the night was far worse, for to the comfortless conditions caused by rain and mud was added the constant expectation of an attack upon the trenches. The night was never too dark or the rain too heavy for a sortie by the Russians, who, advancing under cover of the blackness, would burst with wild yells upon the men who held the foremost trenches. In the darkness and confusion it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. In the end the Russians were always repulsed, leaving many wounded and dead in our trenches, but, in spite of these losses, the night sorties were often renewed.

Henty's stay in the Crimea was short, for he was invalided home in June, 1855, but before this event he had secured an engagement with a London newspaper (the Morning Advertiser) to contribute letters from time to time describing the most interesting events of the campaign. This was the beginning of his career as a war correspondent. In 1866 he was sent out to Italy as one of the special correspondents of the Standard, to watch and report upon the operations of the Italian armies in their united struggle against the forces of Austria. Here he met Garibaldi and his volunteers, and witnessed the enthusiastic reception given to the popular general. Here, too, he met with an adventure which might have ended in a tragedy and cut short his career; for in his eagerness to obtain information he ventured too near the frontier lines and was captured as a spy by the Italian Guides, who carried him to their general. Fortunately, Henty had his passports and a letter of recommendation to the Italian armies to show, as well as a stock of patience and firmness with which to meet his accusers, so that in the end he was set free with a caution.

In 1873 Henty was acting as war correspondent for the Standard in the Ashanti War, and took part in the long forest march to Coomassie. Of this march we may give one brief picture, drawn from his own accounts. The tropical sun beat down upon the heads of the force which was threading its way through the jungle. The native path was too narrow to admit of more than a few men going abreast, and when an obstacle was encountered the men had to proceed in single file, or clamber over the trunks of fallen trees.

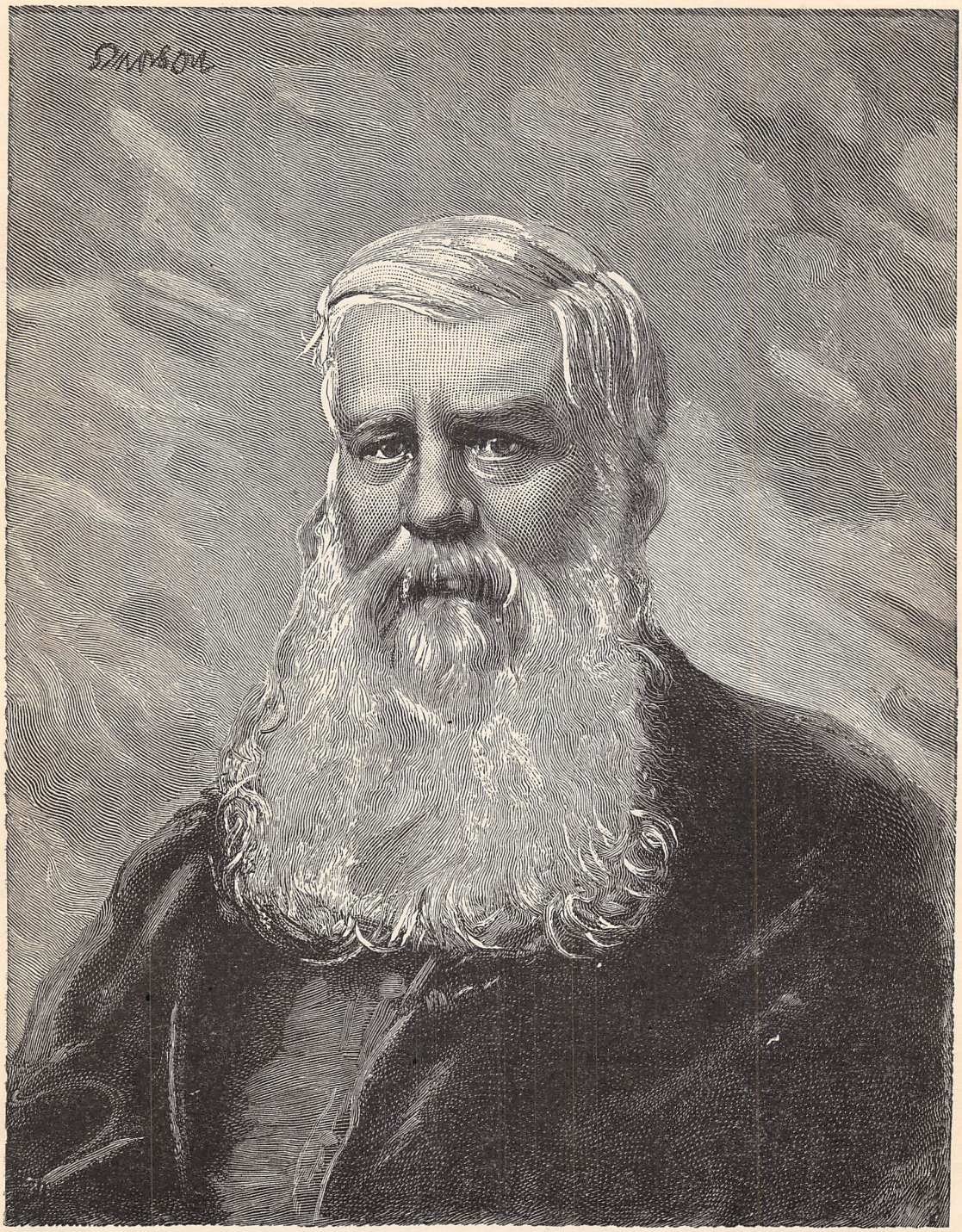
All around them lay the great swamps, steaming under the noontide heat, and through many of these quagmires the column had to pass, with the heavy baggage and guns. Henty was the right man for this work, difficult and trying as it was, for he had seen much service in previous wars in a similar capacity to that which he filled at this time. Many of the men fell out along the line of march, but Henty, whose courage and resolution were equal to his physical strength, held on to the end. When night fell on this forest march, the men were glad enough to throw themselves down to rest within their tents or huts, but many sought sleep in vain. The stagnant air was laden with the poisonous gas arising from the swampy ground, and consequently all apertures had to be closed; but the insect hosts, both flying and creeping, could not be kept out by this means, and their bites and stings made continuous sleep impossible. Again, legions of rats scampered over the sleepers, or gnawed and scratched at the woodwork of the huts. Henty, describing these horrors in one of his letters, says: 'I imagine that here were assembled all the elements which make night horrible, with the exception only of indigestion after a heavy supper. Had I been in any other country, I would have moved my rug outside and slept there, but here such a proceeding would have entailed an attack of fever, consequently I had nothing to do but lie still till morning.'

The trying march up-country ended in the battle of Amoaful; but before that climax was reached the British and native forces had had to overcome and drive before them the army sent by the king to oppose their progress. In these encounters the Ashantis delivered their onslaughts from the cover of the dense undergrowth, a method of fighting which gave them a decided advantage, and made it extremely difficult for our men to follow up their successes, or to ascertain the points from which the attacks would be made. How that final battle was fought which put the Ashantis to flight and delivered Coomassie into our hands, has been told by Henty in his graphic letters.

Space does not allow of our recounting more of Henty's adventures as a war correspondent. In later life his favourite pursuit was yachting, and in this he showed himself a born sailor. Only a short time before his death (which took place on his yacht) he was photographed on board the Egret, correcting the proofs of his last book.

There is one thing about Henty's books which helped to make them popular, and which keeps them still fresh and attractive, and that is the fact that the author always knew what he was talking about. He tells a straightforward tale, with no beating about the bush or seeking after fine words, and no sentiment of a sickly sort. Throughout each book is sounded the same note of manly indifference towards the petty ills as well as the trifling comforts of existence, coupled with unflagging attention to duty (more especially the duty which is national in character) which was the key-note of the author's own life.

Francis J. Rowbotham.



G. A. Henty. From a painting by Joseph Simpson, R.I.

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"'Here's a feast!'"

CHERRY RIPE.

CHERRIES ripe and cherries red
Nodded in the summer air;
Quoth the blackbird to himself,
'Here is fruit beyond compare!
Cherries quite enough I see
For my dinner and my tea;
I will have them every one
Ere the setting of the sun.'

Cherries ripe and cherries red,
But no longer on the tree;
Master Blackbird lost his chance,
And a sorry bird was he.
Farmer Jenkins came that day,
With his little daughter May,
And they gathered every one
Long before the set of sun.

Cherries ripe for rosy lips —
'Here's a feast!' said bright-eyed May;
Selfish? Not a bit was she,
I am very pleased to say.
'Some,' she said, 'I'll save for Mother,
Some for Nurse and little Brother;
Father, too, must have a share,
There are plenty here to spare.'

Cherries ripe and cherries red,
Teach this lesson, girls and boys
(Grown-up folk may also heed),
You should always share your joys.
Never like the blackbird be,
Selfish, greedy bird was he!
That is all I have to say,
So I'll bid you now 'Good-day.'

M. I. Hurrell.

OLD JOHN'S APPLES.

OLD John had an apple-tree healthy and green,
Which bore the best codlings that ever were seen,
So juicy, so yellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, old Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children that passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see
With longing eye viewing this fine apple-tree,
And wishing a codling might fall:
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And, as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, 'Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,
And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way.'

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough;
Remember, though John cannot see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is One Who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From His glorious throne in the sky.

Oh, then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot, or weary, or thirsty to be,
Or anything rather than steal;
For the great God, Who even in darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit in His book,
However we think to conceal.

THE QUAKER'S LESSON.

THE following story is told of a Quaker and an apprentice. The Quaker was a strict man of plain speech and bearing; he had little patience with the younger generation, who he considered were sadly lacking in respect to their elders, and much too loose and careless in their speech.

One day an apprentice was sent to his house on business, and the Quaker, having attended to it, said to the boy, 'Now, my lad, wilt thou have some bread and cheese? Thou hast a long journey before thee.'

'I don't mind if I do,' the lad answered in careless slang.

'Neither do I,' coolly replied the Quaker.

The lad was sent away without any refreshment, much disappointed, for he had had a long walk and was hungry.

You may be sure the next time he was asked to take refreshment, he would give a definite reply. The Quaker did not mean to be unkind to the boy, but to teach him a lesson, and it was one that would serve him in good stead for the rest of his life.

E. J. Skeaping.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

12. — A Map Mystery.

GUESS the name of the city that wanders abroad,
The town that is never behind,
The town that's so thin that it cannot be seen,
The town that is nothing but rind.

Guess the name of the town that's a savoury bulb,
The town that's the bark of a tree,
The town that is needed on board every ship,
The town where they're all on the spree.

The town that is always a very bad fit,
The town that is never too short,
The town that is used in the fields in the spring,
The town that's a game and good sport. B. O.

(Answer on page 283.)

Answers to Inversions on Page 211.

2. Sleep—peels. 5. Able—Elba. 7. Nut—tun.
11.—1. Dear—read. 4. Nip—pin. 6. Bin—nib.
3. Pear—reap.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

V. — THE DEATH OF SIR SPENCER PERCEVAL.

IT was the afternoon of May 11th, 1812, and the House of Commons was in Committee on the Orders in Council.

Lord Brougham was examining witnesses, and noticed the absence of the Prime Minister, Sir Spencer Perceval; so one of the members went to his residence in Downing Street to fetch him, but met him on the way.

Hearing that the examination had already begun, Sir Spencer hurried to the House. But as he reached the door of the lobby, a tall man clad in a snuff-coloured suit, who had been waiting there for some time, raised his arm and fired almost point-blank at Perceval's breast.

The lobby was crowded at the time, and a member at once rushed up, and raised the Prime Minister in his arms, only to find him already dead.

An official of the House cried out in an excited tone, 'Where is the rascal that fired?'

The man had not attempted to escape; he rose quietly from a seat by the door, and said in a calm voice, 'I am the unfortunate man.'

He was, of course, at once secured — somewhat roughly it would seem, as one account says 'he was caught with such fury that he nearly had his arm broken.'

The murderer was soon identified as one John Bellingham, and he only stated the simple truth when he described himself as 'the unfortunate man.' One calamity after another seems to have dogged his footsteps from his earliest years. He obtained a cadetship in the East Indies, and was wrecked on the way out. He returned home and settled in business, but his house was burnt down, and he became bankrupt. Then he went to Russia as a commission agent, got heavily into debt, and was arrested and cast into prison.

He appealed to the British Ambassador to get himself set free, but it was a legal debt, and the Ambassador could not interfere; so Bellingham had to suffer his five years' imprisonment, after which he came to London and applied to the Prime Minister for compensation for what he had undergone.

Perceval, as was his duty, refused to listen to the application, but he could hardly have accompanied his refusal with any harshness, for few men had less harshness in their nature. Bellingham, however, felt he had been ill-treated; there can be no doubt that his brain was disordered by his many misfortunes, and was incapable of reasoning properly.

He resolved to shoot the Russian Ambassador, who was then in England, and was expected to be that day at the House of Commons; but, not seeing him, Bellingham stated at his trial, 'Perceval appeared, and I felt I must kill some one.'

There can be little doubt of Bellingham's insanity, and in these days he would most certainly have been sent to a lunatic asylum; but measures were more drastic at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and Bellingham was at once brought to trial, found guilty, and hanged — all within a week.

The House of Commons voted Perceval a monument in Westminster Abbey, and a grant to his widow of fifty thousand pounds. His children were also well provided for, and both Whigs and Tories paid a high tribute to the late Prime Minister's memory.

Perceval's private character was blameless: he was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and a fluent and graceful speaker; but he was not a man of wonderful abilities, and does not rank among the greatest Prime Ministers of Great Britain.

E. A. B.

THE RESURRECTION PLANT.

THIS plant, whose botanical name is the Anastatica, is sometimes called the 'Rose of Jericho.' No other plant has been credited with so many extraordinary qualities, and none has been of such service to 'quacks' ever since its peculiarities were discovered.

It has been called the 'resurrection plant' from the fact that when apparently dead and dry it often assumes again the colour of life as soon as its root is put into water. Its buds swell with new life, the leaves open, the petals unfold, and the full-blown flowers appear as if by magic.

It is not, strictly speaking, a rose at all; the stem divides at the base and bears spikes of pretty white flowers, which change into round fruits. When ripe, the leaves fall, the branches grow hard and dry and fold inward, so as to form a ball. In autumn the plant is uprooted by the storms and carried towards the sea. There it is gathered and exported to Europe, where it is highly prized.

The resurrection plant grows in the sandy regions of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, and has long been connected in popular superstition with the Holy Land and the life of our Saviour. In certain countries it is still believed that the remarkable flower blooms every year on the day and at the hour of the birth of Christ; and pious pilgrims still report finding it at every spot where Mary and Joseph and the Heavenly Babe rested on their flight into Egypt.

F. Waddington.

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

IV. — THE FISHES OF OUR VANISHED SEAS.

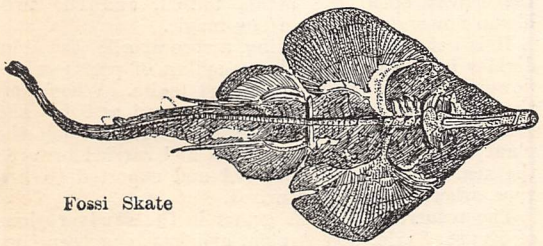
HOW splendid it would be if we could pass in review all the creatures that have ever lived, as long-past scenes are now revived before us on the cinematograph! But that is sighing for the moon; it must be enough for us that at least a few relics of those ancient days are preserved to us in the shape of fossils.

We have already taken a peep at the great dragons of the land and water; we are now to try and conjure up a vision, as it were, of the fish-life of the rivers and seas of a past which dates back to a period before the appearance of man on the earth. Of course, only a relic, here and there, has come down to us of those distant ages, but these show both fishes of a type rarely or never met with to-day, and some that are quite familiar.

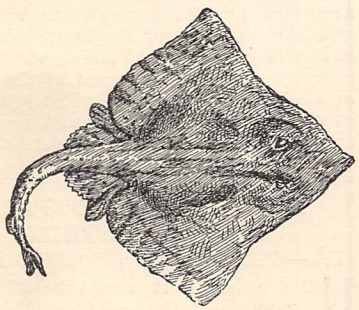
Let us begin with the fishes which are nearest to our times, though this 'nearest' is really so far off that we can form no accurate notion of the time which divides us from those far-off days. The further we go back in our examination of the relics of the past, the more we find them different in appearance from the fishes of to-day. Yet, curiously

enough, we also meet in some of the most ancient rocks with remains of fishes which scarcely differ from species now living. This is at first a little difficult to understand; and, perhaps, cannot be fully understood save by the specialist in such matters. Briefly, I would remind you that, in every group of the animal kingdom, there are to be found some members which have, so to speak, retained many of, and in some rare cases all, the peculiarities of their remote ancestors. In one unbroken line, for countless thousands of years, the same form has persisted, while all around them has been changing.

The fishes will illustrate this point. Take for example the living 'mud-fishes,' the skates, and the sharks. The first-named are no longer to be met with in our islands; indeed, there are but few of this group of fishes left in the world, and these are scattered far and wide — Africa, South America, and Australia each having a representative. These fishes are peculiar, you must know, from the fact that they breathe in part by gills, and in part by lungs, formed



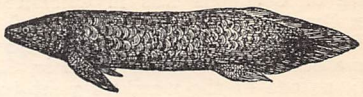
Fossi Skate



Skate of To-day.

out of the swim-bladder. They also possess many other interesting details of their own, but these we cannot discuss now. Once on a time, ages ago, in the period during which the rocks known as the old red sandstone were formed, lung-fishes disported themselves in the rivers of these islands of ours. Here then, it seems, began that ancient group, and thence its descendants spread over the whole world, though to-day there are but few left of what must have been a great host. When next you look at the African mud-fish, or the great Australian mud-fish — the ceratodus — in the aquarium at the Zoo, just call to mind that their ancestors at an immensely remote period of time were British! Men who can trace their descent back to the Norman Conquest are justly proud of the fact, but the descent of the mud-fish takes us back thousands of years!

The skates, or 'rays,' as they are often called, are similarly a very ancient family, for skeletons of skates in nowise differ from those dredged up in the North Sea to-day. And so with the sharks again. We can trace the descent of the curious Port Jackson shark now living in Australian seas back to the time when our coal was being formed, when sharks



Australian Mud-fish.

Port Jackson Shark.

of a precisely similar kind swam about in the seas which then, more or less completely, covered our islands.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S., &c.

(Concluded on page 283.)

SOME CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS.

IT is interesting to note how various are the terms applied to the different species of birds when in company. Thus, if we wish to be perfectly correct, we speak of a cast of hawks, a flock of sparrows, a flight of starlings or pigeons, a dule of doves, a nid of pheasants, a covey of partridges, a bevy of quail, a flight of woodcocks, a wisp of snipe, a wing of plover, a trip of dotterel, a sege of herons, a covert of coots, a herd of swans, a skein of geese (when flying), a gaggle of geese (when at rest), a team of wild duck, a sprig of teal, and a dropping of sheldrake.

WOLF, THE WEAVER.

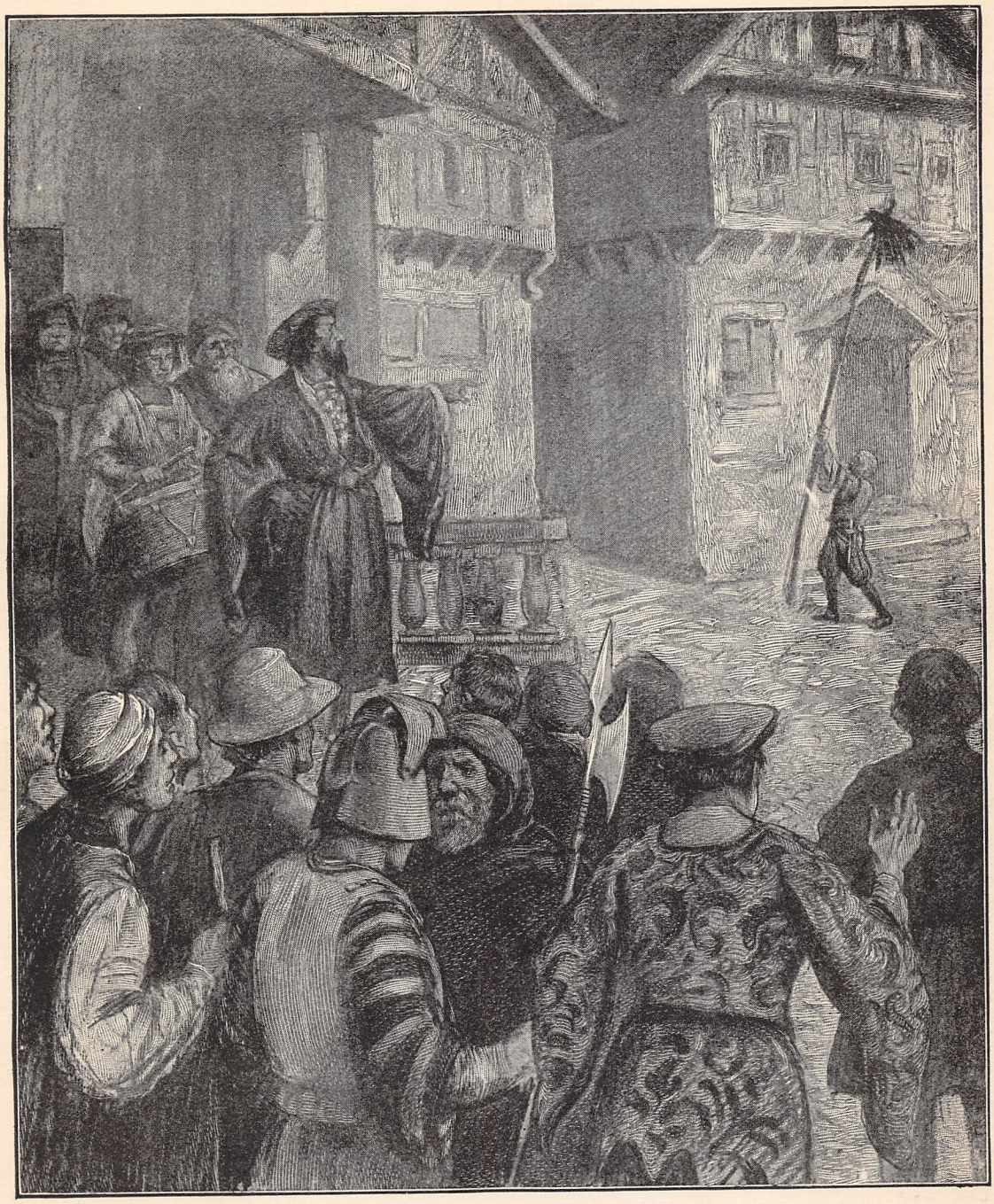
(Concluded from page 244.)

A FEW days later Stein's drum was heard again in the streets. This time it was not a summons to drill, but a call to a Council meeting. Wolf took up his hat and went out in obedience to the summons.

When the burghers had assembled in front of the town hall, Herr Adler, the Burgomaster, followed by the other Councillors, came forward. His face wore a troubled, anxious expression. 'My friends,' he said, 'we have called you together on very serious and important business. While we have been strengthening our walls, deepening our moat, exercising ourselves in the use of arms, in preparation for a possible attack on the town, a formidable enemy has crept in amongst us — one against whom bulwarks, ditches, and weapons are of no avail. Do you ask the name of this foe? Look yonder, and I shall not need to tell you!'

As he spoke, the Burgomaster pointed to a house in the market-place, and every face turned pale at the sight of the high pole with a wisp of blackened straw on the top, which a sergeant was erecting before the house indicated. Not a sound was uttered, but each man said to himself, 'The plague! The Black Death!'

Herr Adler went on to tell the citizens what they were to do in order to guard against the plague. Having given these necessary instructions, he pro-



"The Burgomaster pointed to a house in the market-place."

ceeded to make an appeal. 'We require a brave man,' said the Burgomaster, 'who will undertake the care of the sick. With the aid of others who will be appointed to assist him, he will have the oversight of all houses visited by the plague and must see that they are strictly kept apart from the rest. He will be responsible for the nursing of the sick and the support of those dependent upon them. He

must receive the last will of the dying and see that it is carried out. He must be the adviser, the consoler, the friend of all. In short, he must stand between death and life, to be the means of communication between the whole and the sick. Who will volunteer for this dangerous but most honourable post?'

No one spoke. After a silence of some minutes Herr Adler repeated his appeal. 'Is there not one amongst my burghers who, for the love of God and his brethren, will undertake this hazardous task? In heathen Rome, when an earthquake had opened a yawning gulf in the market-place, which the oracle said could be closed only by the voluntary offering of a human life, Curtius, unasked, threw himself in. Is there no Curtius in Christian Naumburg?'

Still no one spoke.

'We think,' went on the Burgomaster, 'that we have in our eye the best-qualified man for this difficult post. I mean you, Burgher Schelle,' said Herr Adler, as he stepped forward and laid his hand on the bath-master's shoulder. 'You understand the management of the sick, and I believe that you have a brave heart and fear no danger.'

Schelle's face went white, his teeth chattered; his usually over-ready tongue was for once silenced. 'Pardon me, Herr Burgomaster,' he stammered, at length, 'but if an ordinary death is awful, how much more so is this? In the Black Death there is no hope of recovery. Might I presume to offer advice, I would suggest that the house over yonder, into which the plague has entered, should, with its inmates, be burnt to ashes. That would be the safest plan.'

For a moment the Burgomaster really thought that his ears had deceived him, but the murmur of anger which arose from the whole assembly assured him that he had heard aright.

One of the Councillors stepped up to the Burgomaster and whispered something into his ear.

'Suppose I tell you, Schelle,' then said Herr Adler, gravely, 'that the plague has broken out in your home and attacked your youngest son? We will now adopt the desperate measure proposed by you, and burn your house, with its inmates, to the ground.'

'Mercy, your worship!' cried the terrified man, caught thus in his own trap. 'Oh, have pity upon my wife and family! I see now that my advice was foolish — wicked! But I was not in earnest. Oh, sir, take back your word and spare the innocent!'

'Do not to another what you would not have done to you,' said Herr Adler, sternly. 'I only said what I did in order to show you your own inhumanity. Your house is as yet untouched by the pestilence. Now I ask you again: Will you accept the Christian office which I offer you in the name of the Council?'

'Oh, pray excuse me, your worship!' replied Schelle, quickly recovering himself. 'Indeed there are others better fitted for the post. I have a wife and three children, to whom I might carry the infection did I come into such close contact with this horrible plague. Besides, who would cup, bleed, bind up wounds, cut hair, and attend to the bath-house if I were otherwise employed? Be pleased to consider this, sir, and choose a man who stands alone, and could more easily be spared. Indeed, I would rather face the Bohemians than the plague!'

'Very well,' said the Burgomaster. 'We cannot force you to take up this work against your will. I myself, the father of my burghers, will undertake the care of the sick.'

Herr Adler turned to the senior Councillor. 'Herr Schiefer,' he said, 'will you kindly act as Burgomaster during the time that I am occupied with these other duties?'

All present applauded their noble-minded Burgomaster. Some, with tears in their eyes, tried to shake his resolution, but none, until he was actually turning away, offered to take his place.

Then Andreas Wolf stood forth. 'Herr Burgomaster,' he said, very quietly, 'I am, as you know, only a poor weaver, with no talent for anything except the throwing of the shuttle. For this reason I have hitherto kept silence, because I thought that some more worthy man should fill so honourable a post. As, however, no one else volunteers, and your loss would be irreparable, I now offer my poor services. My heart will be in the work at any rate, and I trust that the necessary skill will be given to me.'

There was a murmur of surprise and admiration.

'My dear good fellow,' said the Burgomaster, 'must I remind you that you have a wife and eight affectionate children, to whom your death would be a terrible blow? You might even infect them with the plague.'

But Wolf's determination was not to be shaken. So the Burgomaster, after promising that, should the brave weaver sacrifice his life, his widow and her children should be the care of the whole town, solemnly admitted Wolf to the post of overseer and guardian of the sick. Then Herr Adler and the Councillors shook him heartily by the hand, and thanked him in the name of all the inhabitants of Naumburg. The other burghers also crowded round the modest weaver, who had so suddenly become the hero of the place. Every one now extolled him as the noblest and most courageous of men, while Schelle was despised as a coward.

You will be glad to hear that Wolf did not die of the plague (which disappeared in the course of two months), but lived to distinguish himself again. When the much-talked-of Bohemians at length drew nigh, and Naumburg was in imminent danger, it was Andreas Wolf who suggested that a procession of children should go forth to implore mercy from the enemy. Dressed in white and barefoot, the little ones, with Wolf at their head, went out to the enemy's camp, and were successful in their mission.

Thus, for the second time, Wolf the weaver rendered a supreme service to his beloved town.

E. Dyke.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

VIII. — AUGUST.

AUGUST heat a silence brings;
Now no more the woodland rings,
Scarcely now we hear a song,
Though we listen all day long.

Still the ring-dove's gentle coo
May be heard the summer through,
From some pleasant woody glade
Where he finds a welcome shade.

Soothing sound we love to hear,
Can we stay and listen near?
No; a dash, and he is gone
From the fir-tree he was on.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 243.)

CHAPTER XV.

IT was somewhere about the middle of the term when Gerald and Danvers achieved real trouble. They were very firm allies by now, although constantly indulging in small squabbles. Each looked to the other for aid in the event of attempted oppression by any of the once mighty four. By their steady resistance and loyalty they had won the respect of Fitzgerald, Piggy Harris, and the other rebels. All of them, by the way, thoroughly enjoyed that rebellion. It lent an excitement to life. It was like living beside a not very dangerous volcano. None of the juniors could ever tell when Kirby, Page & Co. would make another furious attempt to reassert their shattered authority. Then would follow chases, scuffles, and that noise which is dear to the heart of a Lower School boy. The juniors would have been quite sorry to lose their former tyrants altogether. They liked to watch them frying their own sausages.

Perhaps Gerald and Danvers had settled down too comfortably and too soon to their new life. Certainly neither Billy, nor Vickers, their house-master, was exactly pleased with them. They had quite lost the industry which the average new guv'nor retains for his first term at least. They had been rather too well pleased with themselves, ever since they had had the luck to play once or twice for 'firsts.' Both had been late twice for chapel. In short, both Billy and Vickers were of opinion that they needed rather a sharp lesson.

And they got it. But as it happened Danvers suffered for what he considered to be pure kindness of heart and unselfish aid to a friend, and Gerald was punished for receiving help which he had neither asked for nor required. So were they conscious of a slight sense of injustice. But that was all in the luck of the game, and no doubt the punishment was none the less wholesome. This is how they received it.

Billy happened to be indisposed that day, and a master named Hague was taking his form. He was young and short-tempered, and he seemed to be ruffled and snappish from the very start of the lesson. No doubt the atmosphere of the Second Form-room was a little trying, thanks largely to the families of caged white mice, until you got hardened to it by use. Also, the form itself was not very promising material upon which to expend one's energies. So there was electricity in the air from the very beginning. The Second Form were conscious of it, like the tried experts they were, and prepared for squalls. They rather liked squalls, if they did not turn out unduly expensive. To the average Lower School boy the spectacle of a master frankly out of temper is always pleasing. Now Billy, the experienced Billy, never lost his temper, except in a cold restrained way that his pupils knew and dreaded.

Mr. Hague was less seasoned. The form were construing Latin, and, as usual, were doing it exceedingly badly. As boy after boy was put on, and gave the impression that he had scarcely glanced at his work during prep., Mr. Hague fumed more and more fiercely. He was not accustomed to the Second Form, he had little sympathy for the barbaric joy that the flipping of paper pellets and the upsetting of ink gave to their simple hearts. He inflicted impositions right and left with an unsparing hand. And finally he told Gerald to 'go on.'

Gerald rose to his feet more or less lightheartedly. He was grossly ignorant of the passage he was expected to construe, but he was untroubled by that fact. When you are hardened to impositions, when you have come to look upon them as part of the daily round, the prospect of one or two more can be faced with cheerfulness. He read out as much of the Latin as Mr. Hague would stand, and was then told sharply to begin construing at once. There was nothing for it but to trust to luck. Gerald began floundering and making wild shots, whilst Mr. Hague glared at him disgustedly. There was ink upon Gerald's fingers, and his collar was badly crumpled. The standard of personal neatness in the Second Form was never high. But Mr. Hague liked a boy to be neat. Danvers was sitting beside Gerald, and the latter had just awoke to the fact that his ally was writing something upon his blotter for his inspection, when he was startled by Mr. Hague's steely voice.

'What are you writing on your blotter, Danvers?'

Danvers was not naturally untruthful, but the sudden question flustered him, and he answered wildly on the spur of the moment: 'I was only just scribbling, sir!'

'Ah!' was Mr. Hague's comment. 'Bring up your blotter to me at once!' Danvers could only obey with nervous sheepishness. Mr. Hague glanced at the writing.

'Exactly as I thought!' he said. 'You were writing down the English of the words for Wilding to use! And when I ask you, you lie about it!' Danvers found nothing to say.

'Come up here, Wilding!' commanded Mr. Hague. Gerald came, to stand meekly beside Danvers.

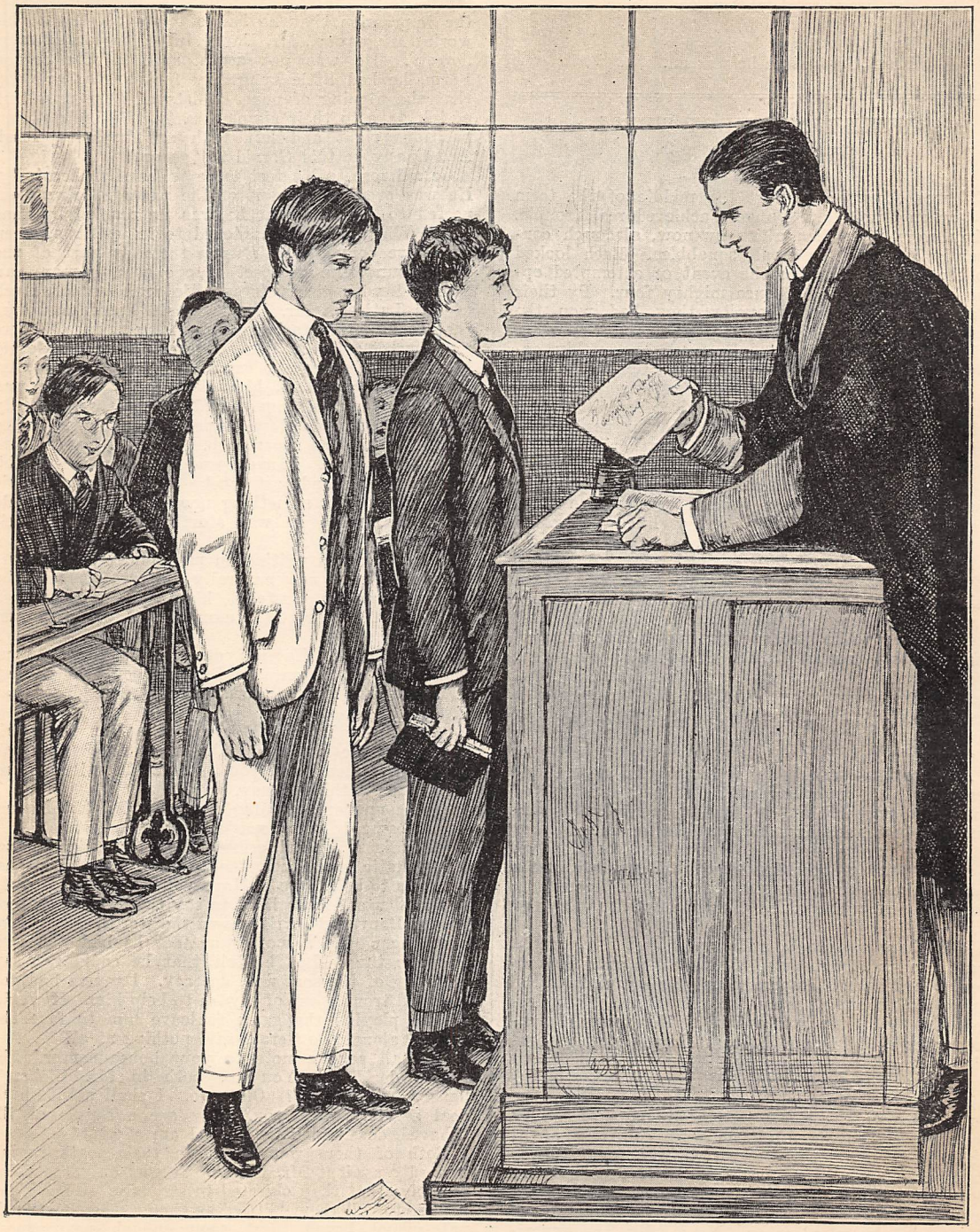
'This is organized cribbing!' fumed Mr. Hague. 'Systematic assistance, the sort of thing I loathe, that has to be stopped! Have you anything to say?'

Gerald would have liked to say that he had neither wished Danvers to write down the words, nor had he used them. As a matter of fact he had not seen them in time. But he felt that he could not say anything of the sort with decency. Danvers had got into bad trouble out of a wish to help him. It would not be playing the game to leave him to face the trouble alone. So Gerald said nothing at all.

'I shall send a note to your house-master,' Mr. Hague decided. 'You are both in Mr. Vickers's house, are you not? Quite so. I shall ask him to deal severely with you. You are a couple of ill-behaved, deceitful little boys, I am afraid!'

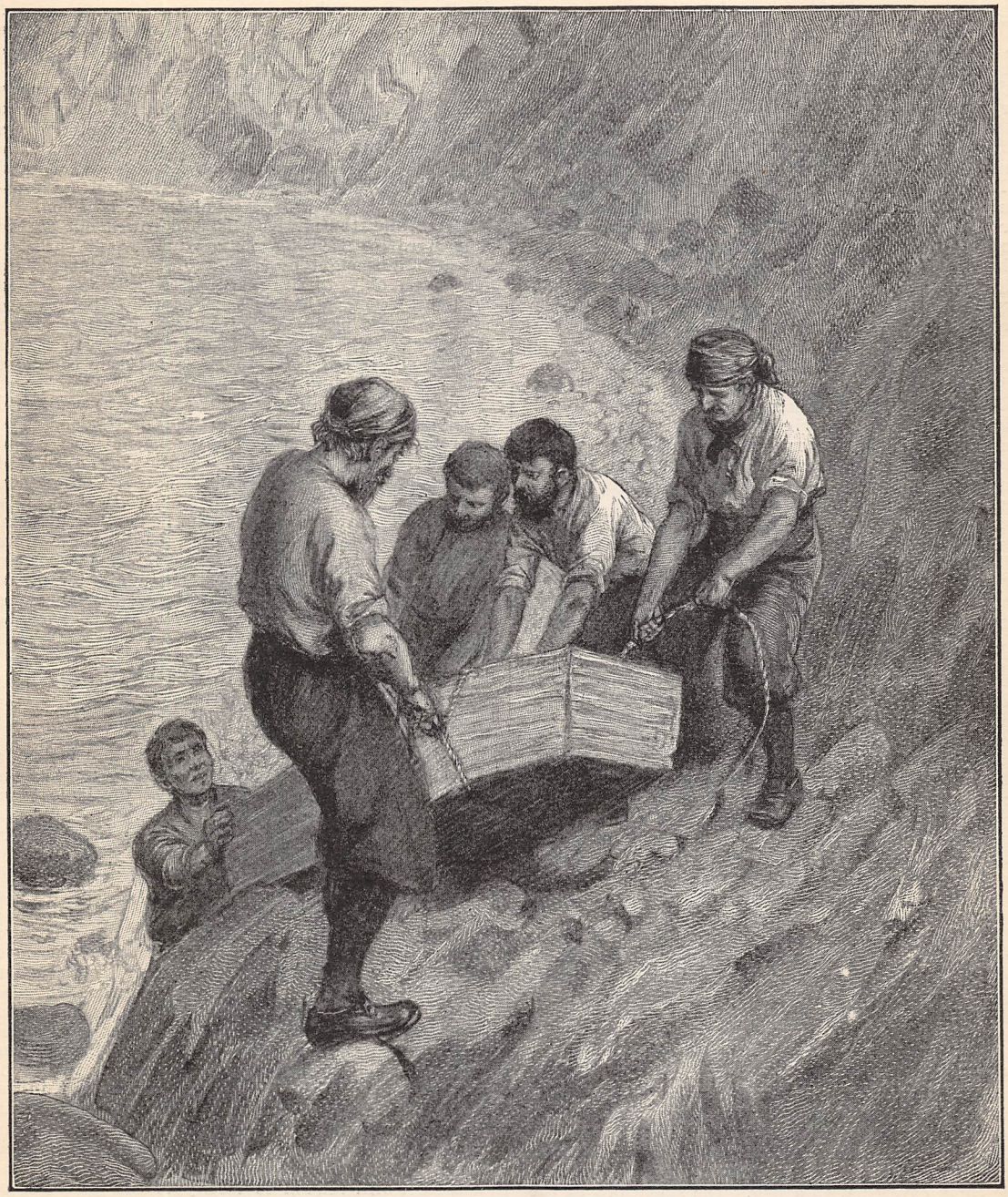
Both of them went back to their seats raging inwardly against Mr. Hague. It was only the third adjective that they objected to strongly. What right had he to call them 'little,' as though they were private-school boys? But soon enough nervousness took the place of their indignation. It was not pleasant to think of the coming interview with Vickers!

(Continued on page 263.)



"'This is organized cribbing! Have you anything to say?'"

IN TROUBLE



"They hoisted their burden to the summit of the rocks."

THE PIRATES OF SARK.

A True Story.

THE little island of Sark is distant from Guernsey about seven miles, and in summer-time, viewed from the hill on which St. Peter-Port is built, it has the appearance of a fairy isle, so lovely are its tints. But though Sark, seen from afar, is so wondrously fair, a nearer view shows frowning cliffs cleft into deep abysses, on which many a gallant ship has met her doom.

Naturally, such an almost inaccessible spot as Sark would be a splendid home and headquarters for pirates, and the inhabitants of the island, protected by the sharp, steep rocks, once made themselves the terror of the English Channel. Even without quitting their stronghold, they could easily, by displaying false lights and beacons, decoy rich merchant-ships into their power. So great was the damage to trade thus wrought, that at length the merchants of Rye and Winchelsea resolved to bring this state of things to an end.

Although these wreckers were very cruel and wicked men, who, maybe, 'deserved all they got,' we cannot admire the method employed to get rid of them. The plot was a clever one. One day, a single ship, having the appearance of a merchantman, boldly anchored before Sark, causing at first some alarm amongst the inhabitants of the island. Presently a white flag was run up, and a boat (also with a white flag) left the side of the vessel, manned by only a few sailors. Still, however, the pirates suspected possible treachery, and, fully armed, trooped down to the landing-place. The unarmed seamen, allowed to approach within earshot, then explained the object of their visit. One of their shipmates, they said, had died on the previous day. Their vessel being outward bound, they might be unable to touch at any other place where there was consecrated ground; therefore, they begged permission to bury the body in a little chapel on the island. The sailors gave their word that they would wear no weapons, and promised that if their request was granted they would make the pirates a handsome present of such commodities as they had on board. Their only object, they declared, was to ensure the repose of their comrade's body in holy ground; otherwise, they should have reluctantly to commit it to the sea.

Even the pirates had religious feelings, although, unfortunately, their religion did not govern their actions. The Sarkese, completely 'taken in,' willingly assented to the request of the seamen, who returned to their vessel rejoicing in the result of their errand.

On shipboard that night a large coffin was filled with swords, shields, and arquebuses, carefully packed, in order to prevent any rattling. Over these the coffin-lid was securely yet lightly fastened, in such a manner as to admit of its speedy removal. When morning came the boat again put forth, carrying this time a few more men than before, and the coffin covered with a flag. The suspicions of the pirates had partially revived, for each man was rigorously searched before leaving the boat. As, however, no weapons were found the Sarkese felt quite comfortable again, and obligingly offered to help in removing the coffin, to draw which up the rocks long ropes had been provided.

What an anxious moment that must have been for the invaders! Of course it would never do to let the pirates feel the immense weight of the coffin! The sailors invented some excuse for declining the offer; then, with extreme difficulty, they themselves hoisted their burden to the summit of the rocks.

Fortunately for these mock-mourners, the pirates had dispatched some of their number to the ship to fetch the promised reward. Those who remained in the island politely accompanied their visitors to the burying-place. This attention was undesired, and somewhat embarrassing; but, as we shall see presently, the seamen proved equal to the occasion.

Meanwhile, the pirates who had rowed out to the ship were experiencing a most unpleasant surprise. Without a thought of treachery they clambered up her sides, only to be seized, disarmed, and loaded with heavy manacles as soon as they touched the deck. Then a party of the seamen entered the boat, and rowed swiftly to the island, in order to render assistance (if required) to those of their comrades who were attending the 'funeral.'

But with them all was going well. The coffin had been carried at the head of the procession. The bearers went at a slow, steady pace until they had almost reached the chapel. Then they quickened their steps, entered the building, closed the door, hastily tore off the coffin-lid, and stood completely armed to receive the pirates who had followed them.

Altogether taken by surprise, the Sarkese were ruthlessly mown down, though a few made a vain attempt to defend themselves. In a quarter of an hour they were all slain or captured, and thus the Channel Islands were delivered from the pest of the pirates.

E. D.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

II. — THE GANGES.

IN the centre of Southern Asia is the peninsula called India, a land which must always have for English readers much interest, because it is now, for the most part, under British rule.

More than three hundred million people live in India, and it may well be supposed that amongst such vast numbers great diversities exist, and that different parts of so large a country vary a good deal in climate, productions, &c.

Of the original inhabitants there are not now many representatives left. More than a thousand years before Christ, the Aryans from Central Asia, a people who spoke the Sanskrit language, invaded India; and it is from their union with the natives of the land that the modern Indian races have come.

The Aryans brought their religion of Brahminism and their sacred books with them, and for two thousand years the faith of Brahma prevailed, but, in the year 1001 after Christ, the Mohammedans began their conquest of India, and, gaining more and more power, had a great deal of the land under their sway. Mosques, and other monuments of the Moslem rule, still remain to testify to the greatness of departed Moguls.

It was not until comparatively recent times that European Powers — British, French, Dutch, and Portuguese — began to make themselves felt in India.

The British East India Company, established first

for purposes of trade, spread until Britain dominated the land, and — after the terrible Indian Mutiny in 1857 — conquered it completely, and established the Government in the Province of Hindustan, with other states as subjects or tributaries.

If you look at the map of Asia, you will see that India is bounded on the north by the double ranges of the Himalaya Mountains, which separate it from China and Tibet. These mountains contain the highest peaks in the world: Mount Everest, the tallest, being twenty-nine thousand and two feet above sea-level; whilst others are scarcely lower. At such immense heights there are perpetual snows, and glaciers and ice-caves abound. It is from an ice-cave in the Himalayas that the river Ganges first issues forth.

Those of us who live in a temperate and rainy climate can hardly realise the intense value which dwellers in dry and arid lands set upon water. In desert plains a well, a fountain, or a stream, are in themselves objects of a feeling which amounts to veneration. But this is not all that the Hindu feels for the Ganges; to him 'Mother Ganga,' as he names the sacred river, is holy from its source to its mouth. To drink of its waters is bliss; to bathe in it, he believes, is to be cleansed from sin and healed of sickness; to die beside it, and be burned or buried on its banks, is to go to eternal happiness.

Remote, then, as the source of the river is, many pilgrims come from afar to visit the spot, and see for themselves where the blessed stream gushes forth.

On the southern slopes of the Himalayas now stand the health resorts of Simla and Darjiling (both situated on tributaries of the Ganges), to which, in the hot weather, the English who are compelled to live in India are thankful to retire, that they may breathe the cooler air brought by the mountain breezes. At the base of the mountains are lower summits known as the foot-hills; after these comes a belt of forest, and then a wide strip of rank and luxuriant grass-land, called the Terai.

The Terai is not healthy, but it teems with animal life. India is the land of wild animals: the tiger, the leopard, the cheetah, the elephant, and the rhinoceros are to be found there; deer and antelopes abound; monkeys are to be seen swinging from the branches of tall trees, or marching in groups along the roadsides. The waters swarm with alligators and crocodiles, and many aquatic snakes. Sand-serpents are numerous and venomous; the deadly cobra annually kills many natives. Bird-life, too, is ample and varied.

Much of this wild life then is in the Terai; and the Ganges, flowing through all, comes out into the broad plain beyond, and goes upon its winding way.

At Cawnpore (or Cawnpur), on its right bank, the Ganges is in the wet season nearly a mile wide. Cawnpore is a considerable city, with something like two hundred thousand inhabitants. It was the scene of a terrible massacre in the time of the Indian Mutiny, many English women and children being mercilessly put to death. A beautiful memorial monument now marks the spot where they perished.

The next place of note is Allahabad, which means the 'City of God.' It is a great place of pilgrimage, for here the Ganges is joined by another large river, the Jumna, and since that stream, too, is accounted holy, crowds of pilgrims come to the place where the junction occurs.

In the city are a famous mosque and temple, and on a long strip of sandy land by the river-side there is held annually a great fair, to which as many as two hundred and fifty thousand people come. Nothing can exceed the picturesqueness of such an Indian crowd. Brown-skinned natives in every variety of costume, some with very little clothing, others with turbans and flowing robes; women wearing their long, loose garments with inimitable grace, priests and fakirs, musicians, dancing-girls, and conjurors are to be seen on every hand.

Allahabad also possesses fine buildings which have been raised by the English Government. As the Jumna joins the Ganges, it may be mentioned that on the banks of the Jumna is situated the fine fortified city of Delhi, where the Durbars, or famous assemblies of Indian princes and rulers, are held. At King George the Fifth's State Durbar in December, 1911, it was proclaimed the Capital of India, instead of Calcutta.

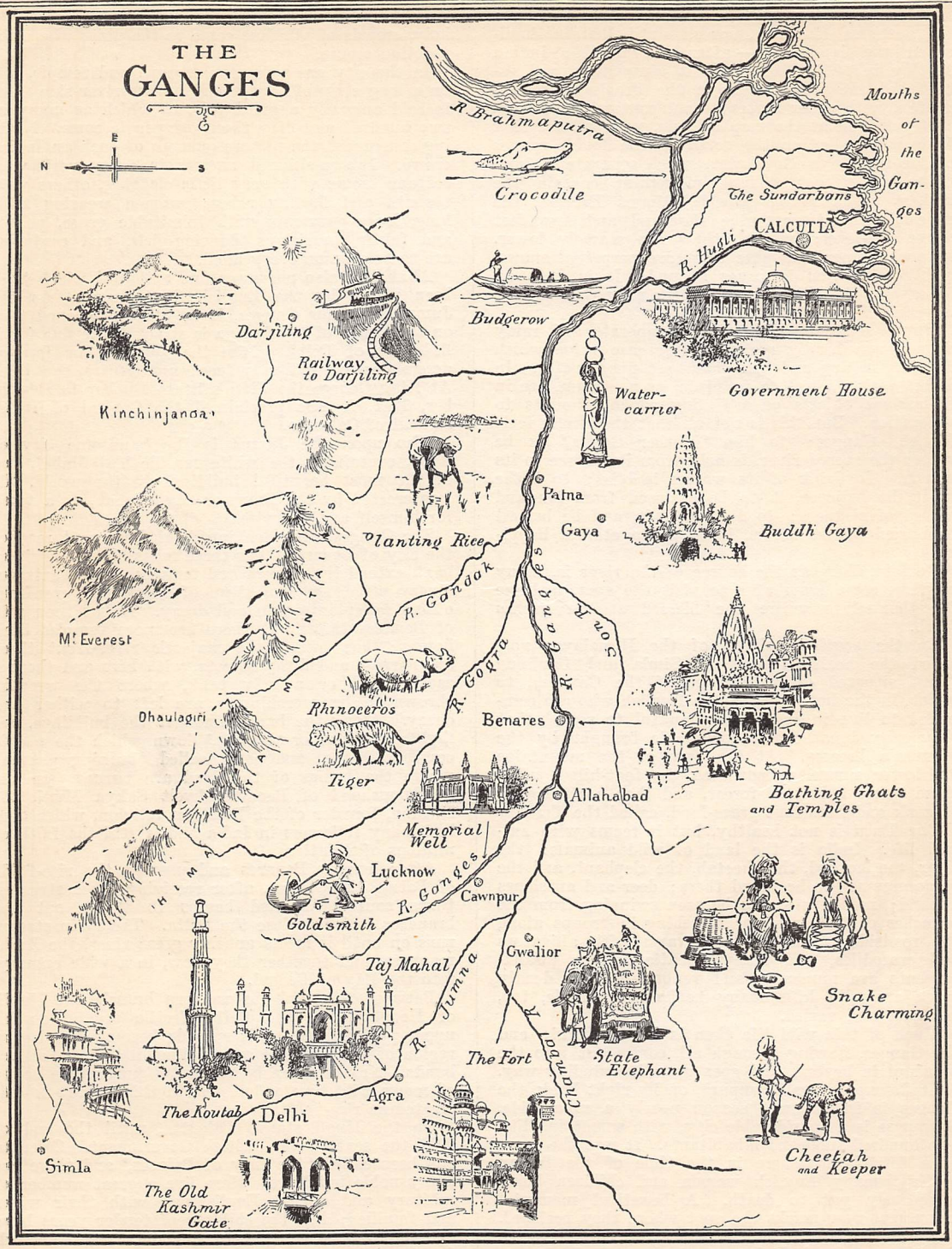
Also upon the Jumna is the handsome city of Agra, containing the white marble Taj Mahal, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. It was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan, as a tomb for himself and his wife.

The Ganges, after leaving Allahabad, next reaches the city of Benares. For three miles along the river-bank extend the palaces and temples of this extraordinary place, some of them of surpassing grandeur, others fallen into ruin and decay. It has been said of Benares that in it there are more temples than houses; but behind the majestic river-front there are narrow and filthy streets, with here and there a sacred well or a holy tank, where the wreaths thrown in by worshippers are left to wither and decay. Along the bank, amongst the buildings, are flights of steps or 'ghauts,' down which the people come to bathe, and some called 'burning ghauts,' where the bodies of the dead are burned. In the neighbourhood of Benares dwelt Sakya Muni, the Buddha, founder of the Buddhist religion, which once had many followers in India and is still the faith of millions of Asiatics.

After leaving Benares and passing the rice-fields of Patna, the Ganges, after receiving other streams, turns southwards and begins to throw out the branches which enclose the Delta. The main stream runs on until it meets another great river, the Brahmaputra, and together they flow, in a wide estuary, into the Bay of Bengal.

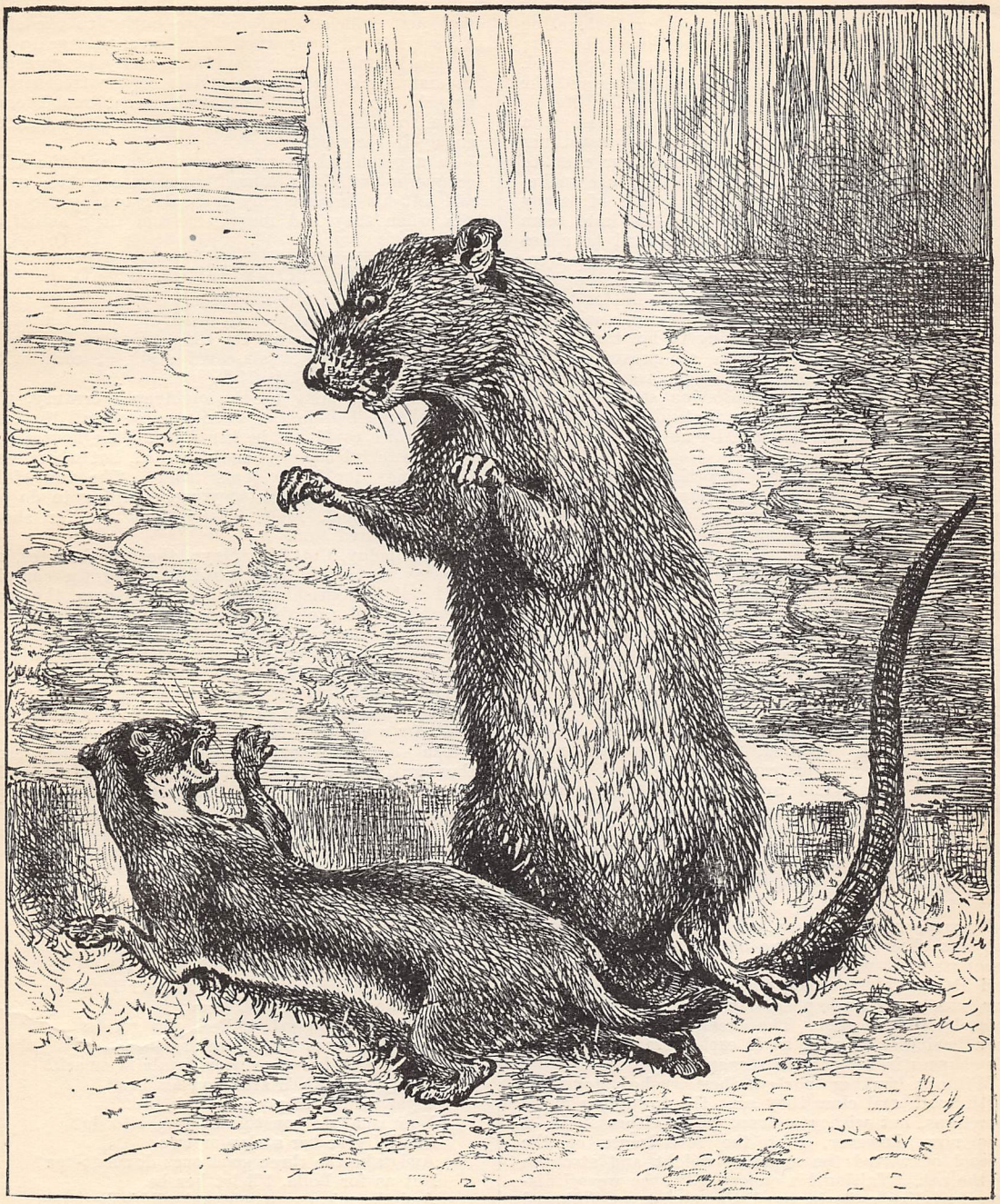
Between this and the western branch, the Hugli, or Hooghly, lies the Delta, fertile ground on its upper portion, but as it spreads becoming a dreary region of swamps and canals, known as the Sunderbunds. Next the sea is a mass of jungle, the haunt of many wild beasts, but within this a part is cultivated as rice-fields.

On the Hugli stands Calcutta, until the end of 1911 the seat of the British Government. Calcutta has been called 'the City of Palaces,' and there are many noble buildings. Here live a great number of military and official Englishmen with their wives and families; but the children of tender years have usually to be sent home to England to be educated, for the climate and surroundings are not suitable for the upbringing of the young. The Hugli and all the branches of the Ganges which cross the Delta



flow into the Bay of Bengal, and so, by many mouths, the mighty river reaches its rest at last and mingles itself with the ocean. For most of its course the Ganges flows from west to east, but for convenience of illustration the east is here placed at the top of our picture.

C. J. Blake.



"The enemies eyed each other."

A WEASEL'S STRATAGEM.

A True Anecdote.

SHAKESPEARE must have been in a complimentary mood when he spoke of 'the harmless, necessary cat,' for the cat's temper is often so uncertain that it has been embodied in a proverb. 'Touch not a cat but * a glove' is the motto of one of the proudest of the Highland clans.

But an angry wild-cat is nothing to a weasel on

* But = without.

the war-path. The cat and most other flesh-eating animals hunt and kill to satisfy their lawful hunger; the weasel's desire for blood can never be appeased. He is the sleepless tyrant of the hedgerows and the woods, killing for the pure joy of destroying life.

In his quest for prey he can, at will, assume a variety of shapes, and his movements are sometimes so peculiar as to rouse our admiration, or even to provoke our laughter. At one time they are snake-like; at another, he bounds along, a tuft of tawny fur, in graceful wave-like curves, or his limbs seem to lose the power of smooth motion, and he sidles along in a way that appears expressly meant to hypnotise his victim. Even the lordly eagle has been known to succumb to his wiles, and to flutter to the earth in a dazed state to soar aloft again with the murderous little creature clinging to his throat.

His ferocity and his vigilance are proverbial, but his foresight and powers of calculation are, perhaps, not so well known. The following story, vouched for by an eye-witness, shows that his capacity for attack and defence is assisted by an almost incredible cunning.

The scene is an ordinary Scottish farmhouse on the edge of a wood. Two labourers were working in a barn when their attention was caught by a series of shrill squeaks coming apparently from some small animal in distress. Dropping their work, the two men left the barn cautiously, and surprised a weasel and an enormous rat engaged in mortal combat. In spite, however, of the men's precautions, the fighters seemed instinctively to realise that they were being watched. At once, therefore, as if by mutual agreement, they stopped the fight, and retreated in opposite directions.

On the evening of the same day the weasel returned to the place alone. Opposite the barn-door lay a large heap of mud, scraped from the road. This the little creature carefully inspected, moving round and round, and appearing and disappearing in the most bewildering manner. When he had gone, the puzzled onlookers discovered that he had cut the neatest of tunnels right through the mud-heap. What could it all mean? Every kind of explanation was suggested. But the mystery was not to be solved that night.

Towards noon, however, on the following day, the rat was observed to arrive on the scene of his late encounter. It was evident from his grave behaviour and his careful movements that something very serious was going to happen. In a second or two the weasel also appeared. The enemies eyed each other in a businesslike way, as if each were weighing up his chances in the coming struggle.

Without further parley they rushed together. With tooth and claw they sent the fur flying in all directions, but without advantage to either side. It was now, however, that the intelligence of the weasel outwitted the superior weight and strength of the rat. Waiting his opportunity, the weasel disappeared like a flash round the mud-heap, followed eagerly by his enemy. Round and round they go in wild retreat and mad pursuit. In the midst of his flight the weasel shoots suddenly into the carefully-constructed tunnel to come out again in a second from the further end. The misguided rat follows, ignorant of the plan that had been laid for his destruction. With amazing ingenuity the tunnel narrowed gradually towards the exit, until its bore was just sufficient to give free outlet to the slim weasel, but all too narrow to allow a passage to his panting pursuer. The result can easily be guessed: the rat stuck fast in the middle of the treacherous tunnel; the weasel in a flash swept round once more to the entrance, and assailed his outwitted enemy in the rear.

In a second the tragedy was over, and the wily conqueror withdrew himself from the public gaze, and left his fallen enemy to be dug out by the rustics when they had recovered from their astonishment.

Q. S. S.

THE STORY OF A BELL.

IN the north of Germany there is a little old town in the church tower of which hangs a bell with a remarkable history. On the bell there is a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of corn, with the date, October 15th, 1729.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the only church bell in the town was so small that its feeble voice could not be heard in all the houses. A more powerful bell was badly needed, but where was the money for it to come from? The townsfolk were poor, and, though they were willing to do all that they could, their subscriptions fell far short of the required sum.

One Sunday, Gottfried Hayn, the schoolmaster, on his way to church, saw growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which had probably been dropped by a passing bird. The thought came to him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of procuring the desired bell.

So the schoolmaster watched that green stalk day by day until autumn came; then he plucked the six ripe ears and sowed the seeds in his own garden.

The following year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sold it. Soon he had not sufficient space in his garden. He then divided the corn among certain farmers in the neighbourhood. They went on planting it until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that, when it was sold, it fetched sufficient money to buy a beautiful bell.

BAD BELLA.

ONE, two, three, and Bella makes four —
All my dollies there on the floor!
Three have been good, but Bella's been bad,
Although she's the first that ever I had.
I came on tiptoe just to see
If they were good, while Nurse got tea,
But there was Bella pinching Jack,
And I saw her give poor Sambo a smack!
Teddy Bear she'd stood on his head,
Right on top of poor Jacky's bed.
Now what do you think I ought to do?
Shall I give her a slap or two,
And take the three good ones down to tea?
But as for Bella, I'll let her be,
And the mice can come and nibble her toes,
And the rats bite off her waxen nose.
I'm dreadfully sorry to leave her there
In her very best frock and curly hair;
But she's got to learn she must not tease
The younger babies when no one sees;
So come along, Teddy, and Sambo, and Jack,
And perhaps she'll be good when we come back.

A. C. White.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 255.)

THE rest of the form were not encouraging, when at last the lesson ended after many casualties. Every one seemed to take it for granted that Gerald and Danvers would be caned. And every one, however naturally kind-hearted, seemed to dwell upon the prospect with a certain fascination that quite ignored the feelings of the victims.

'Ah, you two kids are in for it this time!' Piggy Harris said. 'It'll be your first licking, won't it?'

'My first here,' Danvers answered stoutly. 'I was licked often enough at my first school.'

'Ah yes, on the hand, I suppose?' Piggy mused quite dreamily.

Danvers admitted regretfully that it had been on the hand.

'Ah, well, old Vickers won't cane you on the hands. The hand's nothing. I would let any one cane me on the hand as long as he pleased for fun. But don't worry, you two, all the same.'

'I'm not worrying!' both Gerald and Danvers hastened to say.

'Old Vickers isn't really much good at it, Piggy told them cheerily. 'He means well and he does his very best, but he hasn't the wrist or the eye. Now old Billy is really useful. He plays rackets just to keep his beastly wrist fit for caning. He gave me eight last term. And my word, they hurt!'

Both Gerald and Danvers were cheering up slightly at that, but Mason, who was in Vickers's house, joined in like the true Job's comforter he was.

'Old Vickers has come on a lot this term,' he said, gloomily. 'He's got a new cane, a much more bendy sort of thing.'

'I'd rather have four with a bendy cane than two with a really thick one,' the experienced Piggy retorted. 'Our house prefects have just started one as thick as your thumb! They tried it on me last week. And I'm not going to give them another chance in a hurry!'

'Vickers has started a new style too,' Mason went on unmoved. 'He canes sort of back-handed now, and it seems to suit his eye better. He may not have Billy's wrist, and he doesn't know how to get his weight really home, but he does get them all in in one place now.'

Piggy nodded judicially. 'It sounds as though he had come on a bit,' he admitted. 'Well, there was room for it, and it won't do these two kids any harm. He will do it after dinner, I expect. Be sure and make a decent strengthening meal, both of you!'

Gerald could not help shivering a little. He hoped no one saw it. But Piggy seemed to have quite a gift for horrid suggestiveness. Gerald hoped he was not a funk, but he did not expect to be able to eat much dinner. He vowed to himself that nothing should make him blub, and only trusted that he would be able to keep his vow.

'Any use in padding?' Danvers asked, with a slight swagger which Gerald admired and envied.

Piggy shook his head. 'Not in the least, with Vickers. He could tell by the sound at once. It only pays with a young, ignorant sort of ass of a master, like Hague.'

Piggy, at the moment, was slightly prejudiced against Mr. Hague. He had given him the lesson to write out, Latin and English, twice, and Piggy considered this excessive.

'Wilson tried padding with Vickers last week,' Mason said in his depressing voice. 'He did it quite well too, with damp blotting-paper, which is out and away the best thing, but Vickers twigged it at the first cut. He made poor old Wilson take it all out, and gave him two more than he would have done; he said so afterwards.'

'I've heard of copy-books ——' Danvers began.

'Yes, you hear a lot at private schools!' Piggy answered with a fine scorn. 'But don't try any of those silly tricks here, kid.'

At this point in the conversation Tom the porter entered the room. He came in search of Gerald and Danvers. Mr. Vickers wished to see them both in his room at once.

They prepared to go, amid a chorus of advice and encouragement. At the last moment Piggy cut a piece of indiarubber in two, and pressed the bits upon them.

'Hold that in your mouth and bite on it hard,' he advised kindly. 'It helps quite a lot.'

'Vickers will make you kneel down at a wooden chair,' Mason told them. 'I always believe myself in getting a firm grip on the bars with your hands.'

After that, Gerald was glad to get out into the quad. He could not have stood very much more advice or information. He had the feeling that listening to Mason and Piggy Harris discoursing upon caning was rather more painful than being actually caned.

'I'm sorry I got you into this,' Danvers said, as they went across the quad.

'Oh, it's all right,' Gerald answered, just a shade huskily. 'It was good of you to try and help. Only I wish Hague hadn't booked you, the beast!'

'Yes, I made a mess of it,' Danvers admitted gloomily. 'Well, it can't be helped. It'll be all the same in half an hour, I suppose.'

Gerald agreed, wishing inwardly that that half-hour was over.

'If he licks us, I bags first go!' Danvers said suddenly.

Gerald perceived the force of this. It would add horribly to one's anguish and suspense to watch the first chastisement.

'No, you don't!' he said. 'We'll toss for that!'

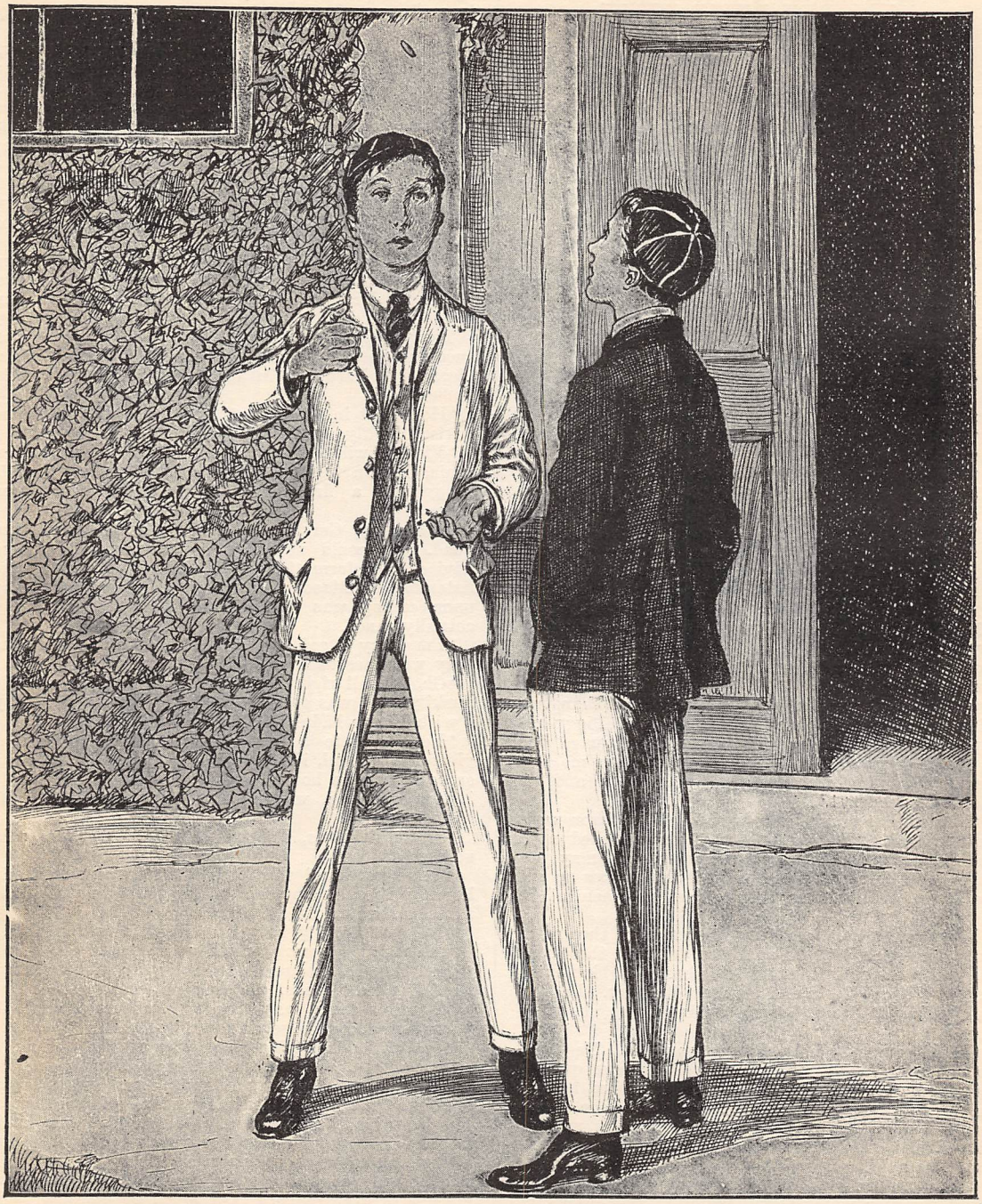
'All right,' Danvers agreed generously.

And they halted and tossed solemnly with a penny. Gerald called 'Heads,' and heads it was.

'I never have any luck!' Danvers grumbled. 'Come on and let's get it over!'

Mr. Vickers's sitting-room was at the end of a long passage. It always smelt pleasantly of tobacco smoke. The walls were lined with bookshelves. The queer leathery smell of the books blended with the fragrance of old pipes. The large window looked out upon the pavilion ground. Mr. Vickers was seated at his table. He was frowning and looked vexed and worried. None of Mr. Vickers's boys ever realised how much he disliked their getting into trouble. Gerald was only conscious of that frown. He suddenly felt uncomfortably empty inside. Danvers afterwards confided to him that he had felt the same curious sensation.

(Continued on page 270.)



"Gerald called 'Heads!'"

"'Go it, Jack!' shouted Tom."

JACK SPRAT.

ALL the Robinsons — Tom, Will, Jack, Ted, Chris, and Babs — lived with their father and mother in the last house in Sunnyview Terrace, Westcombe. The neighbours said they wondered that Mrs. Robinson did not go mad with all those boys chasing about, tearing their clothes, trampling the garden, wearing out the furniture, and enjoying themselves generally. But Mrs. Robinson was the very jolliest mother in the whole world: so long as the boys were strong and healthy, and did not quarrel or hurt anything weaker than themselves, she went on cooking, mending, and dusting, as though hard work were a picnic she thoroughly enjoyed. Father, too, was just as jolly in his own way; he simply loved cricket, football, swimming, snowballing, and decent things like that; in fact, after business hours, he was just like a big boy himself, and I honestly believe they all forgot sometimes that Mother and Father were grown up.

The four elder boys went to the Grammar School, and I am sorry to say they were not nearly as keen on work as they were on games. The one who loved work the least and play the most was Jack, known as The Sprat, because — well, because of Jack Sprat, of course, and because he was so thin and wiry and never still a single second — not even when he was asleep!

One hot day a lot of the boys were in the playground practising for the sports when Jack, who was leading in a flat race, began to slacken.

'Go it, Jack!' shouted Tom.

'Buck up, Sprat!' yelled the big boys, with whom Jack was a prime favourite.

Jack made one mighty effort to keep going — the next moment everything seemed to go round and round. The path rolled like the waves of the sea, he heard a queer buzzing in his ears, and when he opened his eyes he was on Babs's bed in Mother's dressing-room, and Mother was bathing his head with something lovely and cool; he felt giddy and sick and inclined to cry, a thing he hadn't done since he was a kid!

'He's all right now,' said Dr. Jones ('How did the doctor get there?' Jack wondered.) 'He must be kept quiet, and I will look in again in the morning.' Then he and Mother slipped out of the room and talked quietly on the landing whilst the Sprat fell asleep and woke up to have a cooling drink, which was all very queer, but rather pleasant on such a hot day. It was nice, too, the next morning, having breakfast in bed and lying snug and comfortable whilst the others trooped off to school; but by-and-by he began to get restless and wanted to get up, until just as he felt he couldn't stay in bed another minute, the doctor arrived. 'Hallo, young shaver,' said he, cheerfully; 'how are we this morning?'

'First class,' answered Jack. 'Can't I get up? I have been in bed an awful time!'

Dr. Jones laughed and began fumbling his ribs till Jack, who was very ticklish, began to laugh and roll till he nearly rolled out of bed. 'There's nothing to worry about,' said the doctor to Mother, who was looking a bit serious. 'A little overstrain, that's all: he can get up and sit in the garden, and go to school on Monday.'

'That's all right!' exclaimed the Sprat eagerly. 'You see I'm in for the flat race, and the high jump, and the obstacle, and the three-legged, and the costume swimming, and the ——'

'Hold hard, young man,' said the doctor. 'I want to talk to you a bit seriously. I know you boys are awfully keen on games; well, you have got to realise there are other things in the world besides sport. You're not a coward, are you, Jack?'

'No!' said the Sprat sturdily. 'Why, I can lick Will at boxing, and I can climb a tree Tom won't even tackle — but then he's too fat — makes him short in the wind, poor beggar!'

'I see,' said the doctor gravely. 'Well, you have got to be very brave over this and not worry your mother half out of her wits. The fact is, old chap, you must give up violent exercise of all sorts for a year.'

'A year!' gasped the Sprat. 'Why, I shall be quite old then — turned eleven, like Will!'

'Will is not suffering from senile decay yet,' remarked the doctor with a twinkle in his eye the Sprat could not understand. 'You must take things quietly, that's all. Good-bye, old chap. You are jolly fortunate not to have anything worse.'

Anything worse! Jack turned over on his face and stuffed the corner of the pillow into his mouth to keep himself from yelling! Worse! What could be worse than living without cricket, football, running, swimming, climbing —— Oh! it was awful! nothing in life but school, without games to make it glorious! He hated everything; the heat, and the doctor, and —— Bother take it all! he was crying, and only kids cried, so he wiped his eyes on the corner of the sheet, got up and dressed, and went downstairs, a very subdued little Jack Sprat indeed. The annoying part of the business was that nobody seemed very sorry for him! Mother and Father were so relieved to know he was not going to be ill that they seemed as if they wanted to shake hands with everybody; and when the others slipped in from school as quietly as they had gone to bed the night before, and found the invalid up and dressed and looking much the same as usual, their delight was so unbounded that Father marched them off on to the Heath till bedtime to keep the house quiet a few hours longer.

So, on Monday morning, Jack went back to school with a note to the head master explaining the situation; and if ever a small boy found school flat, dull, and unprofitable, it was Jack Sprat, at the bottom of Form II. He looked a miserable little figure, lounging about, watching the other boys at their games. Father got him some books, but he hated reading; and Mother bought him plasticine, but he gave it to Chris — he couldn't join in the rough games, and wouldn't play quiet ones.

So things went on miserably till Speech Day. None of the Robinsons were particularly interested in that, for they never won prizes, but they liked clapping the other chaps, and showing Mother and 'the kids' about, and having tea afterwards. But this time it suddenly dawned on the Sprat it must be precious flat for Mother, sitting there watching other chaps go on to the platform without a single Robinson amongst them! And then a brilliant idea flashed into his mind — all this year, while he couldn't go in for anything decent, why shouldn't he work a bit, just for a change, and give Mother a glorious surprise next Speech Day? What a lark

it would be! For once Mother's eyes should sparkle as other fellows' mothers did; there should be no quiver at the corner of her mouth next time; and Babs should carry the spoil, for no self-respecting Grammar School boy ever carried his own prizes about.

So the Sprat set to work. It was not easy, for his reading was awful, his spelling worse, whilst his writing looked as though a blackbeetle had fallen into an ink-well and had fits on the paper. But by taking plenty of time over his home-work, and giving up flicking paper pellets at hard-working boys during school hours, he gradually began to improve; then he became interested, and soon forgot he was a poor little chap forbidden by the doctor to take violent exercise.

At last Speech Day dawned again. Once more the hall was packed, again the head master read out the names of the prize-winners, and — as usual, no Robinson figured therein. Oh, the disappointment, when he had worked so hard and hoped so much! It was no good trying, nothing was any good!

And then he found that the distribution proper was over and Dr. Randall making a speech.

'At our annual meeting last year it was decided to give a watch and chain to the boy who should make the greatest progress in every subject during the year. This has been kept a secret, so that no boy should work especially for it. It has been won by a boy who, by steady work and industry, has raised himself from the bottom of his form to nearly the top, but who, through being so low down at the early part of the time, had no chance of winning an ordinary prize. I have great pleasure in handing the watch to Reginald John Montague Robinson.'

For a moment there was silence. Then it suddenly dawned on the boys that the small owner of the big name was little Jack Sprat! And, oh, the cheer that arose! and, oh, how queer Jack felt when he realised it was he who had won the watch, and was on the platform for the first time in his life! and, oh, to see Mother's eyes brighter than any others in the whole hall (though there was a bit of a quiver at the corner of her mouth too; but that didn't matter, did it?), and to see Father's face when the whole six met him at the station with the Sprat in the place of honour with his new possession firmly fixed on his jersey with two strong safety pins, and Babs on Tom's shoulders at the back, flourishing the velvet-lined case and big certificate. It was well worth the fag, and, best of all, Jack Sprat's quiet year was over, and he was strong and well, and had learned there are plenty of things in this world as interesting as games.

E. E. Sayers.

BERTIE AND THE BEAR.

FRITZ was a performing bear, and he and his master, Josef, were tramping up to London, in order to find a steamer that would take them down the Thames, and across to Germany. As the pair passed through the villages and country towns, Fritz's tricks put a few pence in his master's ragged pocket. The poor bear would pretend to have a headache or the toothache, and lie down and die at the word of command.

Seeing a little crowd collected, Bertie Ashford and his friend Alec Hume ran up too, and very soon Bertie, whose mother was a German lady, was chattering with Josef in the man's own language. Josef was delighted, for he could only speak broken English; while Alec listened admiringly. He could not understand a single word, and thought it was very clever of Bertie to be able to talk like that.

Josef told Bertie that the air of England did not agree with the bear. For some days he had been in a bad temper, but he would be quite well when they reached Hamburg.

'Too much damp here,' said Josef, 'always rain!' and he shrugged his thin shoulders.

That night, he told Bertie, they would sleep in a barn close by, and continue their tramp early the next day.

At the end of the performance he called out in German, 'Fritz, now thou art dead!'

With a surly grunt the bear swayed to and fro, then slowly lay down on the ground, rolled over, put his shaggy head between his paws, and stayed quite still until the word of command came: 'Up, Fritz!' Then he scrambled awkwardly to his feet again.

This trick pleased the children looking on, and Josef, hoping to gain more pennies, tried to make the bear do it again. But Fritz growled and refused to lie down a second time. His master raised the stick he carried, but the bear growled once more; his little eyes were red and angry, and he moved his head from side to side in an uneasy way. Josef saw that it would not be wise to try to force him to perform, and presently he led his charge away, Fritz shambling along sulkily. A few of the boys standing round followed the pair, among them a mischievous schoolfellow of Bertie's, who went by the nickname of Chip; his real name was Charles.

Bertie and Alec did not go with the others; they went for a run with their hoops, and Bertie stopped at his friend's house, a mile off, to see his rabbits. More than an hour passed before he set off home again, remembering that there were some sums to be done for the next day. He said good-bye to Alec at the gate, and ran off.

As the boy came to the village, it seemed to him that some disturbance was going forward. People were shouting to each other, and running this way and that. He saw Mrs. Jarvis, who kept a confectioner's shop, rush out, pick up little Betty Jarvis, and rush back, slamming her door. The grocer, Mr. Archer, who sang in the choir on Sundays, stood in the middle of the road waving his arms excitedly; then he, too, went in quickly. Something had happened; and, all at once, Bertie remembered the showman and his bear. Had Fritz got loose? Was that the meaning of the commotion?

Just as Bertie was thinking that he had better get out of the way himself, he saw his schoolmate, Chip, come running along as fast as he could go. His face was as white as a sheet, and no wonder, for after him, dragging a short length of broken chain, came Master Fritz. The bear looked in anything but a pleasant temper; as a matter of fact, Chip had very foolishly been teasing the poor animal, and now, with the angry Fritz pounding after him, he was as frightened as a boy could well be. He was too dazed, indeed, to make for shelter, and ran on blindly, breathless and panting; it looked as if, in another minute Fritz would be clawing him.

Mr. Archer, brandishing a stool, opened his door. "Hi, lad, this way!' he shouted.

Chip slackened his pace, but his pursuer was so close behind that he did not dare to leave the middle

"He was too dazed to make for shelter, and ran on blindly."

of the road. He looked round wildly, then ran on. But help was at hand, for at that moment Bertie, seeing his schoolfellow's peril, sprang forward, and bowled his hoop full tilt at the bear's shaggy hide. Then, backing himself towards a doorway, he called out in German, as sternly as he could, 'Halt, Fritz! Now thou art dead!'

The familiar command had some effect; the bear

stopped short, puzzled, and the pause, slight as it was, gave Chip just time enough to dart to the left. The grocer's long arm shot out, and pulled the boy into the shop; Bertie also slipped like an eel into a house, though he would have liked to get his hoop back again. Fritz looked round angrily for his prey, and at that moment quick footsteps were heard, and a voice shouting loudly in the language that the bear understood best, that is, German. Josef came running at full speed out of a side street, and caught hold of the piece of broken chain; for an instant the animal seemed inclined to show fight, but a few stern words from his master soon made him submit. Then the latter began to talk to him gently, and pulled a hunch of bread out of his pocket and a banana, both of which Fritz ate greedily. After this the bear, calmed down, allowed Josef to lead him away; while Bertie came out and picked up his hoop.

'That's a brave lad, that schoolmate of yours,' Mr. Archer said approvingly to Chip. Then he added, 'Who'd ha' thought 'twas so useful to know furrin' languages?' S. E. Braine.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

VII. — CAULIFLOWER.

WE have finished what we called the bud-vegetables, and now we come to one of the most wonderful vegetables, and yet the least thought about or understood. I refer to the Cauliflower. People talk about them, order them, even, in some cases, grow them and eat them, and never dream what they are really eating. I believe it was this vegetable which made me think of writing this series of articles. I happened to say to a friend one day, 'What a queer idea it is when we realise that in eating cauliflower we are really eating bunches of flowers!'

Fig. 1. Cauliflower seedling.

Fig. 2. Full-grown cauliflower

Fig. 3.—Cauliflower with leaves cut.

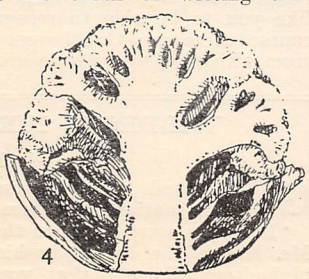


Fig. 4.—Section of cauliflower, showing branches.

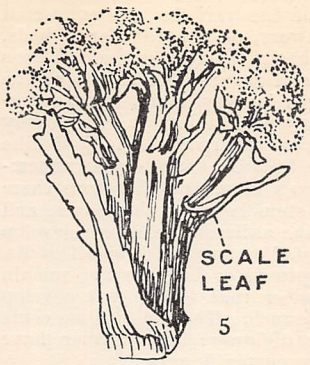


Fig. 5. A large cauliflower branch.

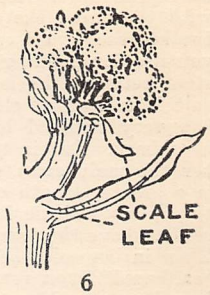


Fig. 6. Smaller branch.

My friend laughed at me and evidently thought I had gone a little mad; she said, 'What are you talking about! A cauliflower is a vegetable and not a flower!'

Fig. 7. still smaller branch.

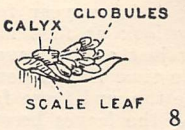


Fig. 8.—The "flower" on the smallest branch.

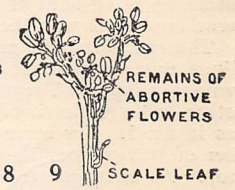


Fig. 9.—An old branch with its flowers.

'Well,' said I, 'why do you think it is called cauliflower if there is no flower about it?'

This remark rather startled her. The fact was, like many other people, she had never thought about it at all; she had just called it cauliflower, and eaten it when it came to the table, and never dreamed that a cauliflower was a great cluster of flowers.

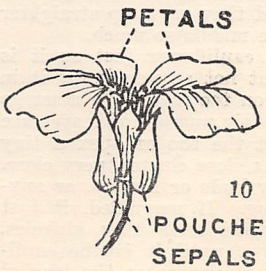


Fig. 10.—A full-grown flower.

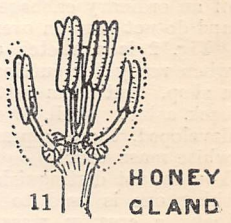


Fig. 11.—Skeleton of flower-stamens.

Now let us get to work on the life-history of the cauliflower. It is a member of the Brassica family (cabbage family), a very large and varied collection of plants. It has heaps of relations in all parts of the world, and many of them are vegetables, viz., cabbage, savoy, brussels sprouts, borecole and broc-

coli. The differences of the varieties are connected with the stem, the flowers, or the 'axillary' buds. In the case of all cabbages (including the red ones you use for pickling) and savoys, the length of the stem between the leaves is very short, and the result is a head of closely-packed leaves. The savoy has very crinkled leaves, otherwise it is just like a cabbage. But in the brussels sprouts you remember the main stem grows long, and therefore there is a greater length of stem between the leaves, and the buds which lie in the axils of the leaves develop and we have the 'sprouts' or number of small heads. Then in borecole the sprouts or buds do not remain 'cabbaged' (you remember that term), but develop long leaves, and even branch. Then lastly, we come to the broccoli and cauliflower: the former have loose heads of generally purple flowers.

Now to continue our life-history. The cauliflower was known to the Romans, and came to England from the Island of Cyprus, about 1553. At one time the family was called Colewort, and our cauliflower was known as 'coli-florie.' An old Roman herbalist remarked about it: 'Of all kinds of coleworts, the sweetest and pleasantest to the taste is the coliflorie, although of no value in medicine and unwholesome, as being hard of digestion.' This is all just as true now as it was then.

The cauliflower is grown from seed and the seedlings are planted out twice a year for spring and winter supply. They look at first much like any other cabbage, having just a few leaves and a root as in fig. 1. For some time it just develops a number of leaves from the top, and these fairly hide the top. As time goes on the leaves become large and very thick, or succulent, as it is termed — that is, not woody, but very juicy. As the plant grows these leaves are developed more and more closely together, and if you walked through a field of cauliflowers, unless you went and put back the leaves from the top and looked inside, you would be likely to think they were just ordinary cabbages, whose outer leaves had not been removed. But I think I am right when I say that the outer leaves of a cauliflower are longer than, and not so round as, those of an ordinary cabbage, and they grow up straighter and do not turn in over the middle so much.

Fig. 2 is a sketch of a cauliflower just as it is when ready for cutting, but not as you know it in a shop. But I am getting on too fast. We must go back a bit! Well, after a fair number of leaves are developed, there appears at the top or apex a tiny white mass which becomes a close cluster, very close. You cannot distinguish any buds or flowers, or anything one is used to seeing. If magnified, it just looks a creamy mass covered with tiny globules. This mass grows and grows until it is the cauliflower fully grown. When it arrives at the market all the outer leaves are cut away (not until then, because those outer leaves protect the 'flower' and act as 'packing') and you see it as in fig. 3.

Now I have before me as I write that cauliflower you see in fig. 3. I have cut it right in half downwards, right across the 'flower' and through the stem, and I get a view as in fig. 4. You can see that this head is composed of an elaborate system of branching, and that there are leaves as well as 'flowers,' in fact the clusters of flowers are all carried in the axils of leaves. The leaves are all much smaller than the ordinary ones and are quite cream-coloured, like the flowers (you notice they have been 'blanched' by the leaves keeping off the light).

Now I have taken one half of the cauliflower to pieces and this is what I find. First of all a number of thick branches, each with a leaf at its base — I draw one in fig. 5. This branch is really two and a half inches high, and that leaf you see is one and three-quarter inches long. Now in this drawing you can distinctly make out that this branch is composed of smaller ones just like it, four branches in fact (one you cannot see because it is at the back). Fig. 6 shows one of them, one and a quarter inches high. Next I took one of these little branches to pieces, and I found that each of these was composed of even smaller branches, as in fig. 7. As this little fellow is only about half an inch high, I had to get out my magnifying glass, for I could not distinguish anything more without it. With my glass I found I could again cut off 'branches,' and finally I found I had just a tiny scale leaf about one-eighth of an inch long and lying in it a curious-looking mass which is the 'flower.'

Now in fig. 8 you see (only many times larger than it really is) the single 'flower' in its scale leaf. You will, I am sure, think it a queer flower, and so it is, because it is what is called 'abortive.' This is a strange word to you; it means 'imperfectly formed,' and that is just what is the matter. You can distinguish a kind of calyx, and attached to it are a number of pear-shaped globules — and that is all. Yet it isn't all exactly, because later in its life some proper flowers develop; but that is its state when eaten.

I also have before me a very old cauliflower; it has spread out and become most untidy-looking, for the head is not close now, but very loose and a greeny-yellow colour. The branches have become green and thin, and the majority of the abortive flowers have decayed. I give you now a sketch of a branch as it now is, and you see that proper flowers are in bud (fig. 9). These would, if I had left it a little longer (but I could not wait) have opened out into ordinary flowers like most of the Cruciferae family. The shape is just the same as that of the wallflower. You can always recognise this family by its two outer sepals, which bulge out and down to contain two extra stamens. Here is a side view of a flower (fig. 10) and here is a diagram of stamens (fig. 11) showing the reason for the bulging sepals; the dotted line shows where the pouched sepals would come. You observe that two stamens stand out on cushions, which are honey-glands. I add this bit about the flower because, as I said before, this is such a large family that I should like you to be able to recognise its members. Of course these are the flowers which form the seed from which the new plants grow.

Ethel M. Barlow.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 263.)

GERALD and Danvers closed the door, and Mr. Vickers motioned to them to stand before him.

'I'm very sorry to hear this report of you from Mr. Hague,' he began, in his jerky, nervous way. 'I had not thought that you were deceitful boys. You, Danvers, told a lie to Mr. Hague, I understand?' He looked honestly grieved.

Danvers answered confusedly, 'I know I did, sir, but I didn't mean to, really! It — it kind of slipped out! I didn't mean to tell a lie.'

Mr. Vickers's face cleared slightly. 'I'm glad to hear it. But you'll have to guard against that kind of slip. However, unless you give me future cause, I shall believe that you did not intend to tell a falsehood. But you were undoubtedly giving Wilding secret and illegal information as to his work.

Danvers felt somehow that this was an overstatement, but he did not answer.

'And you, Wilding, were accepting it?'

Gerald was silent too.

Mr. Vickers twisted a piece of paper in his fingers. 'I have been rather disappointed in you both lately. You started well, but have failed to keep it up. Both of you are slack and idle and untidy. Look at your record for Chapel! I have seen you both run in in the morning with unbrushed hair and your jackets half on!'

Gerald felt a dreadful inclination to laugh at this point. Old Vickers did take lateness for Chapel so seriously!

'That sort of thing won't do! And now there comes this annoying affair! You'll have to be pulled up. Mr. Williams has spoken to me about you. He likes you both, but he too thinks that you need pulling up. I am going to do it!'

He paused impressively. 'I shall whip you both, now!'

(Old Vickers always said 'whip' instead of 'cane.' Gerald had often heard men imitating the way he said it. But it did not sound very funny now.)

Mr. Vickers rose from the table. He cleared a space in the room, and set out a wooden chair invitingly. Then he produced a slim, yellow cane from some receptacle, and Gerald stepped forward.

'Kneel down at that chair!' Mr. Vickers commanded.

Gerald obeyed, slipping in his piece of india-rubber. . . .

The rest need not be told in detail. They found themselves in the open air in a marvellously short time, tingling, but hugely relieved that all was over. It was something to feel that neither had disgraced himself.

'Four apiece,' Danvers commented. 'I think Vickers let us off lightly, myself!'

'So do I,' Gerald agreed, but he had an inward feeling that he could not have stood very much more with dignity. If Vickers was really not much use with the cane, then Gerald did not wish in the least to suffer at the hands of genuinely skilful artists!

'Did you use your indiarubber?' Danvers asked.

'Rather! And I was glad of it!'

'I bit clean through mine!' Danvers remarked.

They made for the Second-Form room, where a keen-eyed and curious audience was awaiting their return. Both of them, for some strange reason, swaggered slightly as they walked.

CHAPTER XVI.

That caning did both Gerald and Danvers a great deal of good. Neither of them became a really industrious or model boy in consequence, but each of them did a little more work after that event. And this was not by any means altogether due to a fear of repeated chastisement. They liked Vickers and Billy, and it was not pleasant to be in their black books. Somehow Vickers, in particular, could make the average decent boy feel that it was not quite playing the game to disappoint him; which is a most useful gift for a house master to possess.

About this time Gerald's father and mother came down to see him. They gave Gerald a most mighty lunch at the 'Dunbury Arms,' where Mr. Wilding had lunched with his own father years before, and they listened whilst Gerald talked and ate. On the whole they were fairly well satisfied with what they saw and heard. Gerald obviously was enjoying himself at Dunbury. He was almost too great a hero-worshipper (the name of Berthold was seldom off his lips), but a boy might have worse gifts. Mrs. Wilding was rather shocked to hear of the caning, but Gerald's father, having heard the circumstances of the affair, did not take the matter very seriously. He even said privately to Mrs. Wilding that one or two canings were inevitable. It was rather horrid saying good-bye when the visit ended. But the Christmas holidays were approaching steadily, and — it was pleasant to have money in one's pocket again, for a very little while. Most of the Second Form, Gerald among them, had exhausted their funds in the first week of term. Now they all benefited by the visit of Gerald's father.

One afternoon, a week later, Gerald, opening the door of the form-room rather hurriedly, had the feeling that he had walked into a waterspout. Something heavy had fallen fairly upon his head, and, bursting, had deluged him with water. A roar of laughter informed him that no accident had happened. He was merely the victim of a very favourite joke invented by Kirby. A strong paper bag was carefully filled with water and poised with some skill upon the top of the narrowly opened door. The victim, entering without thought, did the rest. The spectacle of his discomfiture never failed to fill Kirby with the joy of the successful artist.

It is possible that if Kirby had been unsupported or just a shade less lumpy in build he would have been assaulted upon this occasion. To be suddenly drenched with water, to have water in your eyes and mouth and running down your neck, is trying to the temper. Gerald, sputtering and feeling like a half-drowned rat, clenched his fists furiously and longed for battle. But — Kirby was about two stone heavier than he, and was backed in his laughter by Dickyns and Page and Smith. All four of them were simply delighted by the success of the jape.

'Good business!' Kirby roared. 'Never saw anything neater in my life! It caught the kid fair and square!'

'Let's do it again!' Smith suggested brightly.

'Righto. What about another bag?'

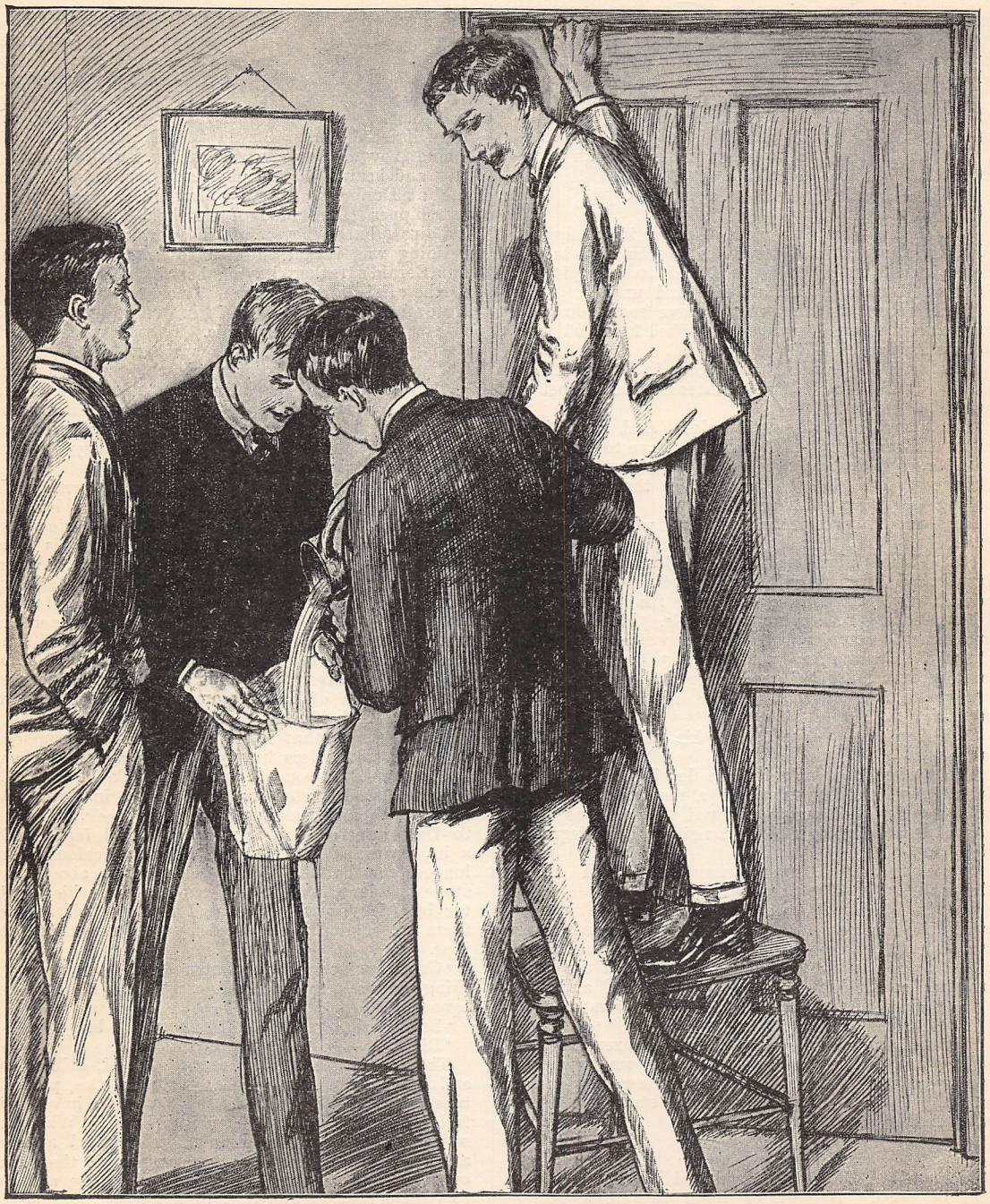
The trap was set once more. Gerald, still angry and moistly uncomfortable, watched the proceedings, longing for vengeance. He was to have it in full measure, beyond his wildest hopes. When for some five minutes the practical jokers had awaited a victim, a sudden step was heard upon the stairs outside. And it froze the blood of Kirby and Co. to realise that it was that of a master, judging by its weight!

'A beak!' Kirby hissed.

'He mustn't come in!' Smith groaned.

'Perhaps he's going by!' Dickyns whispered.

(Continued on page 274.)



"The trap was set once more."

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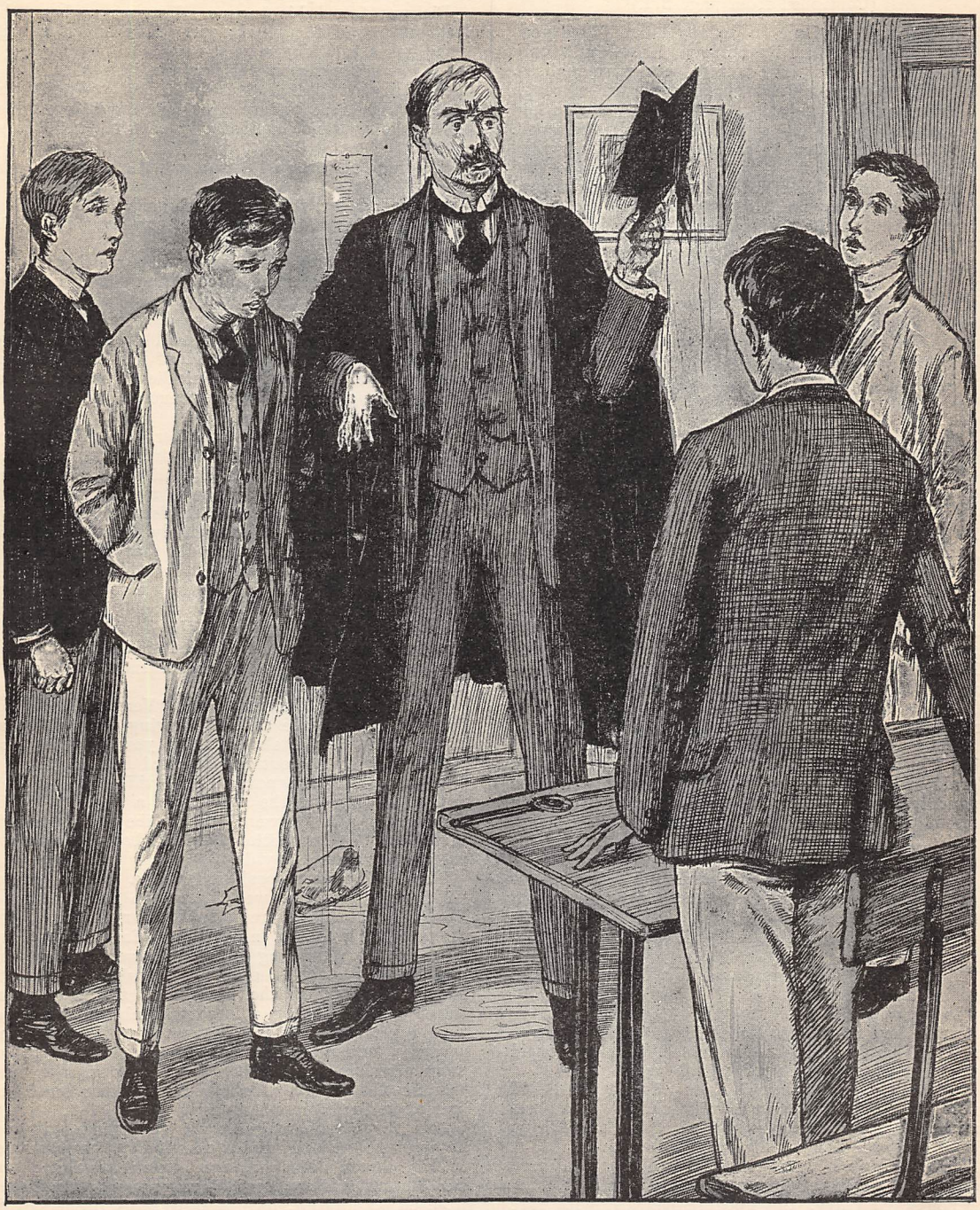


"'Who has done this?'"

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 271.)

THERE was no time to do anything. The great four felt numbed by horror. They could only sit and glare. And their worst fears were realised. The steps came straight on, they heard a cough which they all recognised, and then a hand was laid upon the door. That seemed to break the spell. Kirby and the other three bounded to their feet, calling out words of warning. They were too late to prevent the catastrophe. The door was opened briskly, the bulky bag of water seemed to quiver for a moment in the air, and then it descended with a thud full upon the mortar-board of Mr. Bryant!

It is safe to say that the Poodle had never been more taken aback in his life. Perhaps he had never been angrier, when he had recovered his wits from the first shock and took in the nature of the outrage. The bag had done its fell work only too well! Mr. Bryant's gown was soaked with water. For what seemed five minutes he could only stammer with rage. No one else spoke. Then clear speech came to him.

'Who has done this?' he shouted. He had assumed, as was his way, that this was a deliberate insult planned with care and cunning against himself alone. He was not in a condition to remember that the plotters could have had no reason to expect him in the Second Form-room. He had come in vague search of Mr. Williams.

No one answered the question. The great four looked and felt sheepish, although consumed inwardly with a terrible desire for laughter. Kirby, the chief offender, tried to achieve a look of almost heartbroken anguish, but only succeeded in giving Mr. Bryant the impression that this boy was trying to be clownishly impertinent. So are one's best efforts wasted. But then Kirby, with years of training, could never have won fame as an actor.

'Answer me!' roared the Poodle, glaring round him like a dripping wet lion in cap and gown. Gerald, who was enjoying life exceedingly at the moment, was the only other member of the form present beside the redoubtable four. Mr. Bryant, despite his excitement, noted the condition of his clothes.

'You are wet too!' he exclaimed. 'This disgusting, this loathsome trick has been played upon you also! Is it not so?'

Gerald was silent. Naturally, it was not for him to turn informer.

'Answer me, boy!' repeated Mr. Bryant, almost dancing with rage.

'Is it not so?'

Gerald had to answer something. 'Some water — er — fell on me, sir,' he mumbled, looking stupid purposely, as only a Lower School boy can.

'Of course, of course!' cried Mr. Bryant. 'I knew it. Why prevaricate, silly child? There remain four others, Dickyns, Smith, Page, and Kirby. Those are your names, I believe?'

The great four signified rather sullenly that this was so.

'You are all dry,' the Poodle remarked with rare shrewdness, examining their persons with a wrathful eye. 'I shall assume you are all guilty, unless you have anything to say.'

No one answered.

'It remains only to assess your punishment,' said Mr. Bryant with just a trace of gusto.

Dickyns found his tongue. He was perhaps the least stupid of the great four. This is not a high compliment to Dickyns.

'We didn't mean to wet you, sir!' he said.

Mr. Bryant stared incredulously. 'What?' he cried. 'Am I to believe that this disgusting practical joke was not deliberately aimed against myself?'

The four all began to protest with fervent eagerness.

'It wasn't, sir, really!' Smith said.

'We had no notion you were coming, sir!' Dickyns cried.

'We wanted to warn you when we heard you cough!' Page almost shouted. And Kirby said pathetically, 'We're most awfully sorry, sir!'

Their earnestness partially, only partially, convinced Mr. Bryant. He was still extremely angry, and he was unable to get rid of the idea that he had been the victim of a studied insult, but he decided to accept their assurances. That course seemed kinder to his dignity.

'That rather alters the matter,' he said fussily. 'If I can believe that it was indeed an accident, as far as I was concerned, I shall not send you all up to the Head Master, as was my first intention. I shall treat the affair as a foolish practical joke.'

The four cheered up immensely. They fell over each other to assure the Poodle that indeed it had been an accident. It seemed that they were to get off very lightly indeed. They began to be glad that the thing had happened. It would be a ripping yarn to tell every one, and the description of the dripping, gasping Poodle would lose nothing at their hands. They spoke with great fluency to their victim.

Mr. Bryant cut them short. 'Very well, I shall take your word,' he said. 'Viewing the matter as a practical joke, I shall punish you myself. You will each write me out five hundred lines.'

The great four gasped. This — this was not their notion of treating the matter as a practical joke! Five hundred lines were almost the extreme limit in the way of impositions. Many boys would have preferred a caning any day.

The Poodle was speaking with a biting tongue. 'You four boys are well known to me by repute. You are not a great credit to Dunbury. Big as you are, you stick solidly in the lowest form, with every prospect of remaining there. However, mere ingrained stupidity is scarcely punishable. But it is another matter when you dare to make yourselves conspicuous by this sort of abominable practical joke! Then it is a duty to punish you more severely, perhaps, than one would punish boys of more promising material. I shall keep an eye upon you for the future. Remember, the lines are to be handed in to me to-morrow!'

And the Poodle retired with the honours of war, having spoken and acted effectively at least once in his career. Masters are human after all, and Mr. Bryant, although he would not have admitted it, even to himself, had been perhaps prejudiced in his handling of the affair by the strong suspicion that in the past faint cries of 'Poodle!' sent after him in the darkness of the quad might have been traced to Smith and Co.! He left the great four

writhing. Some of his words had pierced even their hides. So sourly dangerous did they look, indeed, that Gerald judged it wise to slip unostentatiously from the room. It was not as though Piggy Harris and his allies were there in force.

He had a sense of superiority as he went away, but that very afternoon he was to be badly humbled himself. Which was an excellent thing for him. And indeed the first term of most boys at a public school is a wholesome corrective of vanity.

(Continued on page 286.)

TOO MANY COOKS.

THE rain beat pitilessly against the nursery window, and the three faces pressed against the leaded panes became very dismal as they watched anxiously for a break in the clouds that gathered thick and grey on all sides.

'It's hopeless!' exclaimed Tony at last as he scrambled down from the high window-seat on which he and his sisters had perched themselves. 'It won't stop raining to-day, so it's no good looking out. Let's play with my engine.'

'I wanted to play in the garden so much,' grumbled Rosalie; 'I'm tired of your engine, Tony, and ——'

'I know,' interrupted Barbara, the eldest of the three, as she took a flying leap from the window-ledge on to the floor. 'Let's ask Nurse if we may do some cooking on my stove, and then we will have a surprise dinner for Mother.'

Rosalie clapped her hands excitedly. 'Oh, yes! What a splendid idea!' she cried. 'And you'll let me make the soup, won't you, Barbara, because Cook showed me how to do it last time.'

'Bags I make the pudding!' shouted Tony; 'and you shall have the best jam-tart that you've ever eaten — with simply tons of jam, not the little scrappy bit Cook puts on.'

'I think I shall make a cottage-pie, if Cook will let me,' said Barbara thoughtfully; 'only I shall have to get her to show me how to do it. Let's go and find Nurse, and see what she says.'

Nurse was only too glad to settle her charges at anything that would keep them happily employed on such a wet afternoon, and readily agreed to the plan. Ten minutes later the kindly, smiling-faced cook was giving help and provisions to the three, and settling them to their work.

Rosalie and Tony, it was arranged, should do their cooking on Barbara's stove in the schoolroom, and they looked very important as they staggered off together laden with pots and pans and mysterious-looking packages.

Barbara was left in the kitchen, and when Cook had shown her how to make the pie she had set her heart on, she good-naturedly left her to do it entirely by herself.

It was a most exciting afternoon, and, when tea-time came, the three cooks, with scorched faces and shining eyes, were full of their triumphs and adventures.

Tony announced that he had made fifteen tartlets, which he was going to fill with jam after tea; and Rosalie was overflowing with pride over her chicken broth, which it was decided should appear first at dinner that night. Barbara's pie had been a great success, and she was very proud of a dish of rissoles which she had made as a further surprise. Tea was quickly over, and the two girls enveloped themselves once more in large aprons, and eagerly returned to finish their labours.

Tony had disappeared in pursuit of the jam-jar, and Rosalie was anxiously stirring her pot of broth over the stove some minutes later, when she heard a loud tapping on the glass of the French window that opened from the schoolroom on to a gravel path at the side of the house. She looked up quickly, and saw that the curtains were not drawn, so that she could easily be seen by any one in the dusk outside. She hastened to the window, and, opening it, saw two ragged children, a boy and a girl, standing on the threshold.

The boy pointed with hungry eyes at the soup steaming on the stove. 'Give us some, please, Missy,' he begged; 'we are starving.'

Rosalie looked from his pinched, white, little face to the wan, tear-stained one of the girl beside him; and she did not hesitate for a moment. Snatching her sauce-pan from the stove she poured the soup into a large basin, and gave it into the hands of the boy at the window. Tears of gratitude shone in his eyes as he took the steaming, fragrant bowl from her; but she had hardly time to listen to his murmured thanks, as she heard Barbara and Tony calling her in the distance. Hastily shutting the window she fled to the kitchen. She found her brother and sister on their hands and knees on the floor, and an overturned frying-pan near by explained what had happened.

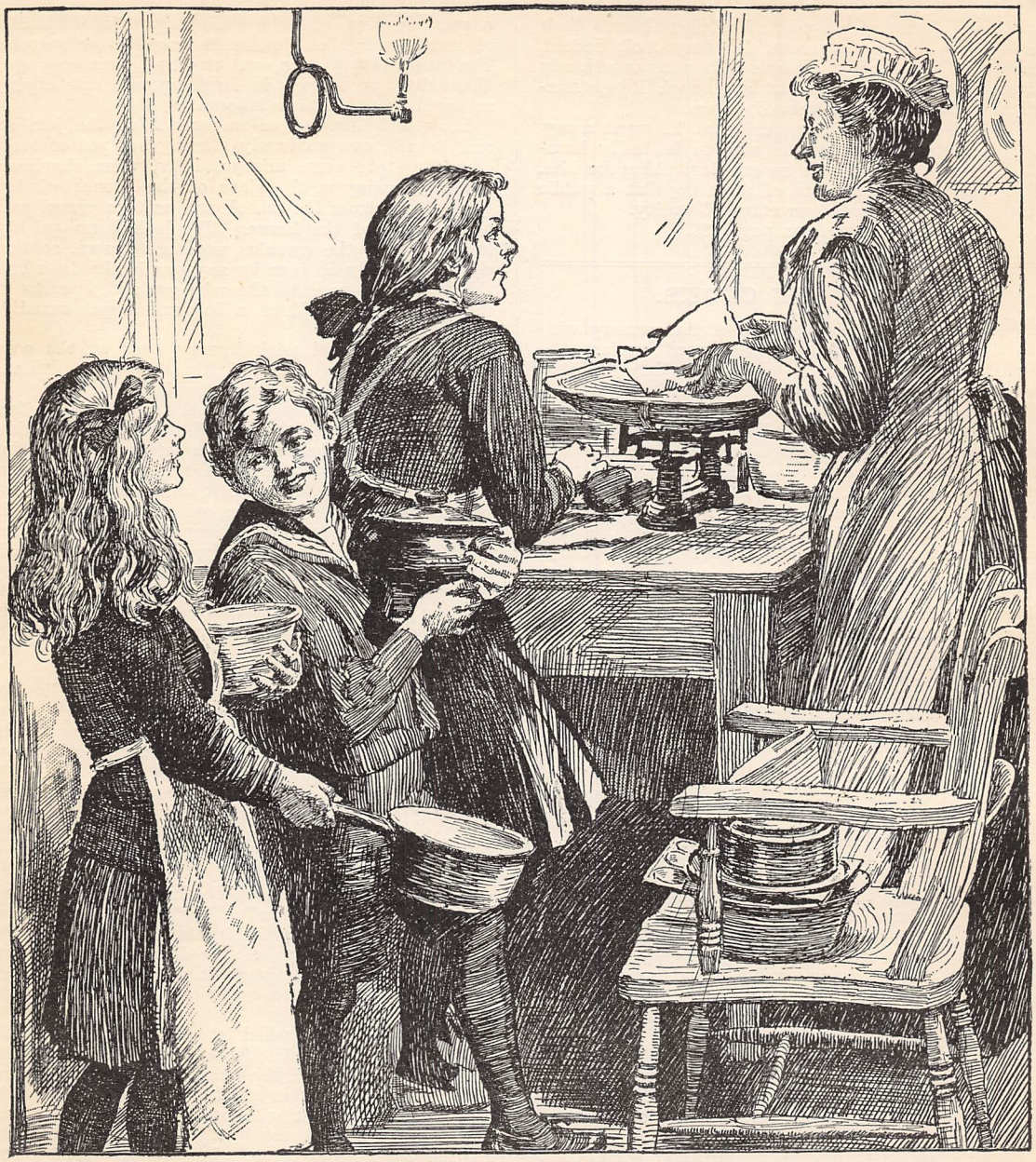
'My rissoles!' groaned Barbara, as Rosalie appeared in the doorway. 'I knocked the whole thing off the stove, and now they're all broken and spoilt. Do help me clear up all this mess before Cook comes in and sees it.'

The three cooks spent the next few minutes crawling about under chairs and tables, collecting all that was left of the rissoles, and mopping up the fat that was running in greasy rivers in every direction.

Tony escaped as soon as he thought he had done his share, and carried off a big jar of apricot jam to the schoolroom, to finish his tartlets. Barbara looked at the remains of her dish with a woe-begone face. 'I shall throw it all away,' she said. 'I don't want Cook to see what a mess I've made of it.'

Suddenly an idea flashed into Rosalie's mind. 'All right. Give it to me,' she said, and she seized the dish, and ran out of the back door before Barbara had time to change her mind. Once outside, Rosalie covered the hot meat with her apron, and ran round to the side of the house by the schoolroom window. As she turned the corner she stopped short. The window was open, and she saw Tony, standing in the light, talking to the poor little beggar children — and — and could it be possible that he was giving them his precious tartlets? She crept a little nearer, and saw that she had guessed rightly. Tony was handing a tray, covered with sticky, yellow things, to the two in the darkness outside. Rosalie ran forward and joined the little group at the window. 'Oh, Tony; I'm so glad!' she cried. 'I have the rissoles for them, too. Let them come in and sit by the fire and eat them.'

Tony reddened when he saw his sister. 'I thought



"The kindly, smiling-faced cook was giving help and provisions to the three."

they looked hungry,' he whispered; 'and, after all, we can do without the tartlets, with your soup and Barbara's pie!'

Five minutes later, when Barbara burst into the schoolroom, she saw the two ragged children seated at the table, and Rosalie and Tony waiting on them. Rosalie drew her aside, and explained how they came to be there.

'They shall have my pie, too!' Barbara said, as soon as she had heard the story. 'It is such a nice one, and quite cooked now.' And she raced off to the kitchen to get it.

I think there could hardly have been any happier children in England than the five gathered round the schoolroom table that night — the two who were fed and cheered, and the three who had shown such kindness and self-sacrifice.

An hour later, when Barbara, Rosalie, and Tony

were toasting their toes round the nursery fire, their mother put her head in at the door. 'I hear I'm going to have a surprise dinner to-night,' she said. 'Cook tells me there are to be all sorts of nice things!' She paused, looking with surprise at the three red faces in front of her.

'Too many cooks spoil the broth, Mother,' said Barbara, as she put her arms round her mother's neck. 'Come and sit by the fire, and we will tell you all about it.'

And when she had heard the whole story, Mrs. Thornton kissed each of the happy faces in turn. 'Thank you, my little cooks, for the nicest surprise dinner you have ever given me,' she said.

V. M. Smith.

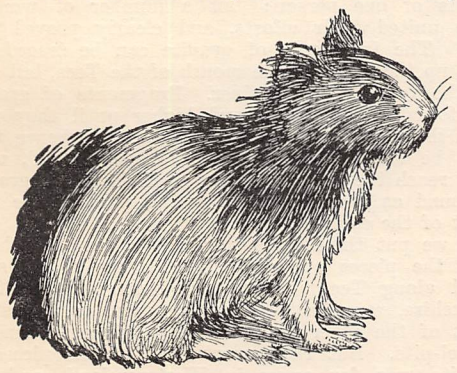
PETS AND THEIR CARE.

VIII. — GUINEA-PIGS.

THE Guinea-pig, or Cavy, is one of the most harmless and hardy of all domestic pets, and belongs to the family of small rodents.

They are rather shapeless animals in appearance, with short legs, the fore-feet bearing four toes, while the hind feet only have three; their ears are short and rounded, and they have no tails. They are very restless little creatures, seldom remaining quiet for long, spending most of their time rustling about through their beds with a continual grunting noise.

Cavies were introduced into Europe in the sixteenth century, and it is supposed that they are descended from the Restless Cavy, which abounds on the banks of the La Plata River in South America. In a wild state they live in small troops on



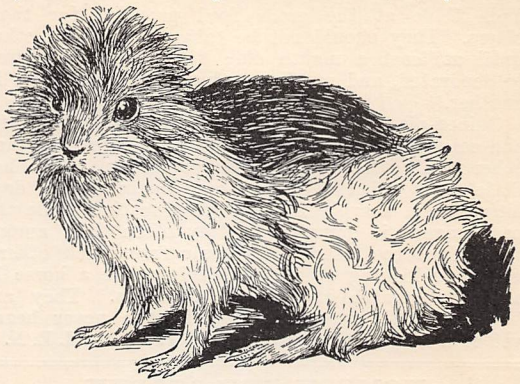
Smooth-coated Guinea-pig.

the borders of forests, and, being timid little animals, wait till dusk to emerge and seek their food.

Though cavies and rabbits have many points in common, I always think the latter make the more interesting pets, for they are far more intelligent than cavies, and show much more affection for their owners. Still, a great many young people, especially boys, have a genuine liking for guinea-pigs as pets, and certainly they are more hardy and require less attention than rabbits.

At many cage-bird shows nowadays classes are allotted to cavies, and there are also several clubs devoted to their interests; but in this short article I have not sufficient space to go into exhibition points, for we are now only considering them as pets.

Three varieties of guinea-pigs are usually kept in this country — the English, the Peruvian, and the Abyssinian. The English have short, silky coats,



The Ecuador Rough-coated Cavy.

large heads and necks, with prominent eyes, and vary very much in colour; some are self or whole-coloured — all black, red, white, cream, or chocolate; others are Dutch (marked like rabbits), or tortoise-shell and white.

The Peruvian cavy is more delicate than the two other kinds, and must be kept carefully sheltered from cold and wet, especially in winter-time. He has a very long, soft, silky coat, perfectly straight, and coming well over the head. This cavy really requires to be groomed and brushed daily, or else his coat becomes full of tangles and knots, and you will find, when it once gets into bad condition, it is no easy matter to get it clean and smooth again.

The Abyssinian has a wiry, rough coat, which grows in circles of stiff, straight hairs, radiating from the centre; 'rosetted' is the technical term for this curious growth. When grooming, the hair should always be brushed towards the head, not from it. Abyssinian cavies are quite hardy, and can be kept out-of-doors all the year round.

Guinea-pigs should be given much the same diet as rabbits, though, in proportion to their size, they eat more. Two meals a day, morning and evening, are sufficient, and should consist of a saucerful of crushed oats, bran, or bread-and-milk, and as much green food as they will eat. For a list of suitable vegetable-stuff, see the article on rabbits.* An occasional saucer of cold water may be given too, though cavies do not seem to drink very much.

In the previous articles on rabbits, I described how to make a hutch which, on a slightly smaller scale, is equally suitable for cavies. They are not, however, so clean in their habits as rabbits, and many fanciers prefer to have a false bottom to the cavy-hutch, covered over with narrow-mesh wire netting, so that it can be easily slipped out for cleaning purposes: this is not necessary, though, if the ordinary wooden floor is kept covered with sawdust under the straw bedding, and the hutch cleaned out twice a week.

One boar, as the male cavy is called, and three sows will all live quite happily together in a hutch. Little cavies are far more forward than rabbits at birth, and come into the world with eyes open and

* See page 21.

clothed in hair. In a very few hours after being born, they are able also to run about, and when only three days old begin to eat bread and milk and nibble at the green food provided for their elders. They should not be taken from the mother until at least a month old; then the boars must be separated, and put in one hutch, and the sows in another.

Guinea-pigs are very particular about their coats, and constantly employ themselves in smoothing each other's hair; the mother, too, is careful to do her little ones' toilet over and over again in the day, biting them sharply if they prove restive while the performance is going on. They often fight among themselves too, tearing the hair from each other's necks, or kicking up their hind legs like a horse in order to scratch the opponent's sides. They are brainless little creatures, and I have never heard yet of a cavy performing any trick. I. E. N.

HOMELY PHILOSOPHY.

WHEN all the garden flowers are dead,
And all the singing-birds are fled,
I gaze upon the leafless tree,
And think how sweet the spring will be.

When darksome clouds are in the sky,
And rain falls down unceasingly,
I watch to see the beams get free,
And think how sweet the sun will be.

So may I cheat each gloomy day,
And still go singing on my way;
And think, when sorrow comes to me,
How sweet the time of joy will be.

Frank Ellis.

A GRANITE BOULDER.

ABOUT three miles from Scarborough there is a village named Seamer, near which there is a railway junction. The station is a very small one, and as it lies away from the village, there is apparently not much to interest the traveller who may be awaiting the arrival of a train.

The station-master's house is close to the line, and there is a little garden attached to it, which may be entered from the station. In the centre of the garden is a large block of unshaped stone, which has evidently been set up in that place as a sort of monument, or as an ornament to the garden. A close inspection of the stone shows that it is granite, and that is in itself a rather interesting fact, because granite is not a kind of rock of which the cliffs and hills of Yorkshire are made. Wherever a quarry is opened in this district, and the excavation is carried down deep enough to reach the hard, solid rock, it is always some kind of sandstone or limestone which is found, and these stones are quite different from granite, which is a crystalline kind of rock giving evidence of having been subjected to great heat, like the rocks which are found in volcanic countries.

This block of granite, as a former station-master at Seamer told me, was found many years ago in a gravel-pit on the other side of the line, where some of the railwaymen were digging out gravel or 'ballast' for repairing the railroad. Probably there would be many small pieces of granite scattered among the gravel, which is chiefly composed of pebbles, of sandstone, and grains of sand. But the men were no doubt surprised with the size of this block, which weighs several tons; and having no better use for it, they resolved to set it up like a little pillar somewhere near the station, and selected the station-master's garden as the most suitable place.

There are gravel-beds like the one at Seamer in many parts of the kingdom. They are all alike in this respect, that they are made up of loose stones and sand, usually thrown together in confusion without any orderly separation or arrangement. If we take the trouble to sort out a number of the stones, we usually find that most of them are fragments of such solid rocks as we see in the surrounding district; but very often there are some, like these pieces of granite at Seamer, which are only found as fragments, and never as massive firm-bedded rocks, at least in the neighbourhood of the gravel-beds. We can readily imagine that the commoner fragments were by some means broken off from the rocks in the neighbourhood. But where, we may ask, did the strange pieces, those which are as it were foreign to the locality, come from?

The granite at Seamer is of a pink colour, and is mottled with large grains of a grey and silvery appearance. It is, in fact, rather easy to distinguish. If, starting at Seamer, we were to explore the district around, and map out all the places where fragments of granite of this kind could be found, we should find that they were all near the coast, and that they followed the coast-line from Flamborough Head to the mouth of the Tees. An exploration of this kind is too great for the unaided efforts of one person; but a number of workers have united their efforts, and clearly proved this fact. The fragments of granite can be traced not only up the coast to the mouth of the Tees, but also up the valley of that river. Fragments of granite are found rising higher and higher until they pass over the Pennine Range at Stainmore, whence they may be traced past Shap, in Westmoreland, until they reach the Lake District. And there the granite is found as a solid rock, forming part of the firm crust of the earth.

If we put these facts together, it seems probable that the pieces of granite, which are found scattered along Teesdale and the north-east coast of Yorkshire, were broken from a parent rock, just as most of the other stones were which are found in gravel-pits. But the parent rock of the pieces of granite was far away in Westmoreland, and the granite boulder set up in the station garden at Seamer must have made a long journey even before the workmen dug it out of its resting-place in the gravel-bed.

It would take too long to attempt to prove to you how the journey was made. But briefly put, the evidence goes to show that these pieces of granite were all broken from the parent rocks, and carried over the hills, down the valley, and along the coast by a great glacier, or icy landslide, which flowed in that direction ages ago, when the climate of England was very much colder than it is now. There were other glaciers flowing in different directions, and their courses can also in many cases be made out from the fragments of rock which they dropped by the way. The glacier which we have traced from the Lake District to Flamborough Head

has been named the Stainmore Glacier; and the peculiar kind of granite which it scattered by the way is known as Shap granite, Shap being one of the places from which it was obtained.

W. A. Atkinson.

EMPIRES AND EMPERORS.

V. — THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

MAHOMED V. of Turkey was born in 1844, and succeeded his brother Abdul Hamid II. in 1907.

This reads simply enough, just like an account of any other reigning potentate, yet few rulers have known such sudden changes of fortune as the present Sultan, who on the same day found himself first a prisoner, and then an Emperor!

For thirty-three years, ever since his earliest boyhood, the jealous Sultan Abdul Hamid had kept his younger brother Mahomed as a state prisoner in the Dolma Baghche Palace, closely guarded by troops, and never allowed to hold intercourse with the outside world.

How surprised he must have been on that April morning of 1907 when a powerful deputation from the Turkish Parliament dashed quickly up to the Baghche Palace Prison, and overpowering the troops entered without delay into the state apartments, and made it known to Mahomed that he had that morning been elected as Sultan!

There was next a quick drive to the War Office, where a salute of one hundred and one guns announced the momentous news to the country, and with wonderfully little opposition Mahomed V. succeeded to the throne of his deposed brother.

How and why was this change brought about?

It must be understood that for many years there have been two conflicting parties in the Turkish Empire — one party clinging to the old system of tyranny and mismanagement, and the other, the 'Young Turks,' as they have come to be called, the party who are anxious to have their country governed on modern lines, and to sweep away the old abuses, which have, they say, made their country 'the laughing-stock of Europe.'

The 'Young Turks' worked hard and spread their views amongst all classes, and were so successful that on April 27th, 1907, very early in the morning, the National Assembly of Turkey held a meeting with closed doors, under the Presidency of Said Pasha, the head of the 'Young Turks' party in the state. Here they so convinced their fellow-countrymen that no real liberty or progress could be expected under the present conditions, that it was decided to depose the then Sultan and elect his younger brother in his place.

Two deputations were at once dispatched from the Parliament — one, as we have heard, went to the Baghche Palace to elect Mahomed V., and the other deputation had the less agreeable office of informing Abdul Hamid II. that he had been deposed from his Sultanship by the overwhelming vote of his late subjects.

The Turkish or Ottoman Empire is a very extensive one, and comprises not only the smaller European Empire, but also has vast tracts of country in Asia, and in Africa Turkey rules Tripoli and Barka, though at the moment of writing Tripoli has been invaded by Italian troops.

To govern all these different countries well will be no easy task for the Sultan, and many difficulties are before those who are trying to bring about the regeneration of their country. So far Mahomed V. seems much beloved of his friends, and has produced a good impression on those Europeans with whom he has been brought in contact.

Now for a word about the Turks themselves — though according to one old lady, half the populace must be a worthless lot — else 'why,' she sternly asked, 'should they be called young Turks?' Notwithstanding her verdict, however, the Turks have many good qualities. They are brave, kind-hearted, very courteous, extremely fond of flowers and an open-air life, and of great personal cleanliness.

There are no workhouses in Turkey. It is considered not merely a duty but a real privilege for each family to take care of its own sick and infirm, and in no case is such a one ever allowed to feel himself an encumbrance. Turkish children also early learn very pretty manners. They rise when their elders enter the room, and never think of speaking in company unless first spoken to.

A tiny child will go forward to greet a guest, and after gently taking his hand will kiss it, and raise it to its brow in token of homage. Amongst themselves, however, Turkish children are as merry and noisy as those of other nations, and the boys are beginning to be very keen on football.

Every Turkish village, and indeed many a town, has its stork — a highly privileged bird whom no one would dream of hurting, and who returns year after year to his rough twig-built nest on the apex of the mosque or some other tall house. 'Haji Baba,' as the Turks affectionately call the stork, struts solemnly up and down the streets as if the place belonged to him, and when he flies away to warmer quarters for the winter the children say, 'Our stork is a good Mussulman; he is gone on pilgrimage' — for every good Turk, if he can, must once in his life visit the tomb of Mahomet at Mecca.

Another pleasing trait among the Turks is their great love of flowers — even a soldier will have a quick-growing gourd trained over his sentry-box, and the barrack gateway is as often as not covered with convolvulus, whilst inside the square, room is generally found for a bed of marigolds, or some other bright bloom.

The cafes, too, or restaurants, are not shut in within four walls, but the chairs and tables are placed in the open, perhaps between two poplars, and a vine stretched across forms the necessary shade.

The food is cooked in a brazier, and though you may order but two penny worth of kebabs — little bits of meat roasted, stuck on a skewer — you may eat it with the feeling that throughout the whole process the utmost cleanliness has been observed.

When weather compels the Turk to live indoors, his house will have as many windows as possible, so that the room looks often like a birdcage. Then there are no doors, only curtains, so that there is no lack of air, and the Turk seems to revel in the fierce blasts of wind which are constantly blowing through the building.

There is another side to the Turkish character — a side which shows cruelty and corruption; but the best Turks have not that quality, which will, let us hope, disappear altogether in the new era of Turkish government.

E. A. B.

Mahomed V., Sultan of Turkey.

No. 36. *New Series, 1912.* CHATTERBOX. *Weekly — One Halfpenny.*
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"There they came: the village constable first."

GALLOPING JACK.

'MOTHER, they have caught him!'

'Caught whom, Kit?'

'Galloping Jack. They're bringing him along now; aren't you coming out to see?'

But Mistress Summers shook her head. 'No, poor soul,' she answered, 'I have no fancy for seeing a man in his enemies' hands, whatever he may have done — and this is Christmas-time, too.'

''Tis a poor Christmas we shall have, Mother,' said the boy a little grimly, glancing at the meagrely-spread table.

He had burst into the cottage all glow and excitement; now he left it soberly and leaned over the little gate to watch the prisoner pass.

There they came: the village constable first, looking mighty important, then the four strongest men guarding the capture, a tall, broad-shouldered man, with the look of a soldier about him, straight as a dart, swinging along at a pace that made the boys and rabble of the village run to keep up. The fat constable was already beginning to puff. The highwayman glanced about him curiously, and a quizzical smile flickered round his lips as he saw the case of his custodian; then his glance swept the cottage and the boy at the gate.

For a moment two pairs of grey eyes looked into each other, both questioning; then they were past. The highwayman never turned his head, though Kit hung on the gate long to look after him; and the boy went into the cottage with a strange sense of desolation at his heart.

'Kit,' said his mother, 'why so sober, laddie?' She took him by the shoulder as he stood before her; they had had their scanty dinner almost in silence, and he was drawing on his mittens as she spoke, preparatory to an afternoon in the woods in search of kindlings and a rabbit or two.

'I was thinking about him,' with a jerk of his head towards the door. 'They will hang him, Mother.'

She smoothed back his hair and kissed his forehead. 'Yes, dear, most likely; but he has deserved it, Kit, my son.'

He looked troubled. 'Yes, I suppose so, but it seems such a waste.'

'Ah! yes, but how many of us do waste our lives,' and Mistress Summers sighed. At times she looked too young to be the mother of tall Kit; yet there were grey threads in her pretty brown hair and lines of pain round her soft mouth. 'But you must start, dear, if you are going to Chatis Wood.'

Kit's brow lightened a little, and, swinging the old gun under his arm, he stepped out into the snow.

'I'll be back before dark,' he called, and was soon out of sight up the woodland path.

All the afternoon the thought of Galloping Jack haunted him, and when at dusk he found himself at the edge of the high road where they must pass, he lingered in the hope of seeing him again.

Presently they came tramp, tramp, down the road, evidently hastening to reach their destination before dark, and a mischievous idea came into Kit's head. He stood back in the shadow and quietly loaded the old gun he carried with a good measure of powder, but no shot; just as they were abreast of him he pulled the trigger.

A deafening report, which sent him staggering back into the bushes with a noise as of at least a dozen men; a yell from the constable, who immediately fell flat on his face, wailing out that he was shot; and the highwayman, taking swift advantage of his opportunities, disposed of two of his captors with well-directed blows, while the rest fled. In a stride or two the prisoner reached the shelter of the woods. Silence fell. Kit, surprised at himself, watched the constable pick himself up and hasten after his fellows. What had he done?

Freed a prisoner of the law! set a bad man at liberty! He walked slowly through the wood with bent head, scarcely heeding where he was going, when a hand was laid on his shoulder.

'Many thanks,' said a pleasant voice. 'Was that an accident, or were you really desirous of doing me a good turn?'

Kit jumped. 'I don't know,' he said, and the highwayman laughed.

'Well, I must find some shelter for the night; 'twill snow before morn. Do you know of any place, boy, where I can lie till morning?'

'Yes, there's an empty cottage in the wood not far from here,' answered Kit. 'I'll show you.'

He led the way, and as they went the highwayman, in a low voice, told his story.

'I'm not Galloping Jack,' he said, 'nor ever was; he, poor fellow, lies sick of a grievous hurt in a barn some miles away. I found him there and did what I could, but he is not long for this world, and at last he bade me mount his mare and ride to Tiverton to tell a friend of his and ask him to come, but,' with a shrug, 'I never got there; I forgot the need for caution, and they recognised the horse. I had no paper to prove my identity, and ——'

The boy grunted as he pushed open the door of a rickety tumble-down cottage, and led the stranger in. He would have liked to ask thousands of questions, but already it was late and he dared not linger.

'This is farthest out of sight,' he said, leading the way to the kitchen. 'I will make a fire for you, and then I must get back, but I will come later with something to eat if I can.'

He pulled the shutters across the crazy windows, fetched a great armful of straw and spread it for the wanderer's bed; then he kindled a roaring fire that soon drove away the musty smell of the place and sent the shadows shuddering into the far corners.

'There,' said the boy, 'now I must be off, but I shall be back soon.'

'Don't worry, boy, this is very comfortable,' answered the stranger. 'I shall be all right for awhile.'

But Kit had other views. He meant to see as much as he could of this interesting stranger, and it was less than an hour after when he returned with his mother; she bearing a basket under her cloak and he with a blanket from his own bed.

'I am honoured,' said the stranger, rising quickly as Mistress Summers set her basket on the table. At the sound of his voice she looked up, the hood falling back from her startled face.

'Roger!' she faltered.

'Alice!' said he, and, to Kit's astonishment, he took her in his arms.

'So!' said the stranger presently, 'this, I understand, is my son.' He drew the boy to him and

kissed him on the forehead, and Kit's heart glowed with pride.

'But I don't understand it,' he said.

'Of course you don't. I went to the wars just before you were born, and your uncle took advantage of a rumour of my death to seize the estates and turn your mother out. I have searched most of England for her; thank God I have found her at last. I think,' he concluded with a satisfied smile, 'we shall be a match for Uncle Dennis now!'

M. E. Heward.

AT SUNDOWN.

THE sun is stealing all the gold,
And taking it to bed;
For very shame of him, the sky
Is blushing rosy-red;
Which makes the little cloudlets think
There is a fire about,
And so they scurry 'cross the sky,
Trying to put it out.

The moon and starlets peeping out,
Whisper, 'Oh, greedy sun,
He might have left some golden beams,
Not stolen every one;
That would not be the kind of thing
That we should ever do.'
And yet at dawn the moon and stars
Steal all the silver too.

Margaret Erskine.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

13.—Anagram.

(Ordinary words.)

1. Cassia, ram, ant.
2. This a pest? No.
3. Tun for tea.
4. Odd Alice, M. U.
5. Churn I are.
6. I! A tax mine? No.
7. O! Vault I on rye.

C. J. B.

14.—Double Acrostic.

The hidden part beneath a fair spring flower;
The name belonging to day's closing hour;
A man who gives to books his eyes and soul;
A great explorer towards the Northern Pole;
An Asian land, for dates and coffee known;
A person taking what is not his own;
A parchment in a lawyer's office found.
The whole a boy's name of a pleasant sound.

(Answer on page 323.)

Answer to Map Mystery on page 250.

12. — Rome. Leeds (leads). Ayr (air). Peel.
Leek. Cork. Crewe. Berlin.
Touloe. Toulon. Harrow. Rugby.

A USEFUL WEDDING PRESENT.

A RESIDENT of Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, tells us of an interesting custom which prevails in the coffee-raising countries.

When a child is born, a sack of the best grain is set aside as part of his inheritance, which he does not receive until he is 'grown-up.'

This sack, almost always the gift of some relative or intimate friend, is guarded as a sacred thing. No stress of need would induce a Brazilian to use coffee which had been given to a child.

As a rule, the precious sack is sealed with a private seal, and bears a card giving all particulars concerning the kind of grain, its age when it was put into the sack, the birth of the child to whom it was given, and other details, all of which make very interesting reading when the seal is broken.

Usually the sack is opened for the first time when the child — now grown up — marries. Some of the stored coffee is used for the wedding feast, after which the sack is again closed. It is then sent to the new home of the young couple. The contents should 'keep' them in coffee for a year at least.

Thus the sack of coffee very conveniently serves a double purpose: it is both a birth-gift and a wedding present.

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

IV. — THE FISHES OF OUR VANISHED SEAS.

(Concluded from page 252.)

THE phrase, 'When the sea gives up its dead,' is one full of a dread meaning, and we cannot dwell upon it without a feeling of awe and sadness. The 'great wide sea' of the Psalmist has been the scene of battle and murder and sudden death — of crimes unspeakable; but, besides the deeds of violence wrought by man upon his fellows on this great highway, the sea itself, during those outbursts of fury into which it is lashed by storms and hurricanes, has destroyed hosts. But no living human eye will ever look upon these dead again.

But this world of ours is immensely old, so old that we cannot count its years. The slow march of the ages, however, has wrought many and profound changes on the earth's surface. Ranges of lofty mountains, like the Himalayas, rear their frowning crests in the midst of a great continent; yet time was when they were mere hills, whose feet were lapped by the waves, and earlier still they themselves were beneath the waters. Similarly, these islands of ours, now in one part, now in another, have formed an ocean-bed, ages afterwards to rise above the waters and become clothed with vast forests and desolate swamps. Thus it seems that we must look upon the sea as the grave of all things, whence, in due time, they will rise again in new glory.

Our reasons for this belief, our knowledge of what has been, we owe to the sea, which has preserved for us records of what has been, though they are only broken and fragmentary, needing all our skill to interpret.

The most valuable of these records are the remains of the animals and plants, hardened into stone, which we call 'fossils.' We have already examined much evidence of this kind, and have described some ancient members of the fish-tribe — to wit, certain sharks and lung-fish. Now I want

to say a few words about still more ancient types which lived in the seas which, once on a time, covered the country where these remains are now found.

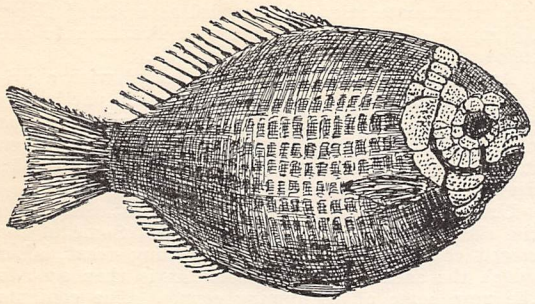


Fig. 1.—Dapedius.

Before describing these, however, I must refer to some, at least, of the numerous types of armoured fishes which lived in these now long-vanished seas. The armour to which I refer took the form of great four-sided bony scales, with enamelled surfaces, arranged to form a sort of mosaic, such as is seen, for instance, in our illustrations of the curious fish known as the Dapedius (fig. 1) and the Palaeoniscus (fig. 2). The modern sturgeon (fig. 3) is a degen-

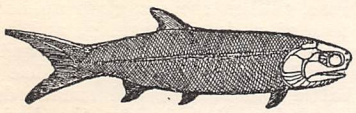


Fig. 2.—Palæoniscus.

erate relation of the Palaeoniscus, the coat of mail in the sturgeon being now reduced to a few bony bosses. These fish were the immediate forerunners of the fishes we know to-day.

Now we turn to a brief survey of fish-like creatures far more ancient and more lowly in structure than any we have yet considered. Some, indeed, are by high authorities not even allowed to rank as true fishes, but are, they insist, to be regarded

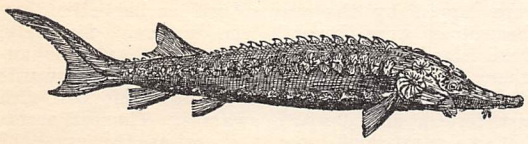


Fig. 3.—The Sturgeon of to-day.

as an offshoot, so to speak, of the stock from which the true fishes descended. Be that as it may, they are all of remarkable interest, as we shall show; some have been but recently discovered, and others, like the Dipterus (fig. 4) and Holoptychius (fig. 5), were found long since by the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller, in the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland. That they have all been found in the rocks of our native land is yet another feature of interest about them, for we are sometimes inclined, I think, to suppose that the things that matter in natural history must be sought in other lands than ours, and especially in the tropics.

The creatures now to be considered are to be regarded as fishes in the making. The first on our list is the strange creature known as Acanthodes (fig. 6) — a shark-like fish, but with peculiar fins, since these are represented only by folds of skin extended by a spine. The body was covered with

Fig. 4.—Fossil Dipterus.

shagreen, like that of a shark. Specimens of this fish have been found in the coalfields of Staffordshire. It may perhaps be regarded as the Father of all the Sharks.

And now we come to the fish-like creatures which are in the debatable land, most of which were discovered, as I have already remarked, by Hugh Miller. Let us take, first of all, the Pterichthys, or, to translate its name into English, the 'winged fish' (fig. 7). The fore part of the body was encased in armour plates of bone, forming a sort of box; the hind part of the body was scale-clad. The 'wings' to which we have referred were formed by

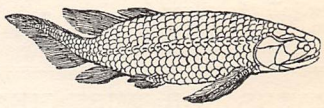


Fig. 5.—Holoptychius.

a pair of movable, fin-like rods, answering, at any rate in the work performed, to the breast fins of modern fishes. No less curious is the Cephalaspis (fig. 8) from the lower Old Red Sandstone of Herefordshire and of Scotland. Here the head looks as though it had been carved out of a piece of stone, while the body looks as though it were made up of a series of rings, with a keel, or ridge, run-

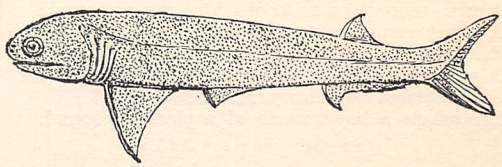


Fig. 6.—Acanthodes.

ning along the back and belly, made up of as many pieces as there are rings. There is a tail fin and a back fin, it will be noted. Whether the small, tongue-shaped plate lying just behind the lower border of the head-shield is really a breast-fin or not has never been definitely settled by those who are supposed to know.

We come now to the Pteraspis, an odd-looking creature very like a torpedo in shape (fig. 9). You will notice once more that the fore part of the body was encased in solid bone, while the hind part was

scale-clad. But there were no movable fins, so that one finds it difficult to understand how it contrived to keep its proper balance in the water. For the fins of fishes, especially the breast-fins, are used, not to swim with, as most people suppose, but as balancers. Swimming, or rather forward movement, is performed by the sculling, or side to side, motion of the tail. The fossilised remains of the Pteraspis are found only in those extremely ancient rocks known as the Old Red Sandstone. Those of my readers who have the good fortune to live in Shropshire, or Herefordshire, or Scotland, where these rocks are found, should make a point of spending a part of a summer holiday in hunting for specimens of these ancient animals.

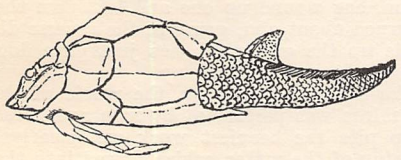


Fig. 7.—Pterichthys.

Finally, space must be found for a brief mention of some of the most remarkable and most ancient of all these fish-like animals. Such a one is the Birkenia. It has no fins, and the body is covered with a sort of parchment of bony scales utterly unlike those of any other known fishes. How Hugh Miller would have rejoiced to find such quaint and primitive specimens of his beloved study, the fossil fishes! But this good fortune was to fall to another no less enthusiastic Scottish naturalist, Dr. Traquair, who for more than half a century has laboured at the study of fossil fishes. He discov-

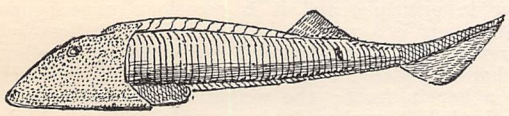


Fig. 8.—Cephalaspis.

ered the Birkenia, and several other similar types in southern Lanarkshire. But so far he has only been able to describe to us what they looked like; perhaps, after further study, he will be able to tell us what they fed upon, and this would help us not a little to picture their mode of living.

To those of us who have spent long years in the study of fossil and living animals these ancient remains mean much more than to those of my readers who have only just stepped beyond the doorway of life, so to speak. But some of you, without doubt, will grow more and more enchanted with the study of natural history, and will add to the discoveries which yet remain to be made. And I cannot help hoping that these chapters on the creatures of other days will do something towards awakening that interest. By way of encouragement I would remind you that we have yet heaps to learn about the creatures I have just described, for these fossils are very imperfect, which is not to be wondered at when one comes to remember that they have been buried for thousands of years, and subjected to enormous pressure from the thousands of feet of rock piled up about them. So that a ceaseless hunt must be kept up for fresh specimens which may show just what we want to know.

Now that our survey of the ancient fishes of our island home is ended I should like you to compare

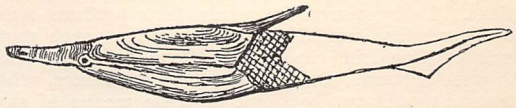
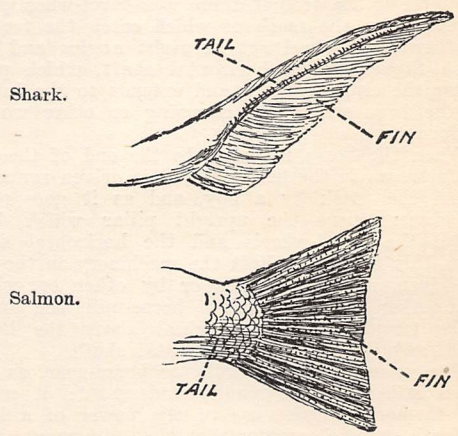


Fig. 9.—Pteraspis.

the various portraits which have been given, and to note the differences in the covering and armature of the body, and the forms of the fins. The fishes of to-day, I need hardly remind you, generally have the body covered with thin scales; some are naked, like eels; but in such cases the scales, for some reason or other, have gradually degenerated, till, as in the eel, a microscope is needed to find them. Some have hard, bony, enamelled scales, like the Bichis of the Nile, but these are the last remaining survivors of an ancient race. But if you compare these pictures carefully, you will see that



Figs. 10 and 11.—Tails of Shark (above) and Salmon.

in the shark tribe, and all the ancient kinds of fishes, the tail is carried backwards and upwards, to a point (fig. 10), and that the fin portion of the tail is attached, so to speak, or grows from, its under surface, or at any rate the greater part of the fin does. Thus we get a tail fin of unequal shape, formed of lobes of unequal size. Now in all fishes of modern type — like the salmon, for instance — the tail seems to be sharply cut off at the end of the body, so that the fin portion forms lobes, or blades, of equal size (fig. 11). This peculiar difference is caused by a shrinking up, so to speak, of the tail during the early stages of its growth, for in many fishes just at the time they leave the egg the tail is of the shape seen in the ancestors. Soon, however, it ceases to grow, so that in a very little while the tail has assumed the form with which we are mostly familiar. A reference to our illustration will make this point clear: and it is one of quite unusual interest.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S., &c.

HORSE-MACHINES.

UPON every large farm there is a certain amount of laborious indoor work, such as the chopping of hay, which is usually performed by hand-machines. In bygone times, when farm-produce could not be readily carried to distant mills, much more work of this kind had to be done on the farms. It was natural, under these circumstances, that farmers should try to think of some means of saving labour: they looked about them for some power which was better than human labour, and they found nothing more convenient and economical than their own horses.

All over the country we find what may be called little horse-mills attached to farms, though in many districts we rarely see them in use. These mills are circular tracks like circus-rings, sometimes in the open air, but more usually in a shed; in the centre of the ring there is an upright pillar, or post, turning in a socket; across the top of this pillar there is a horizontal beam making a sort of capital T, and at the ends of the beam there are descending rods or bars, to which a horse or a pair of horses may be attached. At the bottom of the post, below the level of the ground, there is a bevel-wheel placed horizontally, the teeth of which catch the teeth of another bevel-wheel set at right angles and fixed upon the end of a horizontal shaft, which passes under the circular track and extends to the interior of the barn where the chopping or other work is performed.

When the horse is yoked to the end of the horizontal beam in the horse-mill, it is driven round and round the track by a boy, and as it goes round, the beam turns the upright pillar which drives round the bevel-wheels and the horizontal shaft: from this revolving shaft the machinery in the barn is driven, either by belts or by other cog-wheels. In another common kind of horse-mill, the upright pillar turns a large cog-wheel above the horse's head, and this drives a horizontal shaft.

The value of such a mill, or horse-gear, as it is often called, will be readily understood: it enables the farmer to make use of the power of a horse, which is so much greater than that of a man. Moreover, there is no power wasted when the machinery is not at work, since the horse is employed upon other duties.

Before the steam-engine was invented, and, indeed, for a long time after its invention, such mills as these were used not only on farms, but for many ordinary industrial operations, such as driving lathes, twisting ropes, sawing wood and stone, mixing clay for bricks, and pumping water and brine. Horse-power was used in our English Mint until the year 1810, and also for many operations at the great Soho works of Boulton and Watt at Birmingham, until Watt perfected the steam-engine, and set it up in his own works.

In the mining districts we may often see a horse-machine which is very similar to the horse-gears just described, and is employed for raising ore, coal, or water from a small mine which is not sufficiently large or deep to require a steam-engine. A machine of this kind is known as a whim or gin. It is set up at a short distance from the shaft of the pit, in order not to interfere with the operations at that spot, and it consists of an upright pillar turned by a horse, or horses, walking round a circular track; but instead of having bevel wheels and a horizontal shaft, the pillar carries at the top a large horizontal drum or broad-edged wheel, which turns with it. Upon this drum the ropes of the pit are wound, one going round in one direction and the other in the reverse direction, so that when the drum is turned round by the horse, one rope winds on and the other unwinds from it. The ropes are carried horizontally to a pair of wheels placed high above the mouth of the shaft, and from these they descend into the pit; the cages, or buckets containing the ore, the coal, or the water, are attached to the ends of the ropes, and one of the pair descends while the other rises. When the horse, going round in one direction, has wound up one and let down the other, it is turned about and, going in the reverse direction, it winds up the one which has just gone down, and lets down the one which is up.

In the infancy of mining, the whole of the work of the mines was performed by men and horses only. In deep pits the heaviest work was nearly always the raising of the water, which flowed into the workings, and threatened to put an end to the operations. As a rule, the water was raised by means of buckets and horse-whims, and at one mine, about the year 1702, as many as five hundred horses were engaged upon this task.

Not long ago there was to be seen at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, a great wheel, or barrel, which a donkey turned by walking inside it, as we have sometimes seen a squirrel run in a cage, and as the turnspit dogs used to turn their wheels. The power of the turning-wheel at Carisbrooke was utilised to draw water from an adjoining well.

Horses have rarely been put to such work as this, but there is a kind of horse-machine which is similar in principle, and it is occasionally used upon farms. It is a sort of broad, inclined, endless belt, strengthened with wood and supported upon rollers; a horse is placed upon it and fastened by the head to a bar in front; the weight of the horse on the inclined belt pushes it downwards and round, and the horse is compelled to walk forward to prevent its neck being dragged. The moving belt turns the rollers upon which its rests, and their motion is transferred by belts to the machinery which is to be driven.

A somewhat similar machine was tried as a locomotive, the endless belt, or platform, being made to turn the wheels which carried it. The machine, which was called the Cyclopede, moved at the rate of about six miles an hour; it was invented by a citizen of Liverpool, named Brandreth, who wished it to compete in the celebrated trials at Rainhill, in which Stephenson's Rocket proved its superiority to all other locomotives, but the horse-machine was considered unsuitable, and was not allowed to enter the competition.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 275.)

THERE was no footer that day owing to frost, and after dinner Gerald and Danvers wandered out to the Heath in search of any adventure or entertainment that offered itself. The Heath was a delightful place, all bracken and bushes and trees and grassy glades. As they walked both Gerald and Danvers were wishing secretly that they were not

too old to play Red Indians. The Heath was just the place for such a game. But either would have been ashamed to voice the thought. However, they were in a mood for mischief, and in a little while they chanced upon Teddy Risdale.

He was sitting at the head of a grassy ravine that sloped steeply down into a round hollow. He was engrossed in his favourite occupation of chipping wood with a blunt knife, and at his side similarly occupied sat Corbett, his bosom friend. Both their faces were stamped with the same slight, good-natured vacancy. They were well-known butts, although, as has been narrated, it was never safe to goad Teddy Risdale beyond a certain point, and Danvers and Gerald perceived a chance of amusement.

'Let's do something with these two,' Danvers suggested, as callously as though neither Risdale nor Corbett had possessed ears.

'What can we do?' Gerald asked, looking about him.

Danvers surveyed the ground with a resourceful eye. 'It's made for a racecourse, this gully place,' he said. 'Look how steep it is, with that sharp curve. How would it be if we made these two race down it at top pace?'

'I won't race!' Teddy remarked.

Gerald and Danvers simply ignored the refusal. Gerald proceeded to improve upon the suggestion. 'Much better to ride them down like jockeys,' he observed.

Danvers caught eagerly at the amendment. 'Good for you, Wilding. That's great! We can get top speed out of them if we're riding.'

'I bags Teddy for my mount,' Gerald said.

'All right. There's not much in it in size. I think Corbett is the more hefty myself. Look at his hocks.'

'I won't be ridden,' Teddy said, dully.

'Well, you're going to be,' Danvers answered, as coolly as though Teddy had not been at least a head taller than himself. 'Get up and pull yourselves together whilst we cut our whips.'

Teddy and Corbett rose obediently.

'Why whips?' the former asked, with a certain suspicion.

'To get top pace out of you with, my son,' Danvers answered, callously. 'I shall finish getting every ounce out of Corbett in the straight for home.'

'I don't want to have every ounce taken out of me,' Corbett protested.

'You'll jolly well have to lump it! I shall nurse you until the straight. After that —— Archer had a horse drop dead under him once, I believe.'

Corbett, under this encouragement, seemed to contemplate flight, but lacked the necessary spirit. He and Teddy waited patiently until their two tormentors had cut switches to their satisfaction.

'Now then, mount!' Danvers cried. 'You see the course, Wilding?'

'Rather! Right round the corner! Only hope Teddy doesn't come down there.'

'We must keep them on their legs somehow. Corbett, you'll be severely punished if you dare to fall!'

'All right,' Corbett mumbled.

'Go!' cried Danvers. And they started.

It was a great race. Both the mounts were very strong and big. It was as though the strength of their wits had been diverted to their bodies. They ran willingly enough, with long strides, scarcely retarded by their small riders. Both almost came down at the slippery corner, and both saved themselves as by a clumsy miracle, the while their jockeys yelled abuse. It was in the straight that the trouble came. Gerald and Danvers possessed the same simple theory as to jockeyship. They believed that the art lay only in the unsparing use of the whip; and no thought of humanity in their excitement restrained their arms. Corbett and Risdale were patient creatures, but before the winning-post was gained each had reached the limits of his endurance. They stopped and contrived to hurl their riders to the ground.

Gerald and Danvers rose fuming. 'It's like your cheek!' the latter cried. 'Why didn't you finish?'

'You whipped us too much,' Teddy explained, meekly.

'Of course we did; it's what you're here for. Let us up again.'

'Not with whips,' Teddy said, with rare firmness.

Danvers sprang suddenly upon Corbett's back, and began to use his whip. A queer look came into Teddy's eyes. Gerald suddenly remembered the brown paper incident, when Risdale had cleared the form-room with a poker. At that moment Berthold came down the ravine. He had apparently seen all that had passed from above. He looked angry. 'You two nasty little bullies!' he said. And Gerald and Danvers wished that a hole would open in the turf and engulf them safely. To think that Berthold — Berthold — should speak to them like that!

'You want a lesson,' Berthold remarked, and picked up the switch that had dropped from Gerald's hand at sight of him. He gave it to Risdale. 'Bend down, you two!' he commanded. 'Give them three cuts apiece, Risdale.'

But Teddy was essentially a good-natured being. His flash of passion had died completely away. He grinned humbly at Berthold. 'I don't want to hit them, please,' he said.

'It's a pity you're so good-tempered,' Berthold said, grimly. 'You're big enough, but they all take advantage of it. Well, I shall have to give it them myself, I suppose.'

He delivered the three cuts apiece with measured skill and emphasis. 'I should chuck this sort of thing in future,' he advised, and tossed the switch away, and walked in his own light-stepping fashion up the slope.

Gerald and Danvers wandered with hanging heads from the vicinity of their late victims, who were gazing at them with some commiseration. They did not speak for a long while.

'If it had only been some one else — a master — or any one else,' Danvers groaned at last.

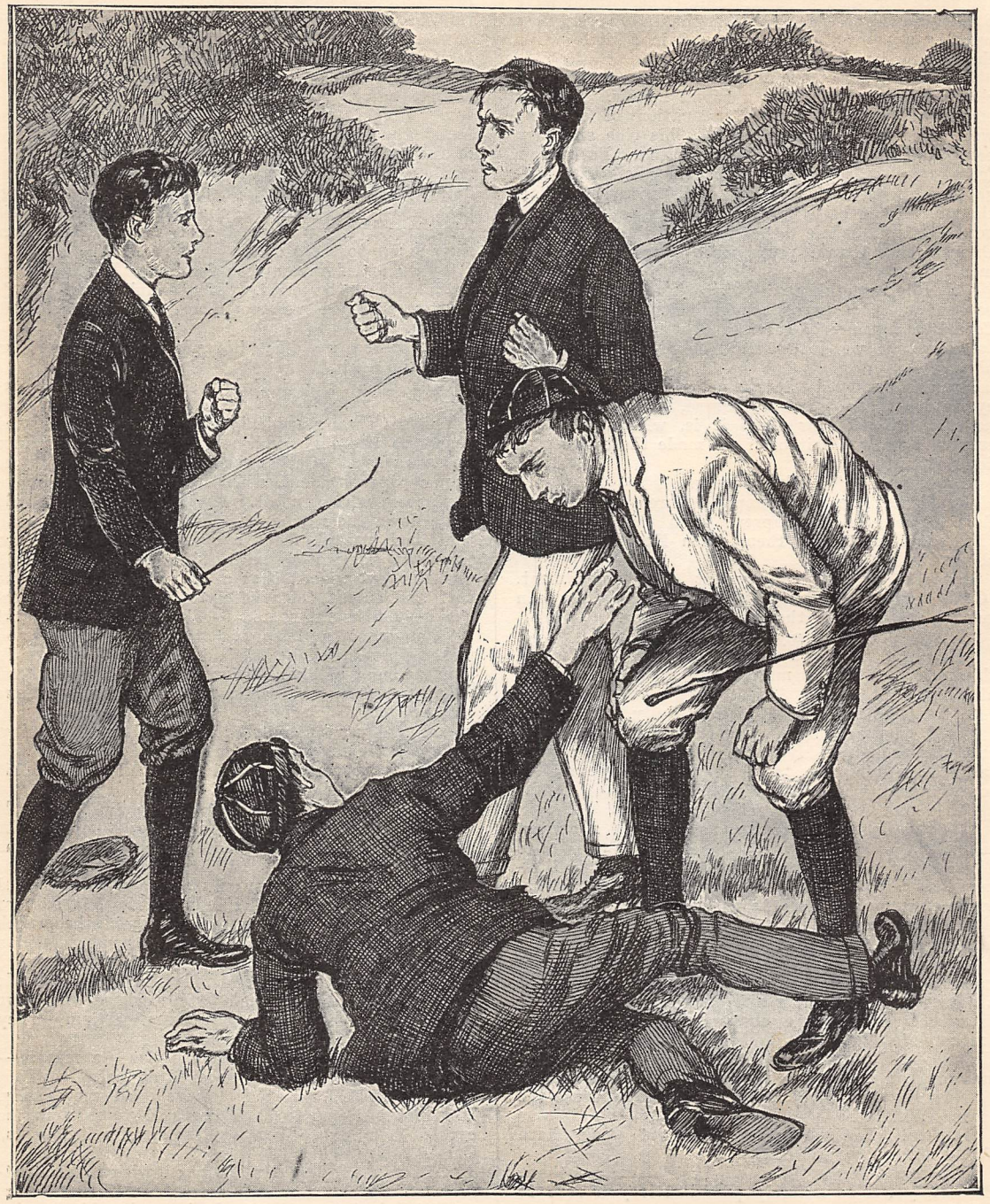
Gerald nodded. He could have cried very easily. It is not pleasant to have disgraced yourself in the eyes of your hero. 'I rather like him for licking us,' Gerald said, thickly.

'And so do I,' Danvers answered, with equal stoutness.

'But I don't suppose we shall ever be able to wipe it out,' Gerald moaned.

Certainly, as Billy had said, Berthold wielded power.

(Continued on page 290.)



"They contrived to hurl their riders to the ground."

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"Only boys or sailors could have escaped unhurt."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 287.)

CHAPTER XVII.

A HEAVY fall of snow had followed the frost, and the school had gone in for tobogganing almost to a man. The carpenter's shop was kept busy day and night turning out toboggans, and Birkby Hill was thronged with shouting crowds. Every one knew that the snow was only a temporary visitation and strove to make the most of it. On the third day Melton looked up Berthold in his study. The two had almost returned of late to their old relations. The credit for this was chiefly due to Melton. 'You may as well come to the Hill,' he said.

'I thought of working,' Berthold answered rather apologetically.

'You are working pretty hard nowadays,' Melton remarked. 'You haven't been to the Hill once yet, have you?'

'No, I haven't,' Berthold admitted.

It was a fact that he was working very hard. He had almost welcomed the stoppage of football, on account of the extra spare time it gave him, and this was somewhat significant, since footer meant very much to Berthold. He had been rather happier of late. The news from home had not been any more hopeful, but he had never realised before how much hard work can do for any one in trouble. Work, if a man puts his back into it, will always keep him from morbid brooding, and in addition bestows a queer satisfaction quite its own. A man tired out by exacting work wins an odd pleasure from his own weariness. Berthold had only found this out of late. He had never chosen really to work before.

'You said you were going in for the Archdale Scholarship, didn't you?' Melton went on. 'Pretty stiff, isn't it?'

'Horribly!' Berthold answered.

'Have you any chance for it?'

Berthold shrugged his shoulders. 'If you ask me, I should say none at all,' he answered lightly.

'You're a queer chap,' Melton observed, not for the first time. 'What's the idea?'

Berthold looked just a shade embarrassed for once. 'Do you really want to know?'

'Of course.'

'Well, the Archdale's not been won for two years. No papers up to the mark. If it could be pulled off it would mean a whole holiday for the school for certain.'

Melton began to see. 'You mean ——?'

'I mean that I owe the school a half-holiday,' Berthold answered very casually.

Melton said in the same tone, 'It's not a bad idea; but I don't think the school bear malice.'

Berthold seemed to think for a moment. 'I don't believe they do; but — I wonder they don't.'

Melton reflected. 'I suppose it's difficult somehow to hate you as much as you deserve to be hated,' he said at last with a grin.

'I should have thought it was easy enough,' Berthold remarked; 'but — it's good of the school. You won't tell any one what I've said, of course?'

'Of course not.'

'I expect the Archdale's quite hopeless for me, as I say; but I thought I'd just have a shot. Grinding has the charm of novelty, anyway.'

Melton changed the subject. 'Rather a nuisance, this snow, with regard to footer.'

'Yes, putting off the third round of house matches is rotten.'

'You did well against Thomas's,' Melton said. 'I shouldn't wonder if we met in Cock House match now.'

'Hope we do!' Berthold answered. 'I shall love to scrag you!'

'It ought to be a great game, if we do meet, judging by your form against Thomas's. How on earth did you lick them? Why, you've got no one but yourself and a lot of kids!'

'They may be kids, but they bucked up like mad,' Berthold said warmly. 'I never want to play behind a better or a pluckier lot of forwards!'

'They're a small lot,' Melton commented.

'Yes, but they proved they could stay and shove. Size isn't everything.'

'I can't get over it, all the same,' Melton observed. 'Neither can Ingram! He's still tearing his hair!'

Ingram was the skipper of Thomas's. He had been ill-advised enough to speak with confidence beforehand as to the result of the game.

'Poor old Ingram!' Berthold said. 'But it was a great game. No one need have been ashamed to lose it.'

'You've got to keep yourself fit, if you're going to be Cock House,' Melton said. 'So now you're coming out to the Hill with me.'

'I really ought to work,' Berthold said doubtfully.

'Rot! You'll work the better for it afterwards. Besides, if I'm silly enough to want you to come ——'

'Right you are!' Berthold said at once, rising from his table. He did not greatly want to go tobogganing, but he did happen to like the loyal and solid Melton very much.

They changed into footer things, since damp English snow differs sadly from the crisp Swiss variety, and set out for the Hill, dragging Melton's toboggan behind them. Sound carried clearly through the frosty air, and half a mile away they could hear the school at work. Birkby Hill was almost ideal as a tobogganing ground. It was a huge meadow sloping down very steeply towards a cavernous ditch. A hundred toboggans could almost be started level, and there must have been at least that number in use that afternoon. The most desperate and exciting races were in progress, half-a-dozen crowded toboggans tearing down neck and neck, with their crews howling threats and warnings when a collision appeared inevitable. The cavernous ditch marked the finish of many a race, the crews being too enthralled to break or to fling themselves clear in time. Even as Berthold and Melton reached the ground two toboggans locked together disappeared headlong into the ditch, apparently turning over and over upon their crews. Only boys, or sailors, could have escaped unhurt from such a smash; but eight boys clambered out, quite splendidly unconscious of any risk to life or limb.

'That looked a shade exciting,' Berthold remarked casually. 'I think we must explore that ditch.'

'Well, if you're keen on smashing a leg,' Melton observed drily.

'I'm not, of course. And we will observe all due care and caution,' Berthold drawled.

Melton shrugged his shoulders and prepared for excitements. When Berthold spoke in that fashion with an entirely listless face, things generally happened. And his anticipations proved correct. Berthold tried three or four runs in Melton's toboggan, found the sport somewhat tame, and went in search of better things. He had not far to seek. A huge toboggan had been specially constructed at great pains to carry some twelve closely packed boys. It had been brought to the Hill, but so far it had only been exploited upon the slower slopes, and with due caution. It had been obvious, even to the most reckless of its crew, that, if it were taken to the top of the hill and permitted to do its best or worst, there would not be the least chance in the world, thanks to its extra weight and impetus, of checking it before the ditch. And the thought of that vast toboggan in the ditch, with twelve boys beneath it, had given pause to every one so far.

(Continued on page 302.)

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

IX. — SEPTEMBER.

SUMMER visitants have flown,
Eggs are hatched and nestlings grown;
Who will sing to cheer us now
Leaves are turning on the bough?

Robin with his scarlet breast,
Loved by all the children best,
Turns his head as if to say,
'I will sing to you to-day.'

Now his autumn song he'll sing,
Sweet as in the early spring;
Truest friend, he sings to cheer
Us throughout the closing year.

THE ESCAPE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

OUT of the flat dreary marshes of the sullen river Somme in France rises the old fortress of Ham, long useless for military purposes, and in the year 1846 used only as a State prison. From an upper window, that looked out on the courtyard, a man stood gazing sadly. He was about thirty-seven, and at first sight his sallow complexion, the slightness of his stature, his heavy moustache, and the small tuft of hair that he wore as a beard, gave him an appearance that was almost humorous. It was only his eyes, dreamy and thoughtful, which made him remarkable.

This man was Prince Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the great Emperor Napoleon I. For fifteen years he had been the laughing-stock of Europe, because he had dared to believe that it was possible to set up again that Empire of his uncle which had come tumbling to pieces at Waterloo. Two mad attempts he had made to seize the Crown, to which in spite of all he held himself entitled, and for his last escapade he had been put in prison by King Louis Philippe, who then reigned in France. For five years he had lingered there, and still his belief in himself and his future remained unchanged. Four hundred soldiers guarded him, and General Montholon, the Governor, kept watch upon him night and day. One faithful companion, Dr. Conneau, was allowed to be with him to try to make bearable the imprisonment to which he had been sentenced for life. To everybody his escape seemed impossible — quite as impossible as that he should ever be Emperor of France.

But the memory of the great Emperor still lingered in France, and there were those willing to risk even their lives to help the younger Napoleon to escape. At last, in the spring of 1846, a plan was decided upon. His faithful valet, Thelin, who was allowed to visit the neighbouring town of St. Quentin, procured a disguise and smuggled it into the fortress. On the morning of May 25th, Prince Louis rose early, and had his moustache and beard shaved by Dr. Conneau. Then he put on the blue blouse and trousers of a French workman, painted his face, and with a clay pipe in his mouth and a plank over his shoulder, prepared to make his great bid for freedom.

Some repairs were being made in the fortress at the time, in which work several labourers were engaged. When, therefore, the Prince appeared in the courtyard, the numerous soldiers on duty did not suspect him. But from the very first moment of his leaving his room he was in imminent danger. A workman on the staircase accosted him as one of his companions, and was openly surprised when he did not recognise him. At the foot of the stairs was the sentry. Prince Louis shifted the plank, so as to screen his face, and walked on. Sentry after sentry he passed, and now before him was only the gate of the fortress, beyond which lay freedom.

Would he succeed in passing that gate? The sentry on duty looked at him suspiciously. One false step and he was doomed to be dragged back again to long years of imprisonment. Only a brave man, and a man of iron nerve, could have done what the Prince did. He walked up to this last sentry quite calmly, and as he reached his side, let his pipe fall out of his mouth. With an exclamation of pretended annoyance, he stooped down to pick up the fragments. The sentry was still suspicious, but an orderly officer, who was standing by, opened the gate. Prince Louis passed out. But even now, there was still danger. A group of workmen approached him, and again he shifted the plank to screen his face.

'Who is it?' asked one of them.

'Oh, it's only Berton,' replied another, and the Prince passed on, undiscovered.

On the road to St. Quentin, his valet met him with a carriage. Prince Louis jumped in, and in a few hours he was across the French frontier into Belgium, and free. Meanwhile, in the prison, Dr. Conneau was doing his best to keep the escape undiscovered, so that the Prince might have plenty of time to reach a place of safety. When the Governor called in the morning to see his prisoner, he was told that he was ill, and later on in the day he was allowed a glimpse of a figure in the Prince's bed — a dummy, that Dr. Conneau had dressed up. The Governor waited; night fell, and at last, about eleven o'clock, he insisted on waking the Prince. He entered the bedroom, only to find there the stuffed figure and to realise that the Prince had fled.

Two and a half years later, King Louis Philippe was forced to fly from France. A republic was pro-

"Prince Louis shifted the plank and walked on."

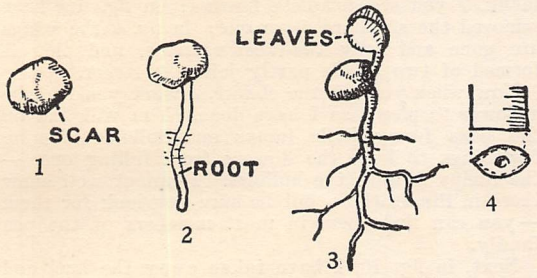
claimed and Prince Louis Napoleon was elected its first President. Four years afterwards he became Emperor of the French, and the dream at which all had laughed became an accomplished fact, scarcely more than six years from the date of his escape from the fortress of Ham.

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

VIII.—THE PEA.

IN this subject of vegetables we now come to a very familiar and much appreciated one, viz., the garden pea. Here is a case in which we allow the plant to form its fruits and then we take them out of their cases and eat them! There is one other similar case, viz., the broad bean; but we will now confine our attention to the pea, as there is much to say about it. As usual, we will first see what we know about its early history.

It is very ancient, for specimens of a small variety have been found in excavating the lake habitations of Switzerland. Students of geology have found these specimens and they tell us that peas were known thousands of years ago. Coming down to more recent times, we know that the field pea grew wild in the south of Europe, and it is believed that it came to England as a vegetable from the



Figs 1.-3.—Stages in growth of pea seedling.
Fig. 4.—Section of pea stem.

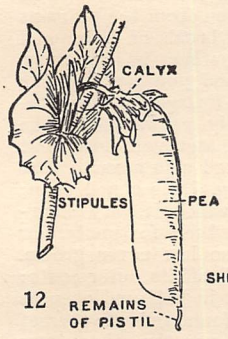


Fig. 12.—Full-grown pea pod.

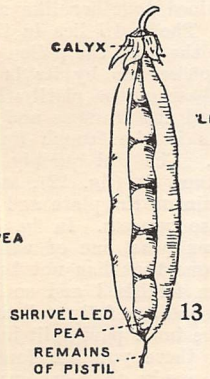


Fig. 13.
Peas in pod.

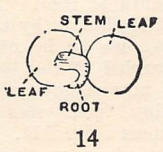
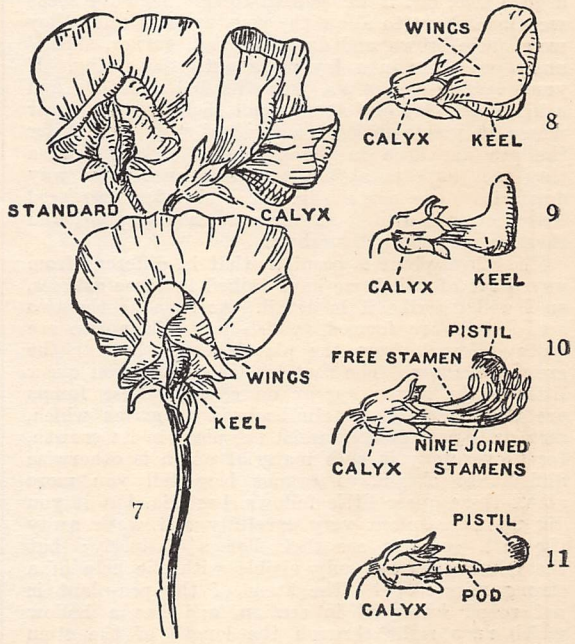


Fig. 14.
Peas as seeds.



Figs. 7-11.—Stages in pea life from flower to pod.

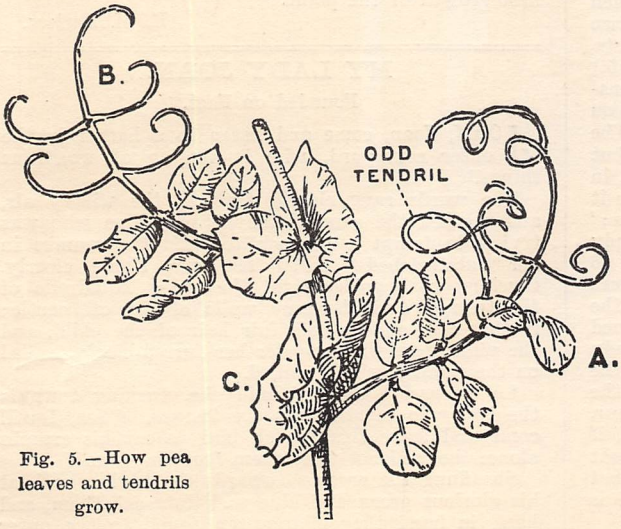


Fig. 5.—How pea leaves and tendrils grow.

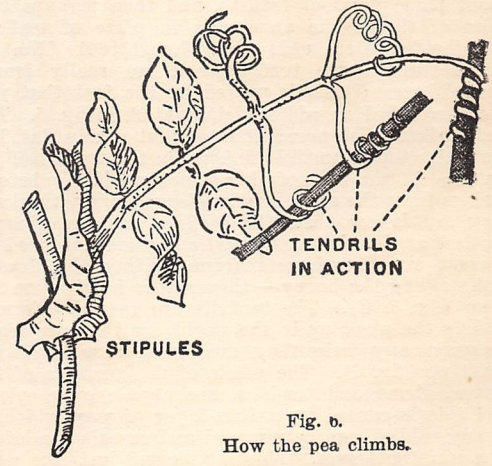


Fig. 6.
How the pea climbs.

Crimea. Its proper name is Pisum Savitum, and it belongs to the natural order Leguminoseae and to the special family Papilionaceae. Those are long words which you may forget until you come to look up these things in big scientific books. This family consists of all members of the order which have flowers resembling a butterfly (Papilionaceae — butterfly-flowered), and I am sure you will easily recognise the likeness.

Now we will follow the life of a pea right from its planting up to its gathering for the table. We gather peas for eating as soon as they have attained a good size, but if we wanted to use them for seeds we should have to allow the pods to hang until they were quite brown and dry, and then gather, 'shell,' and store them in a dry place until the spring. If you examine a seed-pea you will find it is dry and a little wrinkled and at one spot there is a tiny scar where it was attached to the pod (fig. 1). After the pea has been in the ground a certain time a tiny root appears at the scar and pushes its way down into the earth (fig. 2), and later two seed leaves emerge also from the seed-case (fig. 3), and then the plant rapidly grows.

The whole plant is peculiar, that is, different from any other of which we have talked in these articles, so I will describe it in detail. As soon as the two seed leaves are formed (which you will notice are quite different from the plant's other leaves) the growth changes. The root branches, and soon queer little white lumps appear on some. These lumps are the homes of certain bacteria or germs which, strange to say, greatly assist the plant in its growth, for they supply it with material which is otherwise difficult to obtain. I cannot here tell you more about these queer little fellows, bacteria, but if you dig up a pea-plant very carefully and wash away the dirt, you can see their homes distinctly; but the inhabitants are only visible with the help of a strong microscope! The stem of the pea-plant is not round but oval in section, and has a hollow which runs right through the length of the stem (fig. 4). The leaves appear singly, first on one side of the stem and then on the other, at fairly long intervals. These leaves are compound, having each about three pairs of leaflets, and then perhaps two pairs of thread-like structures in place of leaflets, and the leaf-stem ends in a thread too! (No. 5.) These threads are tendrils and are really transformed leaves; this is proved by the fact that you sometimes find an odd leaflet as at A in fig. 5. The leaf-stalk too is queer; it is at first nearly flat, but gradually tapers until it finishes in the tendril (B, in fig. 5). At the base of this compound leaf, where it springs from the stem, are two large leafy 'stipules;' they are larger than the leaflets and are sharply toothed at the base. The stipules are intended to prevent crawling insects from visiting the flowers and stealing the honey — they act as barriers on the stem (fig. 5, C). The tendrils are specially formed to help the plant up in the world, for they are ready to grasp any twig they meet and thus draw the plant up (fig. 6). The whole of the surfaces of the leaves, stems and tendrils, are a pale grey colour, and this is caused by a thin layer of wax which, if gently rubbed, can be removed and reveals the bright green of the leaves. This is 'bloom,' just like what one sees on plums, grapes, and other fruits, and is there as a protection.

Now we come to the flowers. In fig. 7 is a stem of flowers, and you can at once realise their likeness to butterflies. Each flower has a calyx of five green sepals, and they are fixed round the edges of a little plate-like structure which has developed from the flower-stalk. Next come five petals, but they are not all alike. The one which stands up at the back is the standard — the two next are the wings and the inner ones are the keel. To make it quite plain: in fig. 7 you see complete flowers; in fig. 8 I have removed the standard from one; in fig. 9 the wings are gone and only the keel remains, and this is formed of two petals partly joined together.

Now when you get the chance, I want you to take a flower to pieces as I have done. You will find on the sides funny little lumps and hollows forming fastenings to keep the flowers from falling open — the lumps fit into the hollows. I cannot well show these in illustrations, but be sure you look for them — you can find them in most members of the pea family.

Next, in fig. 10, I have taken away the keel and you now see what is inside, viz., ten stamens and the pistil; it is a very funny thing that nine of the stamens are joined together like a trough, but the tenth is free! The pistil lies in the trough and as it is shut in by the keel, the pollen from the stamens is sure to be picked up by its brush of hairs and carried to the base of the pistil where is the ovary. I now remove all the stamens and you see that the tiny 'pod' was in the trough formed by the stamens (fig. 11). The pod quickly grows to be the 'pea' as we know it (fig. 12), and you note that the sepals remain on the plate and also a small part of the pistil also persists. In fig. 13 is a pod open; it contains seven peas, one of which is very shrivelled; this is one that has not been fortunate, for it has not been fertilised and so has never grown. Take a pea out and carefully pull off its outer coats; you will find the inner part split in half and open as in fig. 14, and there you see (enlarged of course) the tiny plant ready to start growth; those two halves (each like half a tiny ball) are the seed-leaves carrying a great store of material for the first growth of the plant.

E. M. Barlow.

MY LADY JOAN.

Founded on Fact.

'JOAN, Joan, come and listen to a harper in the outer courtyard, who is singing of wondrous things.'

The words rang clearly through the wintry air, and reached the ears of the little maiden who was trying to tempt a peacock towards the crumbs in her outstretched hand. The sun shone clearly, touching with golden light the stone balustrade of the terrace, and the grey walls of the old castle; resting also on the soft fair hair of the child, and the pink dress which, under her furred cloak, trailed on the ground as she walked.

'A harper, Richard?' said she, turning towards the boy who came across the terrace. 'Yes, I will come and leave this foolish bird to eat his crumbs alone: he will not take them from my hand.'

She flung the crumbs towards the bird, who bent his glorious green and blue neck to reach them, and hand in hand the children ran round to the outer

courtyard behind the castle. There sat the harper, a strange figure in his worn and shabby clothes, his tunic frayed and torn, his stockings loose, and his pointed leathern shoes cut by the stones over which he had walked. The peaked hood had fallen back from his dark hair, which he frequently shook back from the eyes which shone and softened in accordance with the changes of the music. The sweet clear ringing of the harp's strings sounded across the courtyard, and as the children drew near, they heard the closing words of the song:

'And thus this flower
So gently hath unto my help attended
That from the death her man she hath defended.'

* * * * *

The minstrel silenced the strings, and standing up bowed to the children as they approached.

'Good morrow, Sir Minstrel,' said Richard, 'pray be seated.'

'And pray sing again, sir, if you will,' added Joan. 'We would fain listen to more songs. Who is the "flower" of whom you sang?'

'A fair lady, madam,' answered the minstrel, 'who gladdened the eyes of her royal lover, as she walked in the pleasant gardens beneath his prison walls.'

'What was her name?' asked the child.

'The Lady Joan Beaufort, cousin to our own king!' replied the minstrel.

'Richard, Richard, do you hear?' cried Joan, turning and seizing her brother's hand. 'It is my name.'

'Your name truly,' said Richard; 'but you are but a little maid, not a beauteous lady in a song.'

'Nay, but truly, sir,' said the minstrel, 'she is none the less my Lady Joan, and if I were in prison, fain would I look from the casement upon her figure in the garden.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Joan, 'but pray tell us more. A royal lover, and in prison? How might that be?'

'The royal lover, lady, is the King of Scotland, James I. who lies in prison at Windsor, whither he was sent as a boy by our late King Henry IV. But our King Harry will soon arrange for his safe return, and even now his imprisonment is no great burden, for his rooms are well appointed, he is allowed to walk in the grounds, and to hold converse with visitors, or I should not have been able to learn his song.'

'Did he write that beauteous song?' asked Joan.

'That did he, lady, and many others, for he is a fair scholar.'

'Can you sing also of wars and heroes?' asked Richard.

'Ay, young master,' answered the minstrel, 'that can I, for I was in France with good King Harry, and there saw many great and strange sights.'

'I pray you sing them,' said Richard, seating himself on a stone bench near at hand. 'I would love to hear such tales, for I too would go with King Harry to the war.'

The minstrel took his harp again, and sounding the strings, he sang of wondrous sights and great and mighty deeds in war. The children listened entranced, till, as the sun sank lower, and the short winter's day drew to a close, Richard rose and said: 'Sir Minstrel, we thank you. But you are weary, and we must not tarry longer. Will you wait and sing again to our father and mother in the hall?'

'Gladly will I, sir, if the noble lord and lady will deign to listen to my minstrelsy,' and so saying the minstrel rose, and bowed with courtly grace to the two children as they turned to go.

* * * * *

The log fire was blazing upon the hearth in the great hall, the floor had been freshly strewn with rushes, and the supper tables withdrawn, when Richard begged his father that the minstrel might be called.

'You must hear him, Mother,' cried Joan. 'He sings a wondrous song written by the prisoner King of Scotland, about a Lady Joan!'

'Truly he is a marvellous fellow,' said Sir Walter, his stern face softening as he drew his little daughter to him; 'we must hear him by all means. Go, Carl,' he added, turning to his page, 'conduct the minstrel hither.'

The page departed, and soon returned, ushering in the minstrel, who bowed low to the group at the fireside; Sir Walter seated by the Lady Ermyntrude, his arm around little Joan, and Richard on the floor at his mother's feet.

The lady gazed at the minstrel as he advanced, and a puzzled look was on her face, as though his features recalled some ancient memory.

'Good evening, Sir Minstrel,' said Sir Walter. 'Carl, bring a stool and set it near the fire; then you, sir, can enjoy the warmth and mellow light, while we listen to your songs of love and loyalty.'

And so, in the glow of the firelight, the minstrel made his music: ringing songs of war, triumphal chants of victory, and again the plaintive songs of love and loyalty.

His hearers sat as if spellbound, while the slow, sweet strains of an ancient ditty died away. Then the minstrel rose, and gratefully thanking Sir Walter and the Lady Ermyntrude for his kind reception, but refusing all offers of hospitality and shelter for the night, he withdrew, the children going with him to the door.

When they returned, a golden chain hung round Joan's neck.

'Come, little one,' said her father, laughing, 'whence comes this finery?'

But the Lady Ermyntrude started forward with a cry.

'See, Walter, see! it is my amulet which I gave to my brother Hubert when he went away to foreign lands, long years ago, when he was but a boy. He vowed he would not part with it until he saw me again. I could not be mistaken, and there, moreover, is the chain of six tiny golden links which attach it to the longer chain. Come, Joan, and tell us, sweetheart, whence comes this pretty toy?'

''Twas the kind minstrel hung it about my neck. He bade me, Mother, remember his words, and they were these: "A lady fair will ask you, Lady Joan, whence came the golden chain with this amulet; then say that it was given you by one who, even before he went to London to carry tidings of the speedy return of the king, came to satisfy himself by one glance of the well-being of the one dearest to him on earth — his sister. The mission must be fulfilled, and many others, for the poor harper must journey even as far as Scotland, but when the winter comes again, and the logs blaze on the hearth, then look, my Lady Joan, for the return of the minstrel."'

"His hearers sat as if spellbound."

No. 38. New Series, 1912. **CHATTERBOX.** *Weekly — One Halfpenny.*
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"He shouted to them. and waved his axe."

THE WILDMAN OF THE VINEYARD.

IT was Phylla — short for Philippa — who would climb over the wall into the vineyard, and drag her young sister Gracie after her. The gate they came to was locked, and Gracie, never so bold and fond of adventures as Phylla, would have been quite content to look through the bars at the vines, and then pass on. But her sister wanted to go in and see the grapes actually growing. The sun was very hot, and it looked deliciously cool under the shade of the vines, trained in long green arcades.

It was certainly very enticing, and Phylla, who could climb like a squirrel, had found a place where she could swing herself up on to the wall, with the aid of a tree. Gracie said she was afraid to get over; some one might catch them. But Phylla declared that the gate being locked showed that there was no one in the vineyard. It would be quite safe, and they would only stop a few minutes there.

Her sister still hesitated. 'I don't think we ought to touch the grapes,' she said.

'All right,' cried Phylla, carelessly, 'though there are tons and tons here, I'm sure. But they aren't ours, of course. Put your foot there, and give me your hand.'

The two little girls had only just come to Meran, in the Tyrol, with their mother, who was now at the hotel, resting. They were paying their Uncle Maurice a visit; he was an invalid, and not able to live more than half the year in England. Just now he was having forty winks, too; so Phylla and Gracie had been trusted to go for a stroll by themselves. The hotel-keeper smiled, and said it would be perfectly safe for the young ladies along the promenade.

But Phylla was much too restless to be content to walk sedately up and down the promenade; the two went off exploring, and ended by this scramble over the wall.

There were acres and acres of vines growing in long rows all round Meran, and the hot autumn sun was turning the heavy bunches of grapes to a splendid purple. The children did not find it as cool as they expected under the leafy arches; there was not a breath of air — but, at any rate, it was shady.

The girls took off their hats and carried them as they wandered along, now and then pushing the leaves aside to admire a beautiful bunch. It was very tantalising not to be able to eat any of the grapes; such quantities of them, too, nearly ready for the vintage. But Phylla said 'No,' stoutly, and they managed to resist the temptation.

It seemed very quiet and deserted, and the pair had forgotten their first fear of meeting some one when Gracie suddenly stopped still, with a scared face. 'I heard somebody whistling,' she said.

With beating hearts the two stood and listened.

'Yes, there is some one, I'm sure,' whispered Phylla. 'Come along, and let's get over the wall as soon as we can.'

They turned and hurried back, but one long, green alley was just like another, and it was small wonder that they quickly became bewildered. Suddenly, upon going round a corner, the startled children caught sight of a strange, wild-looking creature, at some little distance from them, fortunately. He was dressed in a curious manner, in brown and green and red; on his head was an enormous bunch of feathers, standing up very high, while on either side of his bearded, sunburnt face dangled a fox's brush. A huge pistol was stuck in his belt, and he carried a large old-fashioned battle-axe.

As soon as this strange being saw the children he shouted to them, and waved his axe. They could not understand what he said, and were too frightened to stop and ask what it was. Off they ran like two young hares, and the Wild Man followed them. They thought he must be a Red Indian, with all those feathers on his head, and they wondered, as they fled along, whether the vineyard belonged to him, and if he killed people who came into it with that great axe. It was odd that a Red Indian should be at Meran, in the Tyrol. But, if he were not that, then who was he?

'I can't go any further,' panted Gracie, at last.

Phylla did not waste her breath in talking, but seized her sister's hand, and pulled her onward. Oh, how she wished she had not persuaded Gracie to come over the wall. She looked round, the Wild Man was gaining ground; once more he shouted, and brandished his axe.

Gracie was lagging, and Phylla felt that she could not run much farther herself. The heat was dreadful. Oh, what were they to do? The wall round the vineyard was too high to be climbed over in a hurry, or without some handy tree to help one. Phylla generally did things quickly, and when she got over the wall she had not stopped to think how she and Gracie were to get back again. If she had been asked, she would most likely have answered, 'Oh, I don't know! Somehow!'

A gate! How delighted the children were to see it! It was not the same one they had vainly tried to open a short time back; so there was just a chance that this one might not be locked. Phylla pressed forward, and gave it a push. It yielded; another push and they were through and out in the road, where safety lay. They toiled on breathlessly for a few yards, and then stopped to see what had become of their pursuer. There he was locking the gate, just as an ordinary gardener might. And then he leaned over the top, and actually laughed at Phylla and Gracie; and, in spite of his queer costume and towering head-dress of feathers, he did not look such a terrible Wild Man, after all.

The two little girls were very much puzzled; they could not imagine who he could be. They went straight back to the hotel; it was close to the promenade, and easy to find, and Uncle Maurice had finished his forty winks, and was sitting in the verandah.

'I was just coming to look for you,' he called out, as they came near. 'My dear children, your faces are perfectly scarlet. Wherever have you been?'

The two poured out the tale of their adventure, and Uncle Maurice lay back in his wicker chair and laughed. 'The idea of you getting into a vineyard,' he said; 'they are all closed now, because the grapes are ripe, and the vintage will begin next week. Even the owners don't go in, and I can't understand how it was you found that gate unlocked.'

'But who was the man with the axe?' asked Phylla, eagerly.

'The man with the axe was the "Saltner," or keeper. As soon as the vineyards are closed the "Saltners" walk about them all day to keep the ripe grapes, which are to make the good wine of the Tyrol, from being stolen and the vines from

being injured. It is a very old custom for the men to dress up in that queer garb. I don't wonder you were surprised, and a little bit frightened, eh?'

'Then he wouldn't have hurt us?' said Gracie.

'Oh, no,' laughed their uncle; 'he would just have turned you out of the vineyard, that's all. Saltners are very good fellows; and we'll ask Herr Rosenberg, who owns this hotel, if he knows one who would let me take a photograph of him. You'd like one, wouldn't you?'

'Oh, yes, please!' cried Phylla, delighted.

And when they returned to England the little girls carried with them a fine big picture of a Wild Man like the one who had given them such a fright.

S. Braine.

THE HERON.

A French Fable.

ONE fine morning the heron went forth to fish. With his long legs, his long beak, and his long neck, he stood looking down into the clear stream, and there he saw a carp playing with his friend, the pike. But the heron could easily have caught either the carp or the pike.

'But,' said he, 'I have no appetite. It is not yet dinner-time.'

You must understand that the heron liked his meals punctually, neither a minute before nor a minute after the correct time; and so the carp and the pike passed on their way in safety.

The heron went for a stroll. At dinner-time, however, he returned to the stream and found a tench; but the tench looked so small after the pike and the carp, that the heron turned up his beak in disdain.

'Is a tench,' cried he, 'fit for a heron?'

And the tench escaped in safety like the carp and the pike.

The heron waited, becoming hungrier and hungrier every minute, till at last he saw a gudgeon.

'I would sooner starve,' said he, 'than open my beak for anything so small as a gudgeon!'

And the gudgeon, very much astonished, swam after the carp, the pike, and the tench.

From dinner-time till supper-time the heron waited on the bank until he could bear it no longer, and seized the first thing that came that way. This proud heron, having despised the carp, the pike, the tench, and the gudgeon, was obliged in the end to content himself with a snail! Joyce Cobb.

SPIDER'S DISCOVERIES.

THE little fishing village was in a state of great excitement. Boys were hurrying up and down the steep street with boats under their arms — boats newly done up and gleaming with fresh paint.

It was the day of the boys' model yacht-race, and at low tide, which would be that day at four o'clock, the race was to take place on the Mermaid's Pool, close to the shore.

'I'm going in to dinner, now,' said a big boy to his companions, as they climbed the hill together. 'I want to be down on the beach in good time. Bad luck for Bill Jenkyns having no boat! His last year's one got smashed in a rough sea in the winter.'

'I know,' said another, 'and his father's not back from the fishing yet, though they thought he might have been in this week, so Bill had no money to get another.'

The group broke up, the boys dispersing to their several homes for dinner, and the street was deserted, except for one or two cats who sat blinking in the sun, when a small boy appeared, making his way up the steep hill which led from the beach. His hands were dug deep into his pockets and his eyes fixed on the ground as he walked. Suddenly he looked up as a cottage door opened, and a boy rather bigger than himself came down the street towards him.

'Bill,' said the small boy, 'I say, Bill Jenkyns, are you going to walk along the shore this afternoon? Because I think I may as well come along.'

'But — the boat-race?' exclaimed Bill.

'Well, my boat's gone. I just went down to bring her in, and found she'd got loose from her moorings. I saw her get filled by a big wave and she sank.'

'Come along then, Tom,' said Bill, shortly. 'I'm going to walk to the Point, the children from Crackington come and play there, and there's often some fun going. Very well, Spider,' to a rough white dog who rushed up at that moment and gazed with beseeching eyes at his master, 'you can come if you like.'

Off the three went, clambering over rocks, and nearly slipping into the deep pools full of seaweed which lay between them.

'What has he got now?' said Tom, stopping on the top of one of the highest rocks to watch the dog, who was digging away excitedly in a heap of seaweed, and uttering short, sharp barks.

'Come away, Spider!' called Bill. 'There's half-past two striking,' he went on; 'only an hour and a half now before low tide. I shall enter next year. As soon as Father comes home, I shall get my boat and keep it ready.'

'Yes,' said Tom; 'I shall be able to have another by then, too. Look here, let's see what Spider wants,' and the boys ran off together to the rock where Spider was still eagerly scratching at the seaweed.

'A bone, of course,' said Bill, pulling out a big one. 'Here, Spider, fetch!' and he flung it far away across the sand. Tom, meanwhile, had found a long stick under the rock, and was poking with it among the rubbish.

'Bill!' he gasped suddenly, as he pulled out an old boat.

Without another word the two boys rushed to the nearest pool and launched her on the water.

'Yes, she floats,' cried Bill, 'but she has no mast, no rigging, and no sail. We must do it, Tom. Haul her in, and you hold on to that stick, it may be useful. We must get back, as fast as we can go, to the beach below our house. We'll enter for the race together.'

Then came a race for time; the boys sped over the shore like wild creatures, with Spider scuttling along at their heels.

'Can we do it?' gasped Tom as they flung themselves, breathless, on the beach below Bill's home. 'Hardly more than an hour! And how can we rig her?'

'I know all that from Father,' said Bill; 'he taught me when I was a little chap, and I've rigged my own boats ever since. Now you cut down a bit of your big stick and smooth it down for a mast, while I fetch twine for the rigging, and some rag for the sails.'

He rushed up to the house, and in a few minutes

"His fingers moved quickly, and soon the boat appeared to be ready."

was back again and sitting down with Spider beside him; and Tom anxiously watching, he set to work with a will.

'Don't speak to me,' he said, 'this is working against time.'

His fingers moved quickly, and soon the boat appeared to be ready.

'Cut down the sail, Tom,' said Bill, without looking up, and still busily finishing off his work, 'the rag is in my pocket. We'll call her the Discovery, a good name and a true one for her.'

A few minutes more and the boys were racing across the sand to the Mermaid's Pool, where a large crowd had now gathered.

'Another boat to enter, please, Sir,' panted Bill, darting up to a kindly-looking man who was organising the race.

'Only just in time,' said he, pulling out his watch. 'Quick now, what name?'

'Discovery.'

'Entered by ——'

'Tom Jones and Bill Jenkyns. And,' continued Bill, turning to Tom who had come up with Spider, 'if we get a prize, Spider shall share it, for it was he who really found her after all.'

* * * * *

The result of the boat-race was posted later in the afternoon at the boat-house, and the name of the winning boat was the Discovery. Spider had a new collar a few days later. H. M.

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

IX. — SILK-WORMS.

THERE is something very fascinating to most animal-loving children in keeping silk-worms, and it is hardly to be wondered at when we consider what an insight they get into one of Dame Nature's marvels by the care and study of these little creatures.

There are many species of silk-worms, and from the silk thread spun by each different kind of larva,

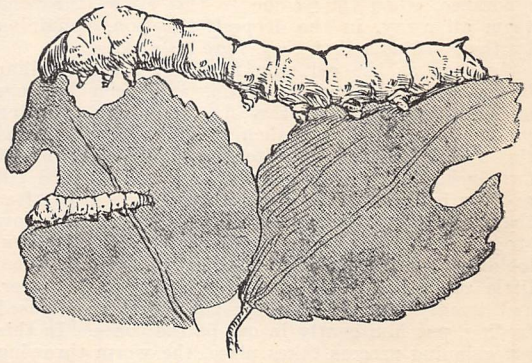
The Silk-worm Moth and her Eggs.

or caterpillar, a different sort of silk is manufactured. For instance, the Japanese oak-feeding silk-moth produces a green cocoon, the silk of which is much used for embroidery work in Japan; then there is the Tussore-moth of India, which spins a greyish-white cocoon of very firm quality, from which the natives manufacture the well-known Tussore silk. And besides these more important species, there are many others in various parts of the world.

The only one we have domesticated in England is called the common silk-worm and came originally from China, where for many years, and at a very early period, it was only cultivated.

From China the knowledge travelled to India, and in the year 552, two monks, who had gone as missionaries to India, became acquainted with the culture of the silk-worm, and realised its great advantages as an industry. On leaving India, they managed to carry away in a hollow cane a quantity of silk-worm eggs, which they brought to Constantinople, and from these eggs arose the silk industry which spread all over Europe. Italy and China are the two countries that supply the largest amount of raw silk at the present day.

That is just a brief outline of this interesting little moth's history.



Silk-worms Feeding.

To begin keeping them yourself, the best way is to buy some eggs, which cost about threepence a hundred, from an animal shop.

These must be kept in a cool place, until May or the beginning of June, when they should be placed in shallow cardboard trays on clean paper in the sun and warmth. They must not be allowed to hatch earlier in the year, as otherwise the worms will appear before their proper food is ready for them.

Cocoon in Silk.

Silk-worm Chrysalis, after silk has been unwound

When hatching-time approaches, the eggs become very dark, and a careful watch must be kept for the young worms. When first hatched they are almost black and about a quarter of an inch in length. As soon as they come out, gently lift the little worms on a small camel-hair paint-brush (fingers are far too clumsy!) into another and deeper tray, and give them plenty to eat. Their proper diet consists of mulberry leaves, but if these cannot be obtained, lettuce leaves may be used instead. Care must be taken that the leaves are thoroughly dry, and fresh ones constantly given, any uneaten or stale pieces being cleaned away.

After seven to ten days, the caterpillar sheds his first skin. He stops feeding and seems overcome with languor; then for two days he remains apparently motionless, with head raised, while he goes through various internal arrangements which enable him at length to throw off completely the old tight skin, even to the jaws and teeth.

I shall never forget once, when a small child, being given some silk-worms of a day old, and in my ignorance, when they came to this stage, throwing them all away, in the deepest dejection, imagining by their stillness that they were all dead!

As soon as the old skin falls off, the caterpillar begins to feed greedily again, and soon becomes much larger; after another five days, the moulting process is repeated, and then twice again, till he has thrown off four skins. After the fourth he is about two inches long and devours quantities of food till another inch is added to his length. Ten days after the last moult the caterpillar is full-sized, and now stops eating, wandering restlessly round the box, looking very transparent. You must twist up some little cones or 'sugar-loaves' of clean white paper, and twenty-four hours after the worm has ceased feeding, put him gently in one of the cones. In this the spinning process takes place, the worm throwing his head about in various directions until the floss or outer network of the cocoon is made; then he winds the silk thread round and round his body, until it is entirely enveloped. The thread all comes from a little lump called the spinneret, which lies beneath the lower lip of the larva.

The spinning of the cocoon takes from three to five days, and when we remember that the thread in a single cocoon averages three hundred yards in length, we can realise the tremendous amount of labour involved in the spinning.

About five days after the cocoon is quite finished, shake the cones gently, and if the chrysalis rattles the silk is ready for winding. For this a small wooden winder can be purchased for a few pence. First remove the loose outside floss and place the cocoon in a small basin of warm water; this loosens the end of the thread, which can then easily be found and fastened to one of the spokes of the winder, the handle being slowly turned until all the silk is wound off. The chrysalis must be put in a box of bran and kept in a warm dry place for a fortnight or so, when the perfect moth will appear. It has a thick hairy body and large broad wings that flutter feebly. The moths should be placed in a well-ventilated box on sheets of white paper, and may be given a little sugar to eat. During the summer the females lay their eggs and then die, the eggs being put away in a cool, dry cupboard, ready for next year's hatching. I. E. N.

THE JUDGMENT OF BRAIN.

NOW this is the tale of the bitter dispute
That between all the senses arose:
They couldn't agree who the ruler should be,
And they came very nearly to blows.

Said Sight, 'It is plain I am king of you all,
For Body's no good without eyes.'
'Don't be silly,' said Smell, 'have you never heard tell
Of blind people ever so wise?'

'As a matter of fact,' said Smell, with a smile,
'I am chief (so at least I've been told).'
'Pooh, pooh!' said old Hearing, loud laughing and jeering;
'Why, you fly when poor Head has a cold!'

'I claim to be king,' said old Hearing, 'for Tongue
Only learns to talk aided by me.'
'Oh! come now,' said Taste, 'for we've no time to waste,
You forget deaf-and-dumb A B C.'

'As I give so much pleasure,' said Taste, 'I declare
That the throne I should rightfully fill.'
'Do you think,' said sly Touch, 'that the pleasure's so much
In the matter of physic and pill?'

'I am king!' exclaimed Feeling (who's sometimes called Touch),
'To me many joys Body owes.'
'In cold, frosty weather,' they shouted together,
'Numb fingers and icy-cold toes!'

They wrangled and jangled, but couldn't agree —
So, at last, they decided to bring
The case before Brain, who would soon make it plain,
Who were to be subjects — who, king.

Now Brain hummed and hawed, and then straightened his wig;
And finally said, with a cough:
'To be — hem! — very brief, not one of you's chief;
'Tis I who am king — now be off!'

Stephen Southwold.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

BERTHOLD had views of his own. He was seen to be examining the big toboggan with critical eye. A little crowd promptly collected, curious, as always, to see what Berthold might take it into his wayward head to do.

'It seems a pity not to give it a chance,' drawled Berthold. 'Let's take it to the top.'

The owners of the toboggan had only wanted a leader. Their rare prudence had sat ill upon them, had annoyed themselves. Now they accepted Berthold's suggestion with delighted approval. Many hands helped to drag the unwieldy, lofty conveyance to the very crest of the hill.

'No kids are to go, of course,' Berthold said, assuming the leadership quite unconsciously. And in a similar fashion it was accepted by the owners of the toboggan. 'That's right. No, I'm going to sit in front.'

The post of danger was yielded to him. He seated himself with an expressionless face, save for a tiny gleam of pleasure apparent in his eyes. He was absolutely happy at that moment. He had a perfect conception of the foolish and unnecessary danger that they were about to face. Berthold's action in the matter was, of course, worthy of all blame. He was using his gift of leadership to drag other boys into real risk, merely to minister to his own restless love of excitement. Even if he felt he might risk his own limbs, he should have remembered his responsibility to the others. Apparently he gave it no thought at all, which was rather unlike Berthold.

A score of helpers started the great toboggan. She got into her stride with a swoop and a rush, and

then she went skimming like an eagle at an ever-increasing speed. The other toboggans were idle. Every one was watching this experiment. All of her crew, save one, were yelling in mad excitement as the toboggan gathered pace, as the flung snow whipped at their faces, as the cold air tore past. Berthold sat very quiet with a small fleck of colour in his cheeks. And now the toboggan was really travelling! And now, as it swooped at its fastest, quite unstoppable, they were plunging for the ditch!

A really bad accident seemed inevitable. The most careless of the watching boys was conscious of a thrill of real alarm. Many began quite involuntarily to run towards the ditch that they might give help. It was not needed. Within a foot of the yawning ditch the racing toboggan struck a hummock and seemed to rise into the air. She cleared the ditch nobly in her stride, smashing clean through a low hedge upon the further bank and landing with a grinding smash that slewed her sideways. After that, she appeared to dissolve, flinging her passengers upon all sides over the snow. Each of them picked himself up and felt himself, and marvelled that he was not hurt. A branch from the hedge had torn a long scratch across Berthold's face, but that was the one casualty among the entire reckless party.

'Quite a good run,' Berthold observed with a touch of patronage; 'but it's a pity she's smashed herself!'

The owners of the toboggan were not entirely certain that her destruction was a matter for keen regret. It had been a great run, and it had brought them a certain measure of fame, but — one such experience was almost enough for one day. And that mad chap, Berthold, they reflected, would certainly have wished to risk his neck again! He seemed to have quite a weakness for risking his neck.

Gerald and Danvers had witnessed the run. They had helped to drag the toboggan to the top of the hill. Needless to say, each would have willingly parted with an ear or a finger to be permitted to take part in the adventure. Whenever possible, they always dogged Berthold's footsteps, at a respectful distance, of course. Since their humiliating experience in the ravine, when Berthold had inflicted well-merited chastisement, they had not ceased to observe him from afar, but they had worn the look of justly punished puppies. Berthold's rashness had rather added fervour to their worship, if that had been possible. For the rest of the afternoon they kept as close to him as they dared, gazing with eyes that seemed to wonder what their hero might do next. And so it came about that they were cut off with him upon the homeward journey through the Heath village.

There had been for generations a fierce feud between the boys of Dunbury and the hobbledehoys of the village. It was a matter of cherished tradition, upon both sides, and the combatants never lacked fresh causes for friction. The snow was falling heavily once more as the boys straggled back to the school. To the youths of the village it seemed a goodly chance for sport and revenge. Here was ammunition in plenty, almost as satisfactory as the pebbles and filth with which it was their pleasing practice to pelt any small and unwary parties of boys whom they encountered near the village. In the gathering twilight and the falling snow they could select their own time for attack. Their leader acted with fine prudence, restraining his rasher followers with an iron hand. Almost the entire school were permitted to pass through the village in a long, uneven procession, unchallenged and unmolested. His scouts had informed the village Cromwell that a final group of stragglers, some twenty strong, were following a quarter of a mile behind the rest. Upon this isolated party the leader flung his full force with the skill of a guerilla general.

Berthold and his companions found themselves now quite cut off and in an exceedingly tight place. Their friends in front did not even know of their plight. Only a pond upon their right flank saved them temporarily from being completely surrounded and overwhelmed. Stinging, frozen snowballs flung with full force at short range raked them from three sides. Some of them felt as though they contained stones. When it came to close quarters in a little while, there would be rough handling for the Dunbury boys. The villagers did not often get such a gorgeous chance of avenging much scornful chaff. They meant to make the most of it. Without a leader the little harassed party must soon have been forced into scattered and hopeless flight; but Berthold was with them, and Berthold was in his element. He formed his men into a small, solid column with the bigger boys in front.

'We've got to smash through them,' he said, and his voice was quite joyous for once. 'If we stick together we can smash through anything. Lock arms if you feel like breaking. But the weight will do it. Remember — no scattering! Now — at a trot!'

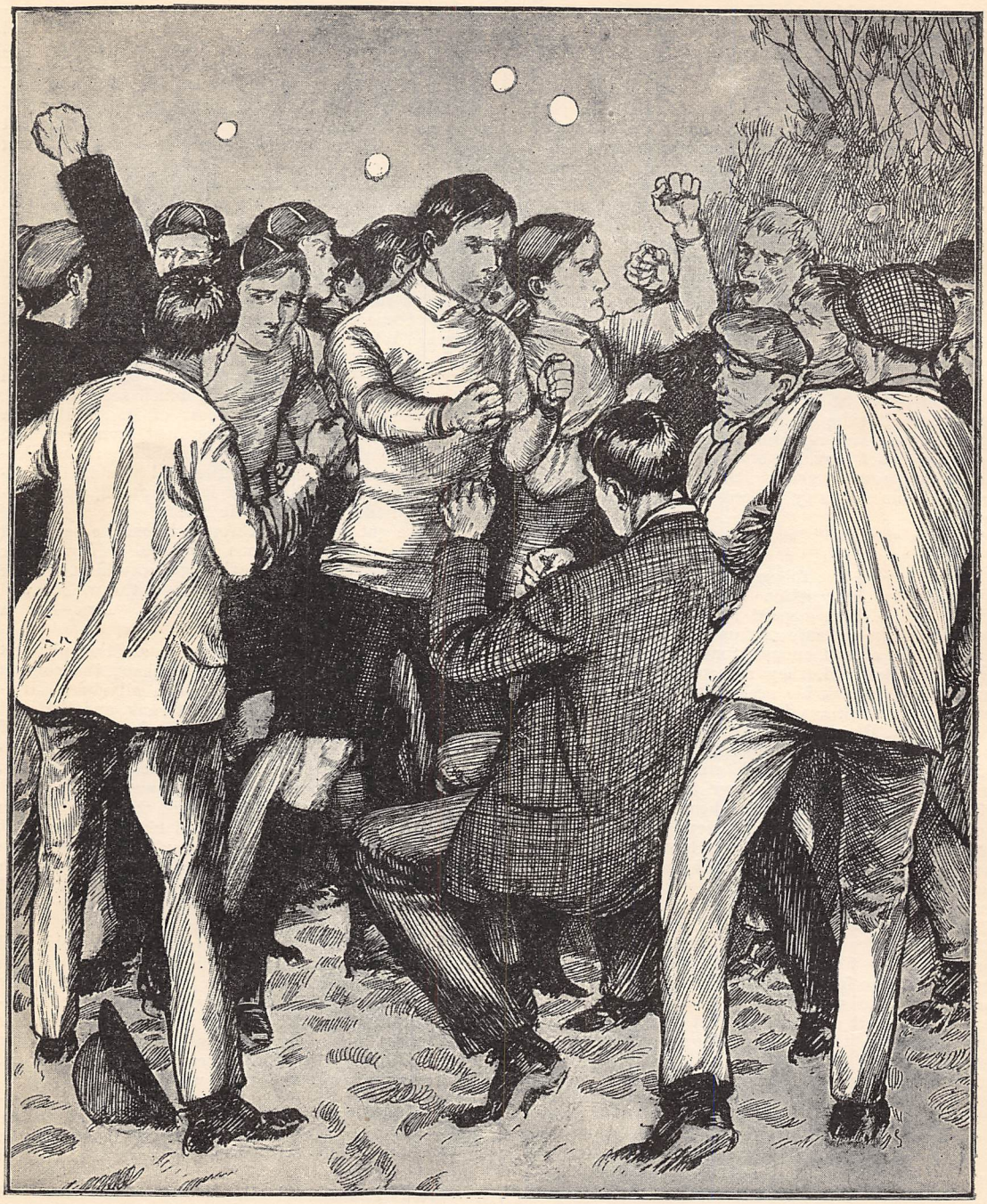
And they charged home, even as the phalanx charged home at Marathon. Somehow, the column knew that they would get through all right. Berthold was with them, in the front rank, and Berthold had the knack, possessed by some few generals, of giving assurance of victory to his men. Danvers and Gerald, somewhere in the middle of the column, the two smallest boys in the force, were entirely and royally happy. Berthold had noted them as he made his final hurried dispositions, had given them a curt word of encouragement. They would far rather have been within that column in the dark and snow with Berthold than snugly before the fire in the Second Form-room. They felt vaguely that they were wiping out the incident of Billy Risdale.

The column smashed through, as Berthold had foretold. The villagers were not prepared for such an organized rush. Some few blows were struck by the front rank, and then they were clear and trotting up the road. The enemy hung upon their rear and flanks for a time, harassing the retreat, but were obviously disinclined to come to close quarters. That was always the way with the village lads, unless they had their quarry fairly cornered. Berthold halted his men at last, counted them to see that none had been cut off, and broke up the column.

'It's all right now,' he said listlessly. 'There'll be no more fun.'

Gerald remembered the merry ring that had sounded in his voice, away back beside the pond when they had seemed in a hopeless fix, and it quite hurt him to hear the change. Berthold was walking now with his head slightly bent, almost as though a weight had fallen back into place upon his shoulders.

(Continued on page 306.)



"They charged home."

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"Piggy went through the ice."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 303.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE weather was behaving itself abominably. It thawed and the snow vanished in slush. Then, just at the wrong moment, it froze again. The roads were almost impassable, and a long slide was fashioned secretly and quite illegally down one of the asphalt paths that led across the quad. Mr. Bryant hurrying down to Chapel one morning set two innocent feet upon this slide and — continued the journey upon his back after a series of contortions, first upon one foot and finally in the air, that would have made the fortune of a professional acrobat. The incident made huge appeal to the simple, barbaric humour of the Lower School. Several of them, also hurrying to Chapel, stood stock-still to enjoy the spectacle to the full. They considered it was more than worth the subsequent penalties they endured for being late.

After all, the slide was destroyed with sand. The Lower School, ever ripe for mischief, was jumping out of its skin for want of violent exercise. Footer was still out of the question. But the resourceful Piggy Harris suggested one day that a select and private party should be organized for 'jumping' on the Heath.

'Jumping' was an ancient institution, and quite good fun in normal weather. You dressed yourselves in footer clothes and headed in a gang for that wild portion of the Heath where narrow pools and streams and ponds abounded. Then you choose a temporary leader, and the rest was simple. You were pledged to follow your leader wherever he was pleased to go, at whatever jump he was mad enough to launch himself. Sooner or later he was bound to over-estimate his jumping powers — and yours. That was where the fun came in. When once you were all thoroughly wet, nothing mattered.

Piggy explained this fascinating sport for the benefit of Gerald and Danvers. 'It's not bad fun at all,' he said condescendingly.

'Won't there be a lot of ice about?' Gerald asked.

'All the better!' Piggy retorted. 'But, of course, if you kids funk it — '

Both Gerald and Danvers resented the suggestion hotly.

'Why should we funk it? You weren't with Berthold in the fight with the village!'

'No, and I wish it had never happened! I'm sick to death of hearing you gas about it!'

'Lucky you weren't there!'

'Why?' asked Piggy, stiffening abruptly.

'It wouldn't have done to have had any one funk!'

Piggy thought the subtle taunt out for about a minute. Slowly its full meaning dawned upon him. 'Do you mean, young Danvers, that I should have funked?'

'You said I should!'

Piggy and Danvers glared at each other for some thirty seconds, and then mutually decided against violence. Such altercations were of hourly occurrence in the Lower School, and serious blows seldom followed them. They were part of the day's work.

'Well, it's no good jawing here all day!' Piggy said. 'Are you kids game or not?'

'Of course we are!' they answered.

'Then what are you arguing about? I tell you what it is, young Wilding and Danvers, in my first term new guv'nors didn't argue with their betters as you two do!'

'What did they do then?' Gerald asked with an innocence sadly over-acted. But it deceived Piggy Harris.

'They kept quiet, kid!'

'Oh, I don't believe Piggy ever kept quiet!' Gerald shouted. 'He simply couldn't not talk!'

Piggy closed with him, and there was a dusty and quite good-tempered general grapple on the floor. After which Piggy, Gerald, Danvers, Mason, and Fitzgerald separated to change for the expedition. They set out at a brisk trot, sparring and chaffing as they ran. The sun was shining and the air was fresh. A Lower School boy has his troubles, more troubles than the average grown-up recalls, but at the start of an expedition that promises to be a 'rag' he is the happiest, most careless little animal in the world. What did it matter to Piggy Harris in that hour that one hundred lines were due for delivery to Billy at that very moment, and that trouble would spring therefrom as surely as the night follows the day? If Piggy thought about it at all, which is doubtful, he did not care. Fitzgerald had been caned by his nousemaster that very morning for persistent lateness for Chapel, and Fitzgerald was a plump child whom the cane marked sorely, but the ordeal had left no brand upon his lightsome soul. It is rather good to be a Lower School boy in his reckless hours.

Piggy Harris was chosen as the first leader. He insisted upon being chosen, made quite a personal matter of it. So they humoured him, although they well knew Piggy to be a poor if determined jumper. The frost was yielding, and the Heath was greasy under foot. There was still a surface of ice upon most pools, but it broke if jumped upon heavily, as was swiftly proved. Quite early in the proceedings Piggy led the gang at a dyke which he judged to be beyond his own jumping powers. So it proved, and Piggy went through the ice, and was satisfactorily immersed, but the rest got over with a scramble. Piggy was justly annoyed.

'I say, that's rather rot!' he spluttered, as they dragged him out. 'I believe you all jumped it at a narrower place than me!'

'We didn't!' they all told him, and proceeded to explain, with the frank brutality of Lower School boys, that he, Piggy, their self-appointed leader, was the worst jumper of the lot!

Piggy listened, grinding his teeth. 'I'm still leader!' he said shortly, and, dripping steadily, led the way at a resolute canter towards a dyke some fifteen feet across. There should be no doubt about matters this time.

And there wasn't. When the party had splashed and splintered and wallowed its way to the far bank, there was not a pin to choose between them for general wetness. And the cold made it imperatively necessary that they should keep moving briskly. Any one but a Lower School boy would have been frankly wretched.

It was half an hour later when they came to a large pond sheltered by trees and bushes from the sunshine. The ice looked thick and solid, and Gerald, who was leader at the moment, was entirely reck-

less by now, as were the whole gang. What did an extra ducking matter? It was impossible to get any wetter! Gerald led the way at a run straight across the pond.

He had perhaps ten yards start of the rest. The ice bore under him until he reached the middle. Then it shivered and opened and he disappeared, just as Piggy and the rest reached the edge.

Each of them acted after his nature. Mason lost his head completely and ran wildly away, yelling vaguely for help. Piggy began to strip off his wet coat, very carefully and coolly. Fitzgerald and Danvers pluckily tried to make their way to where Gerald's head had appeared for a moment above water, but the ice broke under them and the cold was numbing to their strength. Even as they floundered hopelessly and as Gerald's head went down once more, Berthold came up at a run.

(Continued on page 318.)

'I SERVE.'

'I SERVE,' said the Sunbeam;
'I come from the sky,
And warm the sweet blossoms
In meadows that lie.
I gild the bright streamlet
That flows through the field;
I open the rosebuds
Till fragrance they yield.'

'I serve,' said the Raindrop;
'I moisten the root
Of the seed that is hidden
And cause it to shoot.
When the winter is over
The blade you behold,
Till at length in the harvest
The fields are all gold.'

'I serve,' said the Snowflake;
'I fall in the night
And weave for the earth
A pure garment of white.
Over all that is ugly
A cover I throw;
I keep the flowers warm
Till their time comes to grow.'

O Sunbeam that brightens
The earth with your light,
O Raindrop that quickens
The seed out of sight,
O Snowflake that softens
Each angle and curve,
Be mine your sweet motto
From henceforth, 'I serve.'

Frank Ellis.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Stories of the Year 1812.

VI. — THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

OF all the many engagements which Wellington fought in the Peninsular War, none was more hotly and obstinately contested than the third British siege of Badajoz.

For three weeks our troops had invested the city, and at last, on April 3rd, Wellington decided to make the assault, which was to begin at ten that night.

The troops as well as their leaders knew that it would be no child's play to take that well-fortified city, but they were eager to be led against it; for the possession of Badajoz had come to be a point of honour with both the English and French soldiers. Twice before had our troops tried to take the place.

The French were no less elated. Twice before had they outwitted the enemy, and with the prestige of two successes, it would be a matter of course to add a third.

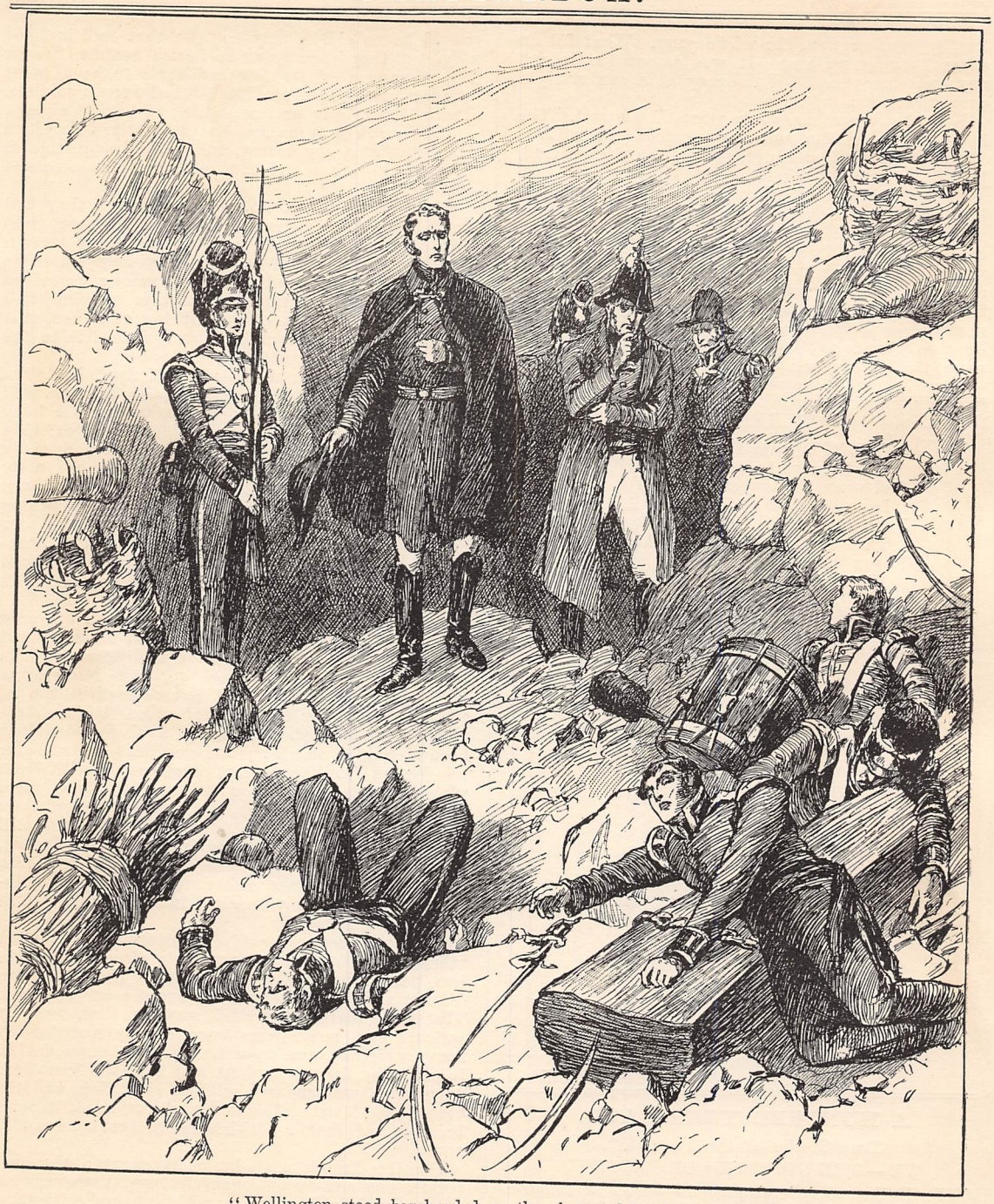
However, they left nothing to chance; they had one of the best governors, General Phillipon, who ever defended a fortress, and he took every precaution and strengthened the walls by every possible device. He saw himself that each soldier posted on the walls should have three muskets by him (this was before the days of quick-firing guns) so that when the attack began the French were able to fire with bewildering rapidity.

The assault began on the night of April 3rd. The British troops ran up the slopes with a shout, and at once reared their heavy ladders against the lofty castle walls, and at other points of vantage; then with incredible courage the ladders were speedily ascended, an officer always leading, but one after another were these brave fellows hurled down. Showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, burning shells, were rolled off the parapets amongst our massed troops, the French firing incessantly meanwhile, and stabbing with pike or bayonet every head that showed above the walls, finally succeeding in throwing down every ladder.

Baffled for a moment, the British retired, but only to re-form and renew the attack, and having found a breach in the walls, made by their cannon, 'the multitude of soldiers bounded up,' says Napier, 'as if driven by a whirlwind.' But across the top of the defences glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together, and set deep in, and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, and these when trodden on slipped about, and caused the unhappy soldiers to fall forwards on the spikes, and to roll heavily down on the ranks behind. Then the French, jubilant at the success of their stratagem, fired into the struggling masses, and shouted the derisive inquiry, 'Why don't you come into Badajoz?' The slaughter was dreadful.

'Let it be remembered' (we again quote Napier) 'that this frightful carnage took place in a space less than a hundred yards square. That the slain did not all die suddenly or by one manner of death. That some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some were trampled on, some dashed to pieces by fiery explosions, and that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town won at last! These things considered, it must be admitted that a British Army bears an awful power.'

For the French were brave opponents; the garrison stood and fought manfully, and there was no shame in their defeat, but nothing could withstand the British ardour. Our soldiers simply refused to be beaten, and finally, after very heavy losses, they made an entry into the town, and then forced the garrison in the castle to surrender. The victory was ours, and Badajoz was won, but the price paid was heavy; and Wellington, as he stood bare-headed on



"Wellington stood bareheaded on the shattered battlements."

the shattered battlements the following morning, with the dead still lying as they had fallen but a few hours before, showed by his face that he had forgotten the exaltation of victory in his grief for the brave men who had fallen to secure it.

OUR GERMAN COUSIN.

JIM and I were naturally very much disgusted when we heard that our cousin, Rupert von Herrenstein, was coming to spend the summer holi-

"He ran away from Bill, the bulldog."

days with us, for you must know that not only is Rupert a German, but he is a violinist and an infant prodigy as well, and has actually played the fiddle at concerts in Paris, London, and Berlin.

It would have been bad enough to be expected to lug a German about with us everywhere — especially one with such a name as Rupert von Herrenstein — but when it came to an infant prodigy! Well, we did think that Mother might have refused to have him, and we made up our minds that we would not go out of our way to be pleasant to him. Uncle Dick, our favourite uncle, was coming down to us that holidays, and we know that Rupert would be horribly in the way and spoil everything.

'I call it a shame,' said Jim, 'and I can tell you one thing, Janet, and it is this: you and the kids will jolly well have to look after Rupert and amuse him. You are a girl, so it doesn't matter, but nothing on earth will induce me to be seen about with a mop-headed creature like that.'

'What a brute you are, Jim,' I answered; but, all the same, I quite sympathised with my brother. We had seen a picture of the infant prodigy in an illustrated paper, and knew what to expect: 'The young musician charmed every one with his wonderful talent and with his lovely face.' That was what the paper said, and then there was a portrait of a boy with curls, his eyes turned up, and a violin clasped in his arms.

'I shall expect you both to be very kind to Rupert,' Mother said to us, and then she went on to explain that he was tired and run down with all the concerts and things, and that the doctors had ordered him to have a month of perfect rest and quiet.

It was about three days later that our new cousin arrived, and we thought, when Mother brought him into the schoolroom, that he was even worse than we had expected. Imagine a boy of eleven with a velvet suit, long hair, and a lace collar. When Mother said, 'These are the children,' he made a funny little bow, and actually tried to kiss Jim.

We were not much bothered with Rupert that first evening, for he was tired with his journey, and went to bed early. My brother and I talked him over at supper-time, and we decided that, instead of leaving him to play with the kids, Jack and Jill, we would take him in hand ourselves and try to knock a little of the nonsense out of him.

'He is the most awful thing I ever saw in my life,' said Jim, 'and it will be only kind to try and improve him a bit while he is here.'

We began our work the next morning, and certainly there was plenty of room for improvement. Rupert could not speak English properly, for one thing, and he knew nothing about cricket or even tennis.

Mother had told us that he could talk French and German well, but his English was ridiculous, and all that morning we kept asking him questions, so as to hear him answer in his silly, affected voice.

We discovered, too, that he was a coward, and that it was quite easy to make him jump nearly out of his skin. He ran away from Bill, the bull-dog, was afraid to climb the apple-tree, and turned quite giddy when we made him look over the steep bank above the river.

'Cowardy, cowardy custard,' shouted Jim; but Rupert only looked puzzled, and asked if that was one of our English songs.

My brother and I got to dislike our cousin more and more as time went on, for he did not improve at all, and we were always getting punished and scolded because of him. Both Mother and Uncle Dick took Rupert's part, and that seemed very hard and unjust. I got into no end of a row when I cut off one of the infant prodigy's idiotic yellow curls with the garden shears, and poor Jim was sent to bed one evening at eight o'clock, without supper, just because he jumped out on Rupert in the dark passage and pretended to be a ghost.

After that we gave up trying to do any good, and boated and fished as usual while Rupert played his fiddle or sat about with Mother and the kids.

One afternoon, near the end of the holidays, Jim asked me to go in the punt with him, and, as we walked down to the river, we talked about Rupert, what a duffer he was, and how he ought to go to a good strict school, like the one that Jim is at himself.

Just then we came to the edge of the river-bank, and saw that the punt was tied up to the little landing-stage, and that Rupert and our sister, Jill, were sitting in it.

The punt is a very comfortable place on a hot afternoon, and the pair looked quite cosy and happy. Rupert was telling little Jill a story, and some way off, down the river, we could see Uncle Dick fishing under the willows.

Jim and I stood for a minute looking down into the punt. The bank is very steep and high there, almost like a cliff, but further on is a path. I was going towards it when my brother stopped me.

'Wait a sec,' he said, 'I have thought of a splendid dodge — better even than the ghost. Just you wait and see how I will make old Molly-coddle jump.'

'Oh, Jim!' I began, for I remembered how angry Mother was when we frightened Rupert; but Jim would not listen to a word.

'Shut up,' he said, 'and don't interfere!' So I did not say any more, but watched, while he hunted about for a large stone, and crept with it to the edge of the bank. 'Here goes,' he muttered, and then he threw the stone, with a tremendous splash, into the river.

Jim is splendid at throwing, and that stone dashed into the water just by the punt where Rupert and Jill were sitting. They both jumped up, looking terribly startled, and stared round wildly. Jill screamed, and then — I don't know how it was, but she seemed to overbalance herself — there was another splash, and Jill disappeared into the river.

It takes a long time to write about it, but really everything happened in a moment.

Jim and I rushed to the path, and began to scramble down it quicker than we had ever done before; but I felt sure that we could not be in time, and that, if no one else saved her, poor little Jill would be drowned.

As we climbed down we heard another splash, and knew that Rupert must have jumped into the water after our sister. 'Help!' I called. 'Help, help!' But I did not seem to have much voice, and what I had was weak and croaky. The brambles caught at my dress, and I could hear Jim panting on in front.

At last we reached the bottom. I think that I rolled down the last bit, and as I picked myself up Uncle Dick ran past me, taking off his coat as he went. He dashed along the landing-stage, and dived straight into the water. Jim and I followed as quickly as we could, but almost before we had reached the end of the little pier it was all over, and both Rupert and Jill had been rescued.

'Are they drowned?' I gasped. 'Are they dead?' But Uncle Dick did not answer. He was stooping over Rupert, who lay white and unconscious on the ground.

Jill did not seem to be a scrap hurt, but she was terribly frightened and cried bitterly, while Uncle Dick rubbed our cousin's wet, cold hands, and moved his arms up and down. It was ages before the boy stirred, but at last he opened his eyes. Then Uncle Dick picked him up and carried him away to the house, leaving the rest of us to follow as best we could.

Rupert did not die, although he had been very nearly drowned; but you may be sure that both Jim and I felt very uncomfortable and unhappy that

evening. We knew quite well that we were to blame for the accident, and that if either Jill or our cousin had been killed it would have been our fault. Uncle Dick knew it, too, we were sure; and that evening he called Jim into the library, and spoke to him very seriously. When Jim came back to me his face was red, and he looked more miserable and ashamed of himself than ever.

'Look here, Janet,' he began at once, 'I tell you what it is, you and I have been beasts to Rupert. He is a brick and as plucky as they make 'em, though he is a German.'

I felt quite surprised to hear Jim talk in that way, and wondered if he could be ill.

'Oh, Jim, dear,' I said, 'you would have done just the same! If you had been in the punt, of course you would have jumped into the river after Jill directly.'

Jim turned to me quite angrily. 'What has that got to do with it?' he said. 'I can swim, and Rupert can't, not a stroke. The water is ten feet deep there, and he knew it. Uncle Dick told him so yesterday.'

I understood then what a brave thing it was that Rupert had done, but still I am quite positive that Jim would have done the same, even if he had not been able to swim either.

'Uncle Dick said that we ought to apologise to Rupert,' Jim went on. 'Let's go in at once and get it over.'

We went together to the morning-room, where our cousin was lying on a sofa. He got up and stood looking almost as uncomfortable as we felt ourselves.

Jim walked straight to him. 'Look here,' he said, 'we've been beasts to you, old man, utter cads and brutes, and we — I — am jolly sorry — and all that. I — I — we — well, Janet and I want to be friends.'

It was not much of an apology, perhaps, but Rupert seemed to be quite satisfied and his pale face flushed pink. I know that Jim thought that he was going to be kissed, for he edged away behind me and looked longingly towards the door.

However our cousin did nothing of the sort, but instead he seized Jim's hand and shook it hard, just as if he had been an English boy.

'What rot thou dost talk, Jim,' he said. 'Shut thy jaw, and do not be such an idiot.'

Of course Rupert's voice was still rather foreign and affected and he pronounced the words queerly, but, all the same, I think that any German ought to be jolly well proud of being able to talk such ripping English as that. A. A. Methley.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LAUNCH A DREADNOUGHT.

THERE is no more critical moment in the life of one of his Majesty's great ships of war, or one which causes more anxiety to its builders, than that when the electric button is pressed by the lady who has been invited to carry out the launching ceremony. When we look up at the great hull from the dockyard in which it has been built, it seems hard to believe that such a structure could ever float at all, and the task of getting it to the water's edge appears well-nigh impossible.

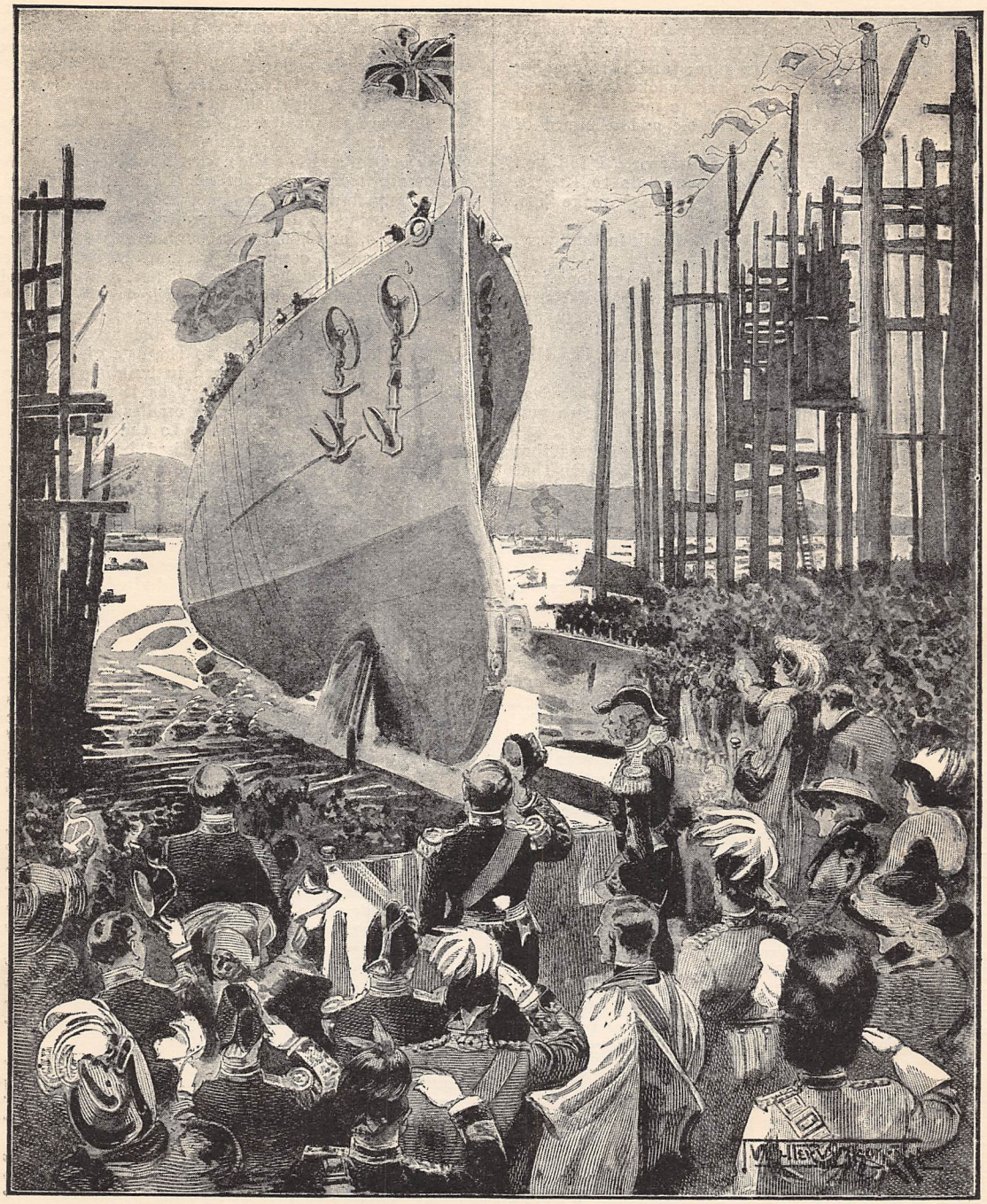
Yet directly the button has been pressed the great hull begins to glide slowly down the well-greased sliding ways, its speed gradually increasing, until at last, with a mighty splash, it reaches the water, and is promptly secured by the tugs in attendance, which a few hours later will escort it to the dock, where, for the next twelve months or more, it will give constant employment to thousands of men, who will prepare it for its life on the high seas. But the few moments which elapse between the pressing of the button and the time when the ship strikes the water are moments of anxiety for all concerned; should any flaw exist in the launching preparations, perhaps owing to the oversight of one or other of the officials, or should some unforeseen and unpreventable accident occur, the work which has occupied over a year would be destroyed, and a sum considerably over half a million pounds lost in a second.

To watch the launching ceremony of a great battleship is always a fascinating and an interesting sight. For weeks previous to the day of the great event, men have been engaged in building the great inclined plane, or 'sliding way,' as it is called, and constructing the four gigantic cradles on which the vessel is to make its journey to the water's edge. The utmost care has to be exercised, both in the construction of the sliding way and also of the cradles, for it is on these that the success or failure of the launching depends. On these four cradles — two fore and two astern — the whole weight of the great ironclad monster is gradually brought to bear, and they are held in position and prevented from sliding down the sliding way, until the desired moment, by a number of 'dog-shores.'

Everything is made ready for the launching of the battleship, stands have been built round it for the accommodation of privileged spectators, a platform erected on which the all-important act of pressing the electric button, which will release the vessel, will be accomplished, and the sliding way is thoroughly smeared with grease. On the day of the ceremony itself, when the prominent officials from the Admiralty and others anxious to witness the event are gathered round, the 'dog-shores,' with the exception of one, are knocked away, and, all being ready, the signal is given, the lady on the platform presses the electric button, and a heavy weight instantly falls on the last remaining 'dog-shore.' This has the effect of releasing the vessel, which, with a creak and a quiver, proceeds to glide, the pace being almost imperceptible at first, down the sliding way to the water's edge.

Immediately she has pressed the button the lady takes hold of a bottle of wine, which is suspended by a cord, and dashes it against the bows of the vessel she has just released, at the same time pronouncing the ship's name.

The cost of launching one of our modern Dreadnoughts is by no means a small one. It depends largely on where the vessel has been built, and to some extent on the rank of the lady who has been invited to launch it, but in the majority of cases it may be said to cost a little over three thousand pounds. The timber, and the wages of the men employed, cost over two thousand pounds, the chartering of the tugs which secure the monster when she reaches the water cost several hundreds of pounds more, and the cost of erecting the stands for the spectators has to be taken into consideration. But three thousand pounds is generally considered sufficient to cover all these expenses,



The Launching of a Dreadnought.

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"That was all that was left of the sausages."

ALL THAT WAS LEFT!

A GENTLEMAN who was spending his holiday fishing in an out-of-the-way spot in the Highlands, became intensely weary of the monotonous diet furnished by his landlady, who sent up fish for breakfast, fish for dinner, and fish for supper!

At last he could stand it no longer, and requested a firm in Edinburgh to post him some sausages: these duly arrived, and he handed them over to his landlady and requested that they might be cooked for dinner. Dinner-time arrived, the dish was on the table, and he lifted the cover with eager anticipation, but what was his dismay to see there nothing but the skins of the sausages!

He summoned the landlady, and angrily asked what she had done to the sausages.

'Nothing, sir,' said the woman; 'that was all that was left of the sausages after I had cleaned them!'

THE PLEASURES OF READING.

WHEN summer days are bright and fair,
I take this book of mine,
And in the garden hammock there,
Reposefully recline;
Or wander by the river's brim
To find some peaceful nook,
And there, beneath the shadows dim,
Peruse my little book.

But if the days are wet and cold,
And indoors I must stay,
Amidst brave deeds and tales of old
I pass the time away.
I curl into some cosy seat
My book upon my knee,
And winter's chill or summer's heat
Are all the same to me.

THE HOMING INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

Some True Anecdotes.

THERE are very few people who are not aware that the homing instinct is very strong in pigeons of a particular breed and in many other domestic animals. But one does not usually ascribe this instinct to fish, and least of all to crabs. But recently it appeared in the papers that two crabs were caught at Withernsea, in Yorkshire, and after having had brass plates attached to them in order to identify them, were taken out to sea about forty miles, and not long afterwards were caught again at Withernsea.

Probably cats are credited with having more love for their cosy homes than any other creatures, and a great many good stories are told to illustrate this. Not long ago some people had occasion to move their residence from Lincoln to London, and they took their pet cat with them by train in a basket. But Puss evidently did not relish life in the metropolis, for she disappeared, and eight days afterwards returned to Lincoln, very thin after her long journey, which she must have accomplished on foot.

Some time ago the owner of a malthouse in a provincial town was troubled with vermin, and he thought he would get a cat to exterminate the pests. A local grocer gave him a cat and four kittens and the maltster took them to his premises and locked them up safely. The next morning the grocer found the cat and her four children on his doorstep. She must have made four separate journeys, as the kittens were very young, to bring them home. The distance from the malthouse to the brewery was about four miles.

But dogs, in much the same way as cats, get a love for their homes, and will return if taken away. Not so very long ago a sheep-dog was taken by train from his home near Robin Hood's Bay, in Yorkshire, to a Cheshire village. He quickly took an opportunity of running away from his new master, and could not be found anywhere in the neighbourhood. A few days later Rover surprised his old master in Yorkshire by reappearing there, bearing unmistakable signs of having walked the whole of the hundred and seventy odd miles which separated the two places.

There was a very remarkable case of a cow making her way home, in spite of considerable difficulties, a few years ago. The cow was sold from Tobermory to the island of Gometra, and her original owners were not a little amazed to see her walk into her byre a few days after her departure for her new pasture. She had had to swim the sound between Gometra and Mull, and then make her way through sixteen miles of rough country — a very good performance for a cow!

But a donkey has knocked this record into splinters. Some years ago this faithful ass was being taken from Gibraltar to Malta, and the vessel being wrecked on the Point de Gat, it was thrown into the sea. A very heavy sea was running at the time, so much so that one of the boats was overturned, but the donkey managed to swim to land. By some means it found its way to its old home at Gib, for the guards were very surprised to see it at the gates a few days after the wreck. The gates being opened, the animal quickly made it way to its stable; having been wrecked, and found its way over about two hundred miles of wild and hilly country.

A. B. Cooper.

FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

III. — THE AMAZON.

THE Amazon is the largest river in the world, if both length and breadth are taken into account. Rising in the Andes, which are separated from the Pacific Ocean only by a narrow strip of coast-land, it crosses almost the entire continent of South America, and discharges itself into the Atlantic, the waves of which are said to be discoloured for a hundred and fifty miles by the immense volume of turbid river water poured in from the Amazon.

An examination of the map of North and South America will show that mountain ranges run down the entire length of the coast-line of both continents. These may be even traced upon the narrow connecting isthmus of Panama, though the elevations there are mere ridges.

In the North these mountains are known as the Rocky Mountains, in the South they are the Andes. The ranges of the Andes are called the Cordilleras, from a word signifying a string. They contain many lofty peaks, such as Chimborazo, which rises to a

height of more than twenty-two thousand feet: the average elevation is something like eight thousand feet.

These mountains are very rich in minerals: gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, and slate being found there. Gold is obtained not only by mining, but by washing from the many streams which run down from the Andes.

On the Pacific coast, and at the base of the mountains, lies the country of Peru, and it is in that land that the river Amazon may be said to have its birth. The aboriginal Indians of Peru were governed by emperors known as the Incas and were in a high state of civilisation.

Ruins of the temples which they built to the sun, and other objects of their worship, remain to this day, and tombs containing mummies are still found.

For centuries the Inca monarchs ruled over their subjects in peace, but in 1532 the Spanish conqueror, Pizarro, invaded their land, and with much cruelty and slaughter he and his comrades brought the country under the rule of Spain. The modern inhabitants of Peru have a large admixture of Spanish blood, especially amongst the dwellers in cities.

The mining population who dwell amongst the heights of the Andes are stronger and more energetic than the people of the coast. Lima, the capital, is a city of over two hundred thousand inhabitants.

Flowing downwards then, from the eastern sides of the Andes and in the northern part of Peru, are the streams which pass into Lake Lauricocha and, thence issuing, form the river Maranon, which is the main stream and upper portion of the great river Amazon.

After breaking from the mountainous country, the Maranon, or Amazon, as it is best to name it, flows through an immense forest region called the Montana. The Montana is the most extensive forest in the world, broken only here and there by open ground, and containing the greatest possible variety of trees and plants. Many of the trees rise to an enormous height; some have supports like buttresses, which rise for many feet upon their trunks, others have roots above-ground which lift them high in the air. Others again are clothed with parasitic plants which hang in festoons from the branches, or, growing downwards, root themselves once more in the earth.

Except in the case of the palm-trees, which grow together in large numbers, the trees of the forest do not occur in groups, but are mingled in a multitude of different species. Amongst the most curious and valuable are the india-rubber tree, the cow-tree, and the Brazil nut-tree. The cow-tree, on having an incision cut in the bark, gives forth a stream of sweet milk, quite palatable and fit to drink. The Brazil nut-tree, which grows to a great height, is loaded with very large hard fruits which, falling to the ground, have to be broken open with an axe.

Within them are found rows of the Brazil-nuts with which we are all familiar and which form a considerable article of commerce.

The Amazon has a large number of tributary streams. The most important of these are the Madre de Dios River, or Madeira, as it is now called, and the Rio Negro, or Black River. The latter is so named on account of the almost inky blackness of its waters, which contrast greatly with the pale yellowish waves of the Amazon.

A vast quantity of rain falls in the Amazon valley; the year being mainly divided into the wet season, from January to May, and the dry season, from June to December. During the wet season the river rises from forty to fifty feet, and, as a consequence, a great part of the land is overflowed, and is under water for six months of the year.

Tribes of Indians live in the Montana, and all along the banks of the Amazon. Some of them are quite uncivilised, fierce, and even cannibal in their habits: but many of them are of a mild and peaceable disposition, and are skilled in simple arts and crafts, by which they add to their own comfort, and do a little trade. When the river rises the Indian will make himself a raft, and, building a little hut upon it, will live there with his family until the waters subside.

Often these Indians are without clothing, but paint their bodies, and wear ornaments of feathers, stones, and so on.

In most cases they have no wheat, but live upon bread which they make from the mandiocca root, the same plant from which tapioca is obtained, and on fish and game. Near the towns the Indians become semi-civilised, speaking a little Spanish or Portuguese, and learning to work at trades.

The banks of the Amazon are alive with birds, in almost infinite variety: the eagle, the king vulture, the hawk, kite, and owl are to be found. Large flocks of parrots, parakeets, and macaws are to be seen crossing the river: gulls and terns abound, and many handsome water-fowl; whilst, in the forest, the beautiful little humming-bird starts, like a living gem, from tree to tree, and gorgeous blue butterflies of immense size and the most brilliant hue flit lazily by.

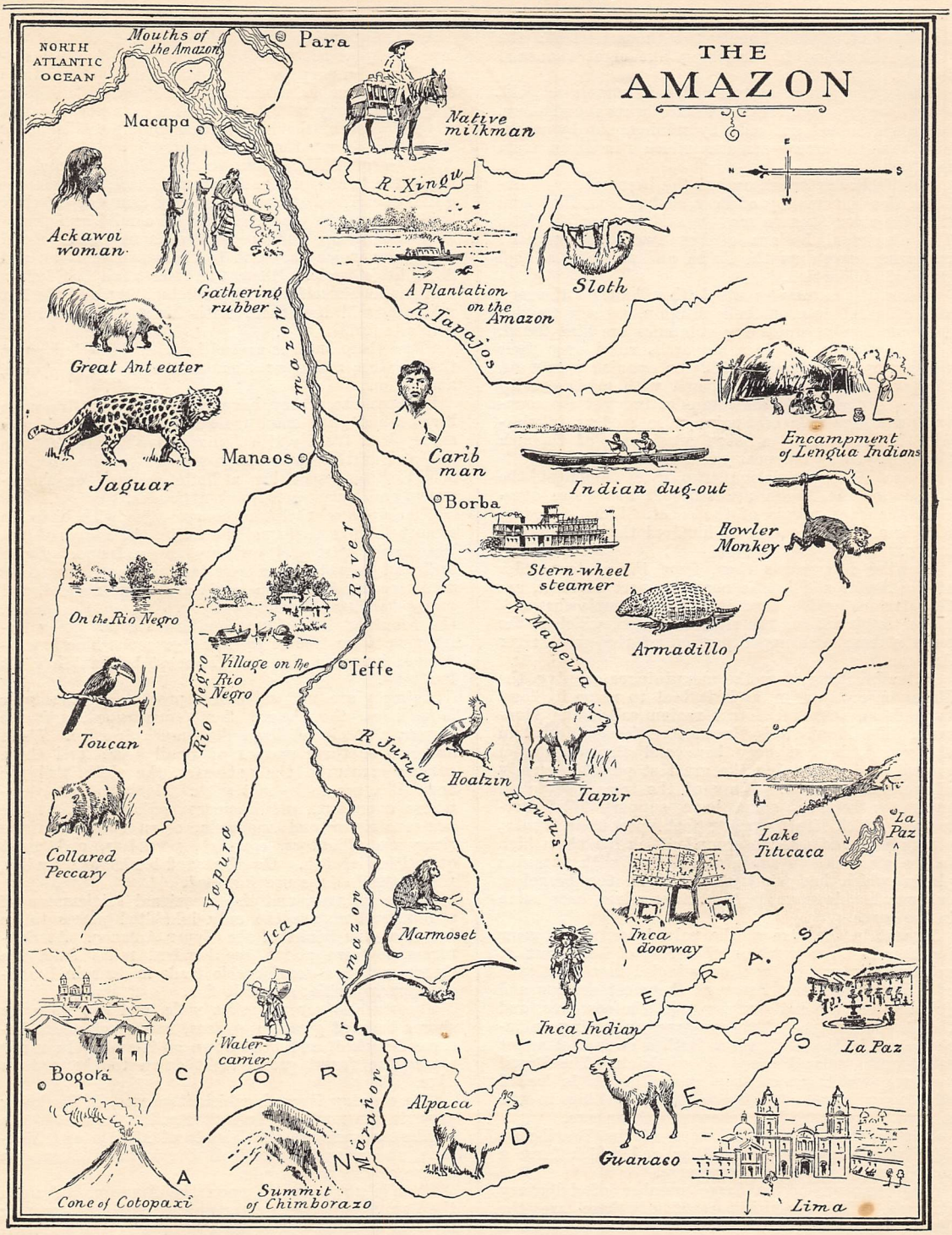
Animals are not so well represented: the tapir is a large, though not fierce, quadruped, and the jaguar, a species of leopard, is much dreaded. There are two or three species of small deer; and those curious creatures, the ant-eater, the sloth, and the armadillo, are to be met with. Monkeys are everywhere abundant, and immense snakes, such as the boa-constrictor and anaconda, often occur. In the river are alligators, cow-fish, porpoises, and great quantities of fish. On the sand-banks are turtles, which the Indians use for food.

Indian villages, and the occasional settlements of a few traders, are the only inhabited places to be found on the banks of the Upper Amazon. At Santarem, a town about five hundred miles from the river's mouth a considerable trade is done in Brazil-nuts, sarsaparilla, and salt fish.

The river is several miles wide, and has upon its shores beds of gigantic grasses, masses of which become detached, and float down as islands. In many places the forest grows right down to the water's edge.

The country through which it passes, in its lower part, is the northern half of Brazil. In the mouth of the Amazon are the islands of Marajo and Mexiana, and near its mouth is the town of Para, the centre of the river trade.

Para is not actually upon the Amazon, but upon the Para River, which communicates with the greater river by a canal. This place is usually the starting-point of travellers and traders who go up the Amazon. It is a pleasant town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, enjoying a fine climate, and situate in



the midst of luxuriant vegetation. Palms, oranges, bananas, and other fruit-bearing trees abound, and there are many beautiful flowering shrubs.

Not far from Para, the Amazon, after flowing for more than three thousand miles, falls into the Atlantic Ocean.

C. J. Blake.

"Two mounted Cossacks in full uniform stood as sentries."

AT 65 RUSSELL SQUARE.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century Bloomsbury was one of the most fashionable and favourite residential quarters of London, and many great people were pleased to have their town houses in Russell Square.

This square, which once had pleasant green fields close to it, is now built round with crowded streets and high houses, and the neighbourhood has entirely changed since the days when Mr. Thomas Lawrence, the great portrait painter, took possession, in 1813, of No. 65 Russell Square, and aristocratic clients from all over Europe came thronging to his door.

Here too, in this wide roomy mansion, he amassed that wonderful collection of Old Masters, which are now in the Oxford Galleries, and here, almost as his first sitter in the grand new house, Lawrence painted the portrait of General Platoff, the handsome young Cossack Hetman, who was then visiting London in the suite of his master, the Emperor Alexander of Russia.

Great crowds would gather round the house whilst Platoff was within, and there was no possibility of ignoring his presence, for the general, as became his rank in the Russian army, was always accompanied by two mounted Cossacks in full uniform, who stood as sentries, one on each side of the wide flight of steps leading up to the painter's door, and there they remained, motionless, on their big, white horses, looking extremely fierce and warlike with their long spears and top-boots, and with shaggy locks streaming from under their round fur caps.

No wonder the sight drew crowds to the door, people of all ranks would stop to stare at the show thus provided for them, and even the footman at the house must open the door and peer out from time to time at these strange sentinels. Notice the British soldier in the quaint Hanoverian uniform, explaining to a country yokel, who is listening open-mouthed, how these same Cossacks under their brave Russian general, had harassed 'Boney' in his disastrous retreat from Moscow only the year before.* Of course any one who had in any way come into contact with 'Boney' was then a hero in British eyes, and the soldier has plenty of interested hearers.

Next to the soldier stands a fashionable gentleman, who, with his young wife, have come up to town to 'see the lions;' he has his 'quizzing-glass' up to his eye, so as to lose no item of the foreigners' get-up, whilst a little boy, just out of school, with his bag of books in his hand, has planted himself right in front of the Cossacks and is wondering how long it will be before he too is grown up and can have a spear and chase 'Boney.'

A girl with her hoop is eagerly pointing out the 'darling' big horses to her mother, and another poorer child is hurrying up, baby in arms, to join the throng of spectators.

Every one, in short, has his head turned the same way, except a rosy milkmaid, who, with shining pails hanging from the yoke on her shoulders, calls out lustily, 'Milk below!' and is 'too busy to spare time for Roosians or Proosians or any such outlandish folk.'

Now for a few words about Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, during his long life painted not only Russian celebrities, but the crowned heads of almost every European country: Kings, Queens, Pope, Wellington, Blucher, Mrs. Siddons; in short, almost every person of either rank or fashion sat to him, and he was specially successful in painting mothers with their children.

Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769; his father was an innkeeper, but not a very successful one, and he moved after a few years to Devizes, where he took the 'Black Bear,' and hoped for better times. Thomas was now six years of age, and a wonderful little fellow, who could not only declaim long passages from Milton, but had the knack of catching people's likenesses in coloured chalks, in a way that for such a mere baby was truly marvellous.

He had no lack of sitters, for the 'Black Bear' was frequented by hunting men, and when a hard frost put a stop to this sport, and the gentry were terribly at a loss what to do with themselves, the innkeeper would suggest that 'our Tommy' should take the gentlemen's likenesses. A ready assent was generally given, and 'our Tommy' succeeded so well that he earned many a half-guinea or guinea for his heads, and soon had so much employment that at ten years of age his earnings kept the entire family.

The boy had but little schooling. He was sent to a small school in Devizes for a couple of years, but at eight years of age he was taken away, and had no further education beyond what he gave himself; except that later on he had a few French and Latin lessons.

The family next moved to Bath, where the boy's artistic gifts were much encouraged by the neighbouring gentry, who allowed him to copy the paintings in their galleries; and he here gained the prize of the Society of Arts and a silver palette for a clever copy of the Transfiguration by Raphael.

In 1787 Lawrence came to London and became a student of the Royal Academy. Here Sir Joshua Reynolds, then at the close of his career, took notice of the gifted young artist, and so interested the king, George III., in him, that the king finally insisted on young Lawrence being made an extra Associate of the Royal Academy when he was barely twenty-one, though the earliest legal age was twenty-four, and neither before nor since has any such exception been made.

After this his success was assured, and on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence succeeded him as Painter to the King. Other honours quickly followed. In 1815 he was knighted by the Prince Regent and became President of the Royal Academy in 1830, when he was earning some twenty thousand pounds a year by his profession.

Sir Thomas Lawrence died in 1830, and was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's, by the side of his old friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds. E. A. B.

* See page 44.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 307.)

BERTHOLD had heard Mason's yells as he walked, and he came in the nick of time. He plunged his way past Danvers and Fitzgerald, and his strength and weight won him a way where they had failed. The water deepened swiftly and the ice was horribly hampering, but Berthold's dash took him through. Half swimming and half dragging his way through the thin ice with his cut hands, he came to the open space where Gerald had vanished. Gerald could only just swim at the best of times, and he was far gone and under the ice when Berthold grabbed his hair. The elder boy got him in his arms and made back for the shore. Danvers and Fitzgerald and Piggy, who had awaked from a kind of cold trance, met the two in shallow water and helped to drag them up the bank. Their assistance was not unnecessary. Berthold was pretty well 'done,' thanks to his exertions and the numbing cold.

But he recovered swiftly and acted with coolness, as was his way at a crisis. Gerald was limp in his arms.

'We must get to a fire,' Berthold gasped. 'There's a cottage, and smoke from the chimney, thank goodness! Come on!'

He set off at a rather staggering run, with the small boys at his heels.

The woman of the cottage was sensible and practical. Luckily her own half-dozen children were away at school. Gerald was stripped and rubbed and wrapped in blankets before the fire. In a little while he began to splutter. The shock and the cold has mastered him; he had not taken in much water. Berthold spared no thought to his own condition until he saw him in bed and apparently almost himself again.

'Now I'll trot home,' he said, 'and you kids, too!'

The cottage woman took in his condition for the first time. 'Why, you're wringing wet yourself!' she cried. 'And the little ones too! Ye'd better all strip here, sir!'

Berthold glanced at Piggy and the others, saw that they were shivering, and came to a decision.

'That will be the best,' he said. 'You strip before the fire, all of you. There are enough blankets. I'll trot back and send out the Doctor to Wilding.'

'You'll be fair clemmed yourself, sir!' the woman remonstrated.

'No, I'm as tough as they make them!' Berthold answered carelessly. 'Buck up and undress, all of you!'

They began to obey him meekly. They knew well that argument was useless with Berthold, even if they had ventured to offer it. He thanked the good woman warmly, and swung away at a brisk trot.

Berthold made his report at the Sick House to Doctor Cator before he troubled to change. The doctor, when he realised that the others were safe and in good case, dealt faithfully with his informant. He told Berthold that he was a young idiot to risk his health as he was doing! Berthold grinned faintly at that, but he found himself undergoing a boiling hot bath and drinking scalding liquid in an amazingly short space of time. Doctor Cator was a man of great energy when roused. He ordered Berthold to bed, and set out for the cottage. Perhaps it says something for the toughness both of Berthold and the average Lower School boy to record that none of the party, even Gerald, were in the least the worst for their experience.

The school, when they heard the story, were not at all inclined to become unusually excited over Berthold. Most of them, given the same opportunity, would have done their best to behave as well. Piggy Harris and Danvers and Fitzgerald had been perfectly ready to risk their lives. The whole affair seemed somehow typical of Berthold. Such chances came his way, and he never failed under them. He just did the right thing with pluck and decision. And when all was satisfactorily over he sneered genially at his own performance. That was Berthold's way.

Gerald, when he understood what had happened and who had saved him, was as one who had received good fortune beyond his merits. It was wonderful to him to think that chance had selected him, out of five hundred boys, to be saved by Berthold! He was prouder of the fact than if he himself had performed the rescue.

'I'm glad he saved me!' he told Danvers, the day he left the Sick House.

Danvers was frankly jealous. 'I wish it had been me!' he said. Then he cheered up. 'But I helped him to pull you out, anyway!'

'I know you did,' Gerald answered awkwardly. 'It was awfully plucky of you and Piggy and Fitz.'

Danvers became quite fierce. 'Not a bit! Berthold did it all. Did he come to see you in the Sick House?'

'No, he didn't,' Gerald admitted reluctantly.

'I want to thank him for saving me,' he told Danvers. 'But — I rather funk it.'

'He can't kill you!' Danvers said scoffingly, although he would have had the same feeling himself.

'I shall have to do it,' Gerald said nervously. 'Besides, I wrote to my people about it all, of course, and — my mater has sent me a letter to give to Berthold.'

'Has she really?' Danvers asked wonderingly. It seemed to him to be almost cheek on the part of Wilding's mater.

'Do you — do you think he will mind?' Gerald asked anxiously.

'It depends what's in the letter, of course,' Danvers opined, after consideration of the point.

'Oh, my mater writes jolly good letters!' Gerald said rather stiffly. 'But — I expect Berthold hates to be thanked for doing anything.'

Eventually Gerald bearded the lion in his study with much fear and trembling. He had tried several times to waylay Berthold in the house or the quad, but always his courage had failed him at the last moment. He reached the study after four separate false starts, and forced himself to knock at the door.

Berthold was sitting at his table over some heavy-looking books. He was going up for the Archdale Scholarship within a week. He glanced up inquiringly. Gerald's power of speech failed him completely.

'Yes,' Berthold asked kindly enough, 'what is it?'

Gerald found his voice with a jerk. 'I want — I want to thank you for — for coming into the water after me the other day,' he said.

Berthold chuckled. Perhaps he was amused by Gerald's anxious face. 'That's all right,' he answered lightly. 'What a young ass you were to get in!'

His manner put Gerald more at his ease. 'I know I was,' he said. 'But it was awfully good of you. I wrote to my people about it — I hope you don't mind very much. My mater asked me to give you this.'

Berthold took the letter, and Gerald would have slipped away.

'Don't go for a moment,' Berthold said.

Gerald watched him reading the letter. He did not look angry, but then Berthold's face never told you very much. Gerald did not know what was in the letter, but he felt that he could trust his mater's judgment. All the same, women said such queer things sometimes! . . . Now Berthold was looking up. He was actually smiling, but in an awfully nice sort of way.

'Thanks, Wilding,' he said soberly. 'Your mother has got quite a wrong idea of what happened, but — I'm rather glad to have a letter like that. I'll answer it, of course. You can cut away now.'

Gerald departed much uplifted.

(Continued on page 322.)

"He set off at a staggering run, with the small boys at his heels."

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE

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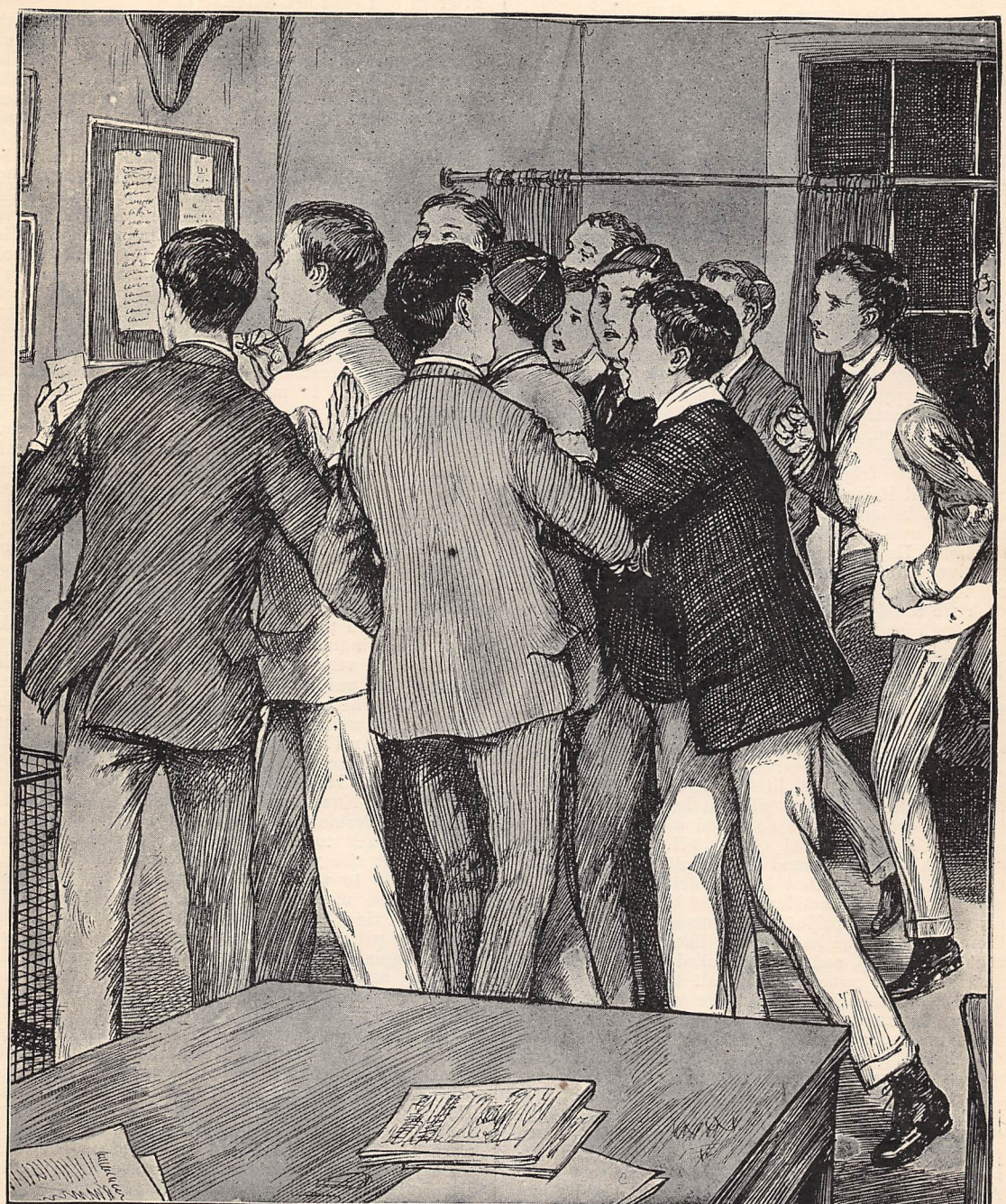


"Gerald pushed his way somehow to the front."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 319.)

CHAPTER XIX.

ABOUT a month later, on the very morning of Cock House match, Berthold received another letter. It was from his sister Barbara, and it had the effect of altering the whole appearance of the world to him. It seemed to set the sun shining brilliantly, although most people were only conscious of a steady drizzle.

'. . . I couldn't tell you before, although I wanted to dreadfully, for fear of a disappointment. But it really seems that there is a chance, quite a good chance, of dear old George being cured, completely cured. A new doctor, a Swiss, has taken over the case, and he is doing what all the others failed to do. I can't give you the technical details, I don't really understand them myself, but he has done marvels already. We see a change for the better in George every day. You can't tell how very thankful and happy it makes me to be able to write this to you at last. It was awful to have to keep my promise to you, and to go on and on writing nothing but bad news. I knew quite well what it all meant to you, how frightfully you took the accident to heart. But it is going to be all right now, it really is! . . . I believe George is gladder on your account than his own. He knew too what you were going through. He asks me to tell you this, and to wish you luck in the Cock House match. He says you are to make sure and win. I say so too. We both wish we could see it. If I could leave him I would run down and see that you did win! . . . We are all so glad and proud that you have won the Archdale Scholarship. It was fine of you to go in for special work, horribly worried as you have been all the time. I don't know how you have done it. I could never have come near doing it myself. But then I have always been so proud of you. . . .'

Berthold read that last part with a mouth twisted rather bitterly and a little ashamed flush on his face. If Barbara knew all the happenings of the term she would not be so proud of him! He was not in the least proud of himself. He genuinely saw nothing to be proud of. What would Barbara think if she knew that he had deliberately let the school lose a half-holiday on his behalf, thanks to his silly sort of pride? Not much to be proud of there! . . . But he had worked like a nigger to win that scholarship, and he had pulled it off, somehow. And Tom had come round to all the forms with a notice from the Head that there would be a whole holiday in honour of the Archdale being won. That made up, more or less, for what he had cost the school. Things were straightening out at last. And now — old George was going to be well again!

That was best of all — oh, infinitely best of all! Nothing mattered in comparison with that. Berthold felt like a man who has been released from prison suddenly and unexpectedly. He had been carrying a weight upon his shoulders for so very long. And it had almost crushed him down. If he had done silly, almost unforgiveable things that term, well, perhaps a little excuse might be found for him. Not that he sought excuses for himself. He was only thankful, very thankful. It only seemed to him that he had been treated far too mercifully. But he never cared to tell any one, even Barbara, all the thoughts that came to him that morning after he had read her letter.

It was a long while before he thought about Cock House match. He wanted to win that game, of course, especially as George and Barbara wished him to win it, but he felt that morning that he could lose it, if he must lose, with a light heart. After all, Cock House match was a very little thing compared to this news about old George. . . . But all the same he meant to do his very best, and a little more, if possible. The house had stood by him loyally, through everything. He did not in the least realise the extent of his power, but he did believe that most fellows rather liked him somehow. He was glad to think it. And how the team had bucked up against long odds in the house matches so far! They had fairly fought their way into the final, against all expectations. For a small lot of boys, whose play was thought little of outside their house, they had really done marvels. Yes, they must make a great effort in the final. At any rate, they would try to make old Melton and his men go all the way!

Gerald had been living in a kind of fever of doubtful hope for the last week. He had suddenly realised that there was just a chance, an outside chance, that he might be chosen to play in Cock House match! Since Dickyns had crocked his knee in the semi-final, he had been playing regularly for 'firsts.' But the honour seemed altogether too much to be hoped for. He was small, he knew, and he did not really know very much about the game as yet. On the other hand, some one would have to be chosen for the eighth place among the forwards, and Vickers's were singularly hard up for useful spare men. Gerald came very near to praying that he might be chosen. He put his whole heart and strength into every game he played. The last place would probably lie between himself and a boy called Robins. Robins was rather bigger than Gerald, and had had more experience, but no one could call him a very fiery player. He was inclined to lethargy when he got blown. Now Gerald always played, small as he was, in a fashion that left him hardly capable of crawling back to the house after a game. Nevertheless, his size was terribly against him. Berthold came down to watch the last 'first's' game before Cock House match. Every one knew that he did it with a view to selecting the team. Gerald played that day with the desperate energy of a very small steam engine, but — he limped from the ground absolutely certain that Robins would get the place. And he almost hated Robins, who was really a very decent, good-natured sort of boy.

The list of the team would be posted on the house notice-board the evening before the match. Gerald came up from chapel unable to speak to any one, with a dread of what he would see upon the board. He hung about his compartment until Berthold came in with a slip of paper in his hand. He pinned it upon the board and walked quickly from the dormitory. There was instantly a rush of boys to the list, but for a minute Gerald felt positively unable to move. Then he crept up to the group. He heard his own name: 'Wilding — it ought to be Robins, I think. He's too small!' Then the speaker saw him and looked rather awkward. Gerald did not care a bit. This meant — why, this meant that he was chosen! He pushed his way somehow to the

front. There was the list in Berthold's angular handwriting, and at the bottom, in the fifteenth place, his name, Wilding, with 'sub' in brackets. That was certainly one of the great moments of Gerald's life.

Robins was standing near him, trying hard to look as though he did not mind. Gerald felt frightfully sorry for him, but it seemed best not to say anything. He did not know what to say. But Robins proved himself a good sportsman. He actually patted Gerald on the back. It cost him something to do that.

'I'm glad you've got in,' he said. 'I think you deserved it.'

Gerald felt vaguely that Robins had done a greater thing than scoring the winning try in Cock House match. 'Thanks awfully,' he said, awkwardly. 'I think you ought to be playing.'

(Continued on page 331.)

PUZZLER'S FOR WISE HEADS.

15. — RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in aisle, but not in church;
My next is in pole, but not in perch;
My third is in can, but not in must;
My fourth is in bread, but not in crust;
My fifth is in rod, but not in whip;
And my last is in dance, and not in skip.
My whole, if you look through these words at length,
Is a town of grandeur, and wealth, and strength.

C. J. B.

(Answer on page 355.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 283.

13. — 1. Antimacassar.
2. Stephanotis.
3. Fortunate.
4. Duodecimal.
5. Hurricane.
6. Examination.
7. Evolutionary.

14. —
B U L B
E V E
R E A D E R
N A N S E N
A R A B I A
R O B B E R
D E E D

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.

AN antiquarian once had among his relics a stone which he considered a very great curiosity and of much value, because the engraved inscription upon it had puzzled many of the best scholars of the age: —

BENE.
A . T . H . T . H . I . S . S . T .
ONERE . POS . ET
H . CLAUD . COSTER . TRIP
E . SELLERO
F . IMP
IN . GT . ONAS . DO
TH . HI
S . C .
ON . SOR .
T . I . A . N . E.

Almost all who saw the stone supposed it to relate to the Emperor Claudian, till one day a boy to whom the antiquarian showed it chanced to spell the inscription aloud. It was: —

'Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller, of Impington, as doth his consort Jane.'

C. L. Johnson.

FOOTBALL IN CHINA.

'THE first game of football I witnessed upon my arrival in China,' said an American consul, 'I mistook for a very serious riot, and you wouldn't have blamed me either.

'In the first place I was not aware that the Chinese had any such game, but later found that it is very popular in North China. Instead of eleven players a-side, there are fifty. These northern Chinese are almost giants, and every man in the team may be six feet or over in height, and weigh on an average fourteen stone. There are no goals, side lines, or halves. The game lasts until one side is the winner, and frequently this is not accomplished before two or three days.

'The idea of the game is to force a small wicker basket into the territory of the other side — this territory being one half of the town — and up and down the street the fight rages. Each man is equipped with a whistle with which to summon assistance when too hard pressed.

'Stealth, as well as main force, may be used in getting the "ball" into the enemy's country, and I know of one clever fellow who did so by passing over the roofs of the houses.'

E. Dyke.

THE MINNOW AND THE DRAGON-FLY

I LAY one day beside a stream,
And saw the sunlight flash and gleam
Upon the running water clear,
And watched a minnow swimming near.

'I'm tired of this!' the minnow said,
'I long for something else instead:
I want new games and playmates too.'
I whispered softly: 'Will I do?'

A dragon-fly came darting near,
The minnow wiped away a tear.
Then, swimming close, cried eagerly:
'Oh, dragon-fly, come play with me!'

'Alas!' the dragon-fly replied,
'Did I but touch your flowing tide,
I should be drowned, and swept away;
But come into the air and play!'

'Your sun-warmed air is not for me;'
The minnow answered bitterly;
And so, all through that summer day,
They wept because they could not play.

The dragon-fly let fall a tear,
Which fell, and splashed upon my ear.
Then down they poured with might and main;
I woke — to find the drops were rain!

ANCIENT NEW YEAR CARDS.

THE earliest known Christmas card is probably the one designed in 1842 by John Horsley, R. A., at the suggestion of Sir Henry Cole. But the New Year card is of a far greater antiquity. More than four thousand years ago the kings and nobles of Egypt used to interchange New Year greetings in the form of small scarabs and tablets, upon which were engraved, in the hieroglyphic characters, wishes for 'Good health,' or 'Happiness.'

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

IX. — BEANS.

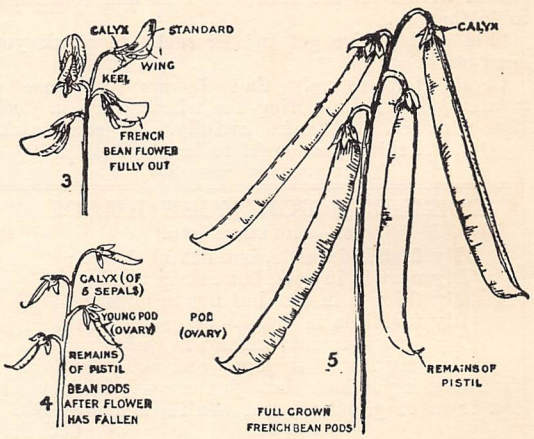
WE come now to the consideration of some of the forms of bean. Here, again, is a case in which we eat the seed, which the plant had developed for the purpose of growing young plants, but which we, without 'with your leave' or 'by your leave,' eat! Strange to say, in this case, we not only eat the seed, but we devour also the pod! We have it all cut up in slices, and eat the whole. We do not do so with all varieties, but certainly with the scarlet runner and French beans; the broad beans we remove from their pods, and even take off their coats before we eat them. The reason for this different treatment you will readily understand later.

1 SCARLET RUNNER (6 FT HIGH)

2 FRENCH BEAN

Now, let us look into the history of beans. I find much very interesting information about them, and it is curious to note how even to this day there is much superstition attached to beans. Africa produces a quaint, very small bean, the colour of red sealing-wax except for one black spot; these are said to bring luck to the persons who carry them about. But in ancient Roman times the people believed that the souls of dead persons resided in beans, and they therefore always ate beans when they attended funeral feasts! In Egypt, for some unknown reason, the priests forbade their people even to look at beans, for they believed that the very fact of looking on them caused people to be wicked. Then, again, the Roman farmers thought that beans brought fortune, so when they were packing their produce for market they always added a few beans for luck! And yet, again, the ancients used beans when they were electing their magistrates, and in other elections as well. A black and a white bean was given to each person who was to vote. A black bean meant 'condemnation' (or disapproval), and a white bean approval. This is supposed to have been the origin of 'black-balling,' of which, no doubt, you have heard. The Romans used beans as a solemn sacrifice to a goddess named Carna, wife of the god Janus. It is said that bacon was later added to the sacrifice, and that thus we come by that celebrated dish 'beans and bacon,' or 'blanks and prizes,' as I heard it called the other day. And, of course, this is the origin of 'bean-feasts,' a name now only meaning 'an excursion;' but at one time it undoubtedly referred to meals of beans (though some people derive the word from the French bien fait, or the Latin-English 'benefaction'). Is it not curious to trace the origin of our customs?

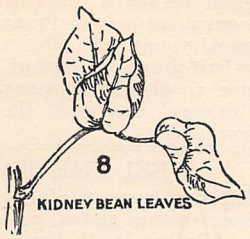
Now, as to the growth of beans. Well, I am sure

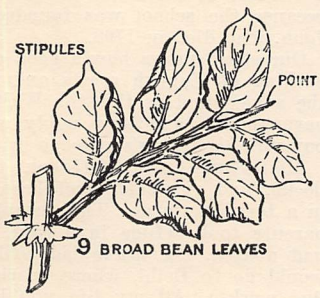


you know the scarlet runners (fig. 1); they are often used just as an ornamental covering of an arch or arbour, for they climb rapidly, and the flowers are very bright and pretty; and then the housewife is always pleased to use the beans — the produce — so that scarlet runners are ornamental as well as useful. Then there are French beans, which grow quite low, not more than eighteen inches high, and have white flowers (fig. 2). All the details of both these plants are the same, but one has long twining stems and red flowers, and the other is short and has white flowers.

The bean belongs to the same natural order as the pea, viz. Leguminoseae, and therefore has pea-shaped flowers; but they are not so large and showy as the pea's, and always seem to me as though not quite out (fig. 3). You see, in the sketch, the parts are all closer, and the keel in particular keeps up close. Now when the flowers wither and fall, you have only the calyx and pistil left, as in fig. 4, and rapidly this tiny pod grows in length until it is the bean we know, as in fig. 5. You cannot pop a bean-pod open like a pea's, because the pod is altogether more fleshy, and the beans, which lie closely surrounded by the fleshy pod, are not nearly so numerous as those of the pea. I expect this fleshiness of the pod first suggested to people the idea of eating the whole. Of course we eat them when they are fairly young, because later the pods become almost woody and lose their flavour. The beans that are to be used as seeds are allowed to hang until they are quite ripe, and very pretty the seeds are, all mottled with pink and black. Some beans are called 'kidney beans,' and this is accounted for by their shape, which is like a tiny kidney (fig. 6). When planted, the way of growth is much the same as the pea's;

the root pushes out from the 'scar,' and the young plant is fed by all that stored material in the seed, and the first two leaves are formed from the two halves of the seed (fig. 7). I must just mention





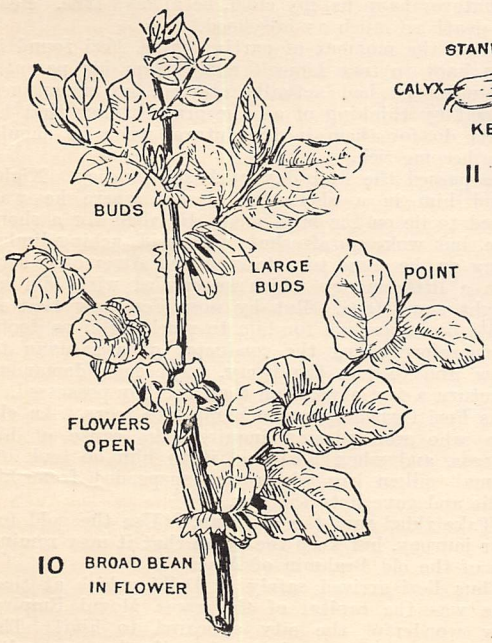
the leaves of these beans; they are composed of three leaflets (fig. 8). I point this out because I want to show you how unlike they are to the pea-leaves,* although they belong to the same family.

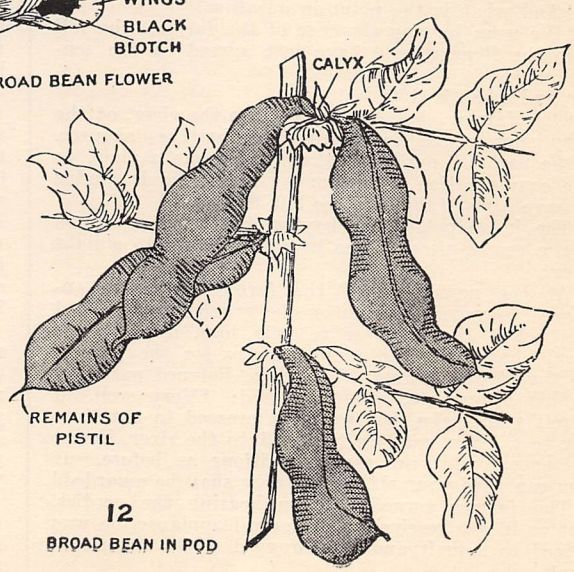
Now we come to the broad bean. This is a plant of very vigorous, though low, growth; it has a greyish appearance, more like the colour of pea-plants, and in some other ways it is far more like that relation than the bean. The leaves, for instance, are composed of pairs of leaflets as in the pea, but there is no tendril nor any end leaflet; it just finishes with a little end as though a leaflet or tendril had been broken off (fig. 9). The leaves join the stem with two small stipules, something like those of the pea, and the flowers, which are pea-shaped, spring direct from the angle formed by the leaf and the stem (fig. 10). This, of course, is quite different from the growth of the pea and the bean, which both have longish stalks. The flowers are white, but have a large black patch on each wing (fig. 11). They have a very sweet scent, and this is said to be very good for people who have whooping-cough. The bean is formed in just the same manner as other beans, but it is very bulgy where the seeds lie, and the pods are woody and lined with a thick layer of a sort of felt, which is one reason why the pods are not eaten. I give a sketch of several beans hanging on a branch (fig. 12). The beans themselves are altogether tougher than other varieties, so much so, that after they are cooked, the skins are removed before eating. People who do like broad beans at all, generally like a lot, and I think it must have been these which gave rise to the saying: —

'Hot boiled beans and beautiful butter,
Ladies and gentlemen, come to supper.'

E. M. Barlow.

* See page 293.





A MUCH MOTTOED HOUSE.

NO fewer than thirty-one mottoes are inscribed upon Harleyford House, in Buckinghamshire. Some of them are worth recording. Over the porch is this warning: 'If thou speakest evil of thy neighbour, come not nigh the door of this house.'

In another part of the building is found the following maxim: 'In waiting for a late guest, insult is offered to a punctual one.'

THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE JUDGE.

IN those early days when justice was administered in a primitive fashion, a well-to-do peasant happened to fall into the river Renzau, near Tondern, and would have been drowned if a poor labourer, working near, had not come to the rescue and held out a long, heavy pole, by which the peasant managed to pull himself out. No sooner did the latter stand on dry land, however, then he began to abuse the labourer for having injured his eye by running the pole into it while he was struggling in the water.

The labourer was justly indignant, especially when the ungrateful farmer appeared before the next 'Thing'—a kind of conference, where all grievances were adjudged—and claimed a year's service from the labourer by way of compensation for the injury done to his eye, with which he could now see nothing at all. After much discussion, the case was adjourned until the next 'Thing,' the Hardes-Vogt, or chief judge, secretly hoping the affair might be amicably settled before that time.

In the interval, the judge was riding along the road one day, not far from the place where the accident had occurred, when he saw three shepherd-boys sitting on a heap of stones and evidently arguing on some important matter. Seeing that the lads did not recognise him, the judge reined up his horse and spoke to them.

'What are you doing there, my boys?'

'We are playing at "Thing,"' was the answer.

'And what is the point in question?'

'We were judging the case of the farmer who fell into the Renzau, and have just agreed on the sentence.'

'And what is it to be?'

'The farmer shall be thrown into the river, at the very spot where he was rescued by the labourer. If he can get out without help, he has a right to the compensation he demands; but if he is unable to save himself, he must be left to drown.'

The judge patted the boy on the head, and gave him a crown-piece. Then he rode home with a light heart.

At the next 'Thing,' the farmer promptly appeared to urge his claim on the ground that he had not asked the labourer to help him, and that it would have been quite unnecessary for the pole to be thrust out to him. The judge listened patiently to his arguments, and then said: 'Very well. I admit your claim, but we must proceed to put it to the test. You shall be thrown into the river, in our presence, under the same conditions as before. If you can save yourself, the penalty shall be awarded.'

The farmer turned pale on hearing the verdict, but as it was received with general applause, he was forced to submit and was dragged off to the river-bank.

After floundering about in the water for some seconds, he began to cry loudly for help and to beg the labourer's pardon.

'You fully deserve to lose your life,' said the judge, severely; 'but for the sake of your family you shall be saved, on condition that you pay a sum equivalent to five years' service to the man who saved your life.'

The half-drowned peasant was but too thankful to agree to these conditions, and was unceremoniously dragged out, amid the jeers and laughter of the bystanders. C. M.

FEZI THE FAITHFUL.

OVER the doorway of a school in South London there is this motto, good for all persons at all times: 'Rather Death than false of Faith.' This is the motto of the St. John family, and appears there because the school was founded by Sir Walter St. John, who died in 1708.

Our story shows how a good old Hindu, who knew nothing of English crests and mottoes, was yet of the same mind as this Sir Walter, of whom he had never heard, and how nobly and loyally a Hindu boy put his father's precept into practice.

Misfortune had overtaken the family. House, flocks, and rice-fields had been suddenly destroyed in a terrible storm. This meant ruin. Fezi and his parents took refuge in a cave. When the tempest had abated, the brave lad told his father that he would go to Delhi, where he thought that he could find work. 'All my life you have worked for me, Father,' he said. 'Now I am going to work for you.'

'No!' said both father and mother, 'we cannot part with our only child.'

But Fezi persisted, until at length they gave their consent. Before he went his father said to him: 'Whatever happens, my child, be always true. Fear not death so much as falsehood.'

When the moment of parting came, Fezi found it very hard to tear himself away from his parents, but when he had actually started, he encouraged himself by thinking of all the grand things that he would do for them in the future, when he should have become rich.

So passed the first day of Fezi's journey. Night found him in a shelterless desert where he was forced to lie on the bare sand. He slept for a short time, but woke unrefreshed, with stiff, aching limbs. Going on, he came to a town called Amercot, where with a little money which he carried with him he bought some food. But by now Fezi saw that it would be impossible for him to reach Delhi on foot; he therefore asked the conductor of a caravan to allow him to join the party. The man demanded in return a far larger sum than the boy possessed.

As Fezi turned away he burst into tears. An old man who was passing inquired the cause of his distress, and when Fezi told it to him he took off a small silken bag which was suspended from his girdle and gave it to the boy.

'Take this,' said the old man. 'Use the gold for your journey, but keep the purse that it may remind you of the old Brahmin of Amercot.'

Thus Fezi arrived safely at Delhi, which at that time was the capital of the great Mogul Empire. How wonderful the city appeared to him! The magnificent palaces and pagodas, the bazaars, with

their store of precious things — diamonds, jewels, costly shawls and carpets — filled him with admiration and delight.

But in this crowded city what place was there for Fezi? As night drew on he felt hungry, and though he still had sufficient money to buy a little food, he had none to spare for a lodging, and slept beneath the shelter of a porch.

During the whole of the following day he made great efforts to obtain work, but without success, and again, faint and weary, he slept under a porch. Another day of sickening disappointment followed. All his money was now gone. The poor boy lost heart and hope. When evening came he sat down on a stone, covered his face with his hands, and thought longingly of father, mother, and home. He was too wretched to sleep. About midnight a slight sound caused him to raise his head. He was startled to see a tall man, wrapped in a cloak, standing near by.

'Why are you so sad?' said the man, kindly.

Fezi told his simple story.

'I am sorry for you,' said the stranger, 'and I am going to help you. Follow me.'

The man led the way to a low door in a high wall, which was quite invisible until it was opened by means of a secret spring. The two passed through into a large and beautiful garden, when the door was instantly closed by another spring on the inner side, and became invisible as before.

Crossing the garden, Fezi and his guide entered a stately palace, where they were received by a train of slaves, who conducted them through several splendid rooms to one wherein a banquet was prepared. When Fezi was told to sit down and eat he could scarcely obey, so dazed was he by all this splendour.

The stranger had thrown himself on a sofa. Reclining there, he watched Fezi with great attention, as if trying to read his character in his looks. Now that the man had flung off his cloak he was a glittering figure, attired in rich silk. His turban was fastened by a sapphire of priceless value, the hilt of his dagger glistened with precious stones.

That night Fezi slept in a large, luxuriously-furnished room. When he awoke in the morning, slaves brought him breakfast and beautiful, costly garments. They brought also a message from their master, who, they said, would be pleased to meet his guest at the hour of noon. Meanwhile, perhaps, Fezi would like to look round the gardens.

At the appointed time the master of the house, sitting beneath a canopy in a marble hall, received the wondering boy. 'Fezi,' he said, 'I, who brought you home with me last night, am Abdallah, chief favourite of the Emperor. — No, do not prostrate yourself, I desire to treat you as a son, not as a slave; and, if you are grateful and obedient, you will, I think, have cause to bless the day on which you met me.'

'If I am grateful!' exclaimed Fezi; 'only try me! How can I ever repay such kindness?'

'Let me tell you, for your satisfaction,' said Abdallah, 'that the time will come when it will be in your power to repay me for everything. How, I cannot yet tell you. When the proper time comes you shall know all.'

Then Abdallah gave Fezi a purse of gold. The boy asked and obtained permission to send this to his father, and Abdallah, pleased with this thoughtfulness for his parents, promised to send them an equal sum every year. Fezi, thus relieved of all anxiety, was able to enjoy the agreeable life which now became his. He was surrounded with every possible comfort and luxury, yet he did not live in idleness, for he was always studying something, Abdallah having engaged the best teachers in the city for his instruction. In his happiness, however, Fezi never forgot his parents; every night he repeated to himself his father's parting words, 'Fear not death so much as falsehood.' Neither did he forget the kind old Brahmin who had befriended him at Amercot. Though he seldom saw Abdallah, he was continually receiving some fresh proof of his favour.

Thus a year sped happily away. Then, one evening, Abdallah sent for Fezi. 'Twelve months have now passed,' he said, 'since I found you in the streets of Delhi, and brought you into my house, where you have been treated as my son. If you think that you owe me any gratitude, the time has now come for you to show it. I am going to ask you to do something which requires great courage and prudence. If you do it successfully you will have amply repaid me for my care of you; but if you decline the task, which is a hard one, I shall not reproach you. You shall leave my house as free as you entered it. Now make your choice, only remember that if you once begin this work you must at all costs go through with it.'

Fezi replied that he was not willing merely, but eager to do anything that his kind friend wished.

'But the task is a dangerous one,' said Abdallah.

'I do not shrink from danger,' replied Fezi, with sparkling eyes. He wondered much what this important task might be.

'Then I will explain,' said Abdallah. 'As you know, Mahmoud Akbar has been an Emperor for nearly twenty years. A good ruler he has been, and is; but he has enemies who give him much trouble, I mean those wicked men, the Brahmins.'

Fezi was perplexed, for he had always supposed that the Brahmins were better than other people. He thought of the kind old man at Amercot. 'But,' he said timidly, 'surely the Brahmins are not wicked?'

Abdallah frowned. 'They are my enemies,' he replied, 'and they must be yours. They mislead the people. The Emperor wishes to learn their secrets. We think of sending to them a youth who, pretending to be the son of a Brahmin, will seek instruction from them, learn their secrets, then return and reveal those secrets to us. Are you willing to do this? Do not decide immediately; give me your answer to-morrow. If you accomplish this task, the Emperor will heap honours upon you; if you refuse it, you must quit this palace and never see me again.'

Fezi passed a wretched night. The proposed task was very distasteful to him. He saw its danger plainly enough, but it was not the danger that he shrank from; it was the mean, base, underhand character of the thing. To worm himself into the confidence of these men and then to betray them! How could he do it? 'Fear not death so much as falsehood,' his father had said. On the other hand, how could he refuse to serve Abdallah, to whom he owed so much? The poor boy knew not what to do.

(Continued on page 330.)

"'Take this,' said the old man. 'Use the gold for your journey.'"

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"With bandaged eyes he was dragged away."

FEZI THE FAITHFUL.

(Continued from page 327.)

BY morning Fezi had made his decision. He would sacrifice truth to gratitude. 'If these Brahmins are indeed enemies of the Emperor,' he thought, 'and themselves deceitful, it cannot be wrong to deceive them. Besides, if I were to refuse the task, Abdallah would certainly find some one else to do it, and I cannot bear that he should think me ungrateful.' Thus Fezi tried to silence his conscience; but in this he was not altogether successful.

Abdallah was greatly pleased with him. 'I thank you, my brave fellow,' he said. 'I will go now to the Emperor and get his instructions, and then you can start on your journey to-morrow morning.'

Early the next day Abdallah placed a sealed packet in the boy's hands. 'Give this,' he said, 'to Hedin, the chief of the Brahmins. It is your letter of introduction and describes you as an orphan belonging to the Brahmin caste, sent to receive instructions in their religion. Hedin will be a father to you. Act your part well; do everything in your power to gain the affection and confidence, and be very careful not to excite suspicion, for should you be found out not even the Emperor could save you from the vengeance of these men. Be cautious, brave, and faithful. Now, farewell!'

Hedin resided at Benares, and to that city travelled Fezi, mounted on a camel. The Brahmins received the youth with great kindness, and Hedin, when he had read the letter, declared that Fezi should be no longer an orphan, because he himself would be his father.

The Brahmin proved as good as his word, and a very real affection sprang up between him and the boy. Yet every tender word uttered by this kind and gentle man gave pain to Fezi. The Hindu boy had never read Scott, but he learned the truth of Scott's words —

> 'What a tangled web we weave
> When first we practise to deceive.'

He bitterly regretted that he had ever come to Benares. Sometimes he thought of abandoning his hateful task; but had he not promised to perform it? And if he forsook it now he might be punished with horrible tortures, or even with death. Certainly he would be considered cowardly and ungrateful.

Hedin observed his sadness, and was grieved by it. 'My son,' he said, one evening, 'you have now dwelt with me for five months, and you have become very dear to me. My one wish is to see you happy, but this wish you do not gratify. Can you not confide in me, and tell me what troubles you?'

Fezi's only answer was a sob.

Hedin went on to tell him that on the following day he should begin to learn Sanscrit, the language in which the sacred books were written. Thinking to cheer the boy, Hedin only increased his distress. That night Fezi made up his mind. He saw that he had acted wrongly in coming to Benares under false pretences. As yet, however, he was glad to think he had done no harm to the Brahmins. But if he now learned their sacred tongue he would possess the means of harming them, and he feared lest torture or the persuasions of his benefactor might wring from him some secret against his will. He resolved to return immediately to Delhi, whatever the consequences might be to himself.

Having come to this decision Fezi made his clothes into a bundle, and passed noiselessly from his own room to that of Hedin. As he gazed on the peaceful, sleeping face of the old man, he felt that he would far rather die than injure them. Upon a table lay some tablets. Taking up one of these Fezi wrote on it a few words of farewell.

'Dear father' (he wrote), 'I must leave you. Oh, do not think me ungrateful! It is my love for you that tears me away. I may not explain how this can be; I can only entreat you to believe and forgive your unhappy Fezi.'

Sadly Fezi returned to Delhi, and went straight to the palace of Abdallah, who received him with angry surprise.

'Back already?' he said. 'What does this mean, Fezi? — What, no answer? Wretched boy! You have betrayed me!'

Then Fezi found his tongue. 'No, no!' he cried, 'I have betrayed no one! It was to avoid being a traitor that I left Benares.'

'Is the secret safe, then?'

'Yes, but ——'

'But what? Have you accomplished the task which you were sent to do?'

'No, Prince,' faltered Fezi. 'I am as ignorant of the secret writings as I was when I left you.'

'Why, then, have you returned?'

'Hedin treated me with such kindness that I could not betray him.'

'And did not I treat you with kindness?' said Abdallah, sternly. 'Remember that night when I found you starving in the street — and this is my reward!'

'Oh,' exclaimed Fezi, in great distress, 'tell me of any other way than this in which I may prove my gratitude to you! Bid me undergo pain and hardship, or lay down my life, and I will gladly obey, but this deed I dare not do!'

'Why "dare" not, if you are so wonderfully brave?' sneered Abdallah.

'Because,' replied Fezi, 'I have been taught to obey a higher Power than yours, One who commands me to be true in word and deed. I ought never to have undertaken this task! I will deceive none, neither you nor the Brahmins.'

Abdallah overwhelmed him with reproaches, threatening him with horrible punishments if he would not immediately return to Benares and resume his task. But Fezi stood firm, and at length the angry prince called his slaves, and ordered them to convey the boy to the lowest dungeon of the palace.

With bandaged eyes he was dragged away, down steps and through long, winding passages, to a low, vaulted dungeon, furnished with nothing but a coil of chains and a little straw. The bandage was removed from the prisoner's eyes, his limbs were loaded with the chains; then, shut in by bolts and bars, he was left alone in that horrible place.

(Concluded on page 343.)

WONDERFUL OLD CHEESES.

IN the Alpine regions of the old Swiss cantons of Vaud and Valais, cheese-makers keep some of their products for years. At Les Ormonts, in the

canton of Vaud, it is customary to make special cheeses for certain occasions. They are tagged with explanatory labels, and eaten several years later, at family feasts — or funerals. Often such cheeses are bequeathed from one generation to another as heir-looms. Recently, in a concealed shelter at Les Ormonts, a cheese was discovered which dated from 1785. It was said to have tasted good, though it was hard as a rock, and had to be cut with a saw.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

X. — OCTOBER.

AS October evenings close
And the daylight shorter grows,
Scores and scores of starlings come
To the trees they make their home.

Then the noise and fuss begin —
What a clatter! what a din!
Screaming voices, clapping wings,
Restless, chuckling, noisy things.

But there comes a lull at last,
When an hour, perhaps, has passed;
Sleepy birds the tree-tops fill,
Quickly settled: all is still.

LIGHT IN THE DEEP SEA.

NO light penetrates the ocean below a depth of twelve hundred feet. But Nature has provided some of the creatures who dwell in this darkness with light-giving organs. One species carries what may be termed bull's-eye lanterns, which their owners can turn on and off at will; another species has luminous fins. The light is sometimes employed to attract prey. Where there is no light at all the eyes gradually die out, as in the case of the blind fish in the caves of Kentucky.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 323.)

GERALD stepped away from the notice-board with Danvers, and they walked round and round the dark quad together. Gerald was sorry for Danvers too. He knew that he would almost have sacrificed a limb for the chance of playing.

'I only wish we were both chosen,' he said honestly. 'I'd like it ever so much better!'

Danvers revealed a fine spirit in his turn. 'It can't be helped,' he said resignedly. 'There's no vacancy for a three-quarter. I wish I played forward, now. But I'm no end glad you're playing!'

It seemed to Gerald that it was a good sort of world, with quite a wonderful number of fine sportsmen in it.

As a rule he slept like a top, until the house 'toby' rattled his curtain, and beyond that point very often, but that night he did not fall asleep for hours. He was thinking excitedly of the game, hoping very earnestly that he would not disgrace Berthold and the house. It would be awful if he did. There were certain penalties about his good luck. But he fell asleep at last, and dreamed weird dreams of football. When he woke and remembered what lay before him it was with the oddest mixture of delight and nervousness.

The morning passed like a dream. Billy Williams knew that he was playing in the match, and dealt mercifully with him, like the good sort he was, refraining from putting him on to construe, and not dropping upon him for absent-mindedness. Gerald found himself eating quite a respectable dinner, rather to his own surprise, and almost immediately, so it seemed, it was time to change. And then he followed the team to the dormitory class-room for a last word from their skipper.

They all saw the change in Berthold. He had nothing of the grim curtness with which he had spoken before the match with Thomas's. He seemed actually younger and infinitely more light-hearted. The team sat in an uneasy circle, and he stood in their midst with his foot upon a chair and told them that they were certainly going to win. He kept on joking as he talked. It was the right thing to do, for the team was obviously 'jumpy,' and it was vitally necessary to give them confidence, but Berthold could hardly have stopped himself from joking that afternoon.

'We must play the old game,' he said. 'It's taken us through to the Final, and it's going to win us the Ball. The ground will be really heavy, thank goodness. The forwards have got to win the game again. You understand, Jackson,' said Berthold, turning gaily to the leader of the scrum. 'You haven't really swallowed a poker, although you look as though you had. You're going to keep your forwards at it from start to whistle, just as you did against Thomas's!'

They all laughed, including Jackson, and cheered up a trifle.

'Pack and shove for all you're worth, break up like lightning, and mark your men like glue out of touch, that's what you've got to do!' Berthold went on. 'You'll look after Melton out of touch, Jackson, of course.'

Some one laughed at that, for Jackson's head scarcely passed Melton's shoulder, but Berthold intervened quickly and seriously.

'You'll be able to keep him quiet, all right. It doesn't matter how small a man is, if he's got the pluck. And you've got it, I know.'

Jackson seemed to grow two inches after that remark, and it gave confidence to Gerald, the smallest man there. He wondered if Berthold would ever speak to him like that!

'We outsides have got to tackle like demons, and take any chances that come our way,' Berthold continued. 'That's our game, you understand — defence and taking chances. We're not a scoring lot behind. But we're going to squeeze home, all the same! And now it's time to go down!'

Cock House matches were played on the Terrace, the school ground. His first sight of the crowd behind the ropes gave Gerald a horrid, inward squirm. All the school was there. It was terrible to think of playing before so many eyes. When he had taken off his sweater, he felt very small and nervous as he followed Berthold and the rest on to the ground. But Vickers's house broke into a loyal and frenzied roar at sight of their team, and somehow the sound gave Gerald heart. He fancied that he could distinguish Danvers's shrill voice above the rest. It would never do to let them all down! He wasn't going to! He was playing with Berthold! And it would be all right once the game was started.

"'You haven't really swallowed a poker, Jackson,' said Berthold."

It was all right. After Jackson had kicked off amid a tumult of roars and counter-roars, Gerald was nervous no longer. When his first 'wind' had vanished he was conscious of very little save a kind of mechanical exhaustion that mercifully did not seem to grow much worse as the game went on. It was an exceedingly stiff and furious game for so small a boy to play in, and it was scarcely possible that he should keep a very clear head through it all.

(Continued on page 341.)

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

V.—THE SHELL-FISH OF ANCIENT DAYS.

HAVING now taken a general survey of the back-boned animals which once roamed over these islands of ours, but which have long since ceased to exist, we come to the more lowly forms of life. Here, too, we find types no longer in existence, some of them strange indeed, and among them we find,

1

HIPPARITES

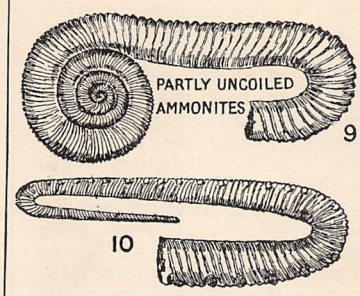
2

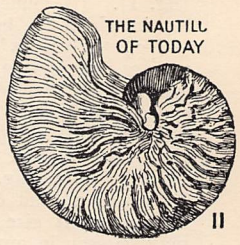
CRYPHALA

as indeed we should expect, remains of creatures which were the forerunners of species now living. We are digging in Nature's great graveyard, and when we come to try and distinguish the bodies unearthed we meet with many surprises, not the least of which are furnished by the remains of these 'lowly' animals. They bring home to us with intense force the truth of the saying that the small things of the world confound the great. Let me explain. The huge reptiles, eighty feet long, the great elephants, like the whales of to-day, impress us by their size, and the sense of power which they give us. Yet they have left no mark upon the world such as have the feeble folk we are now to consider, whose dead bodies make up no small portion of the very ground we tread on!

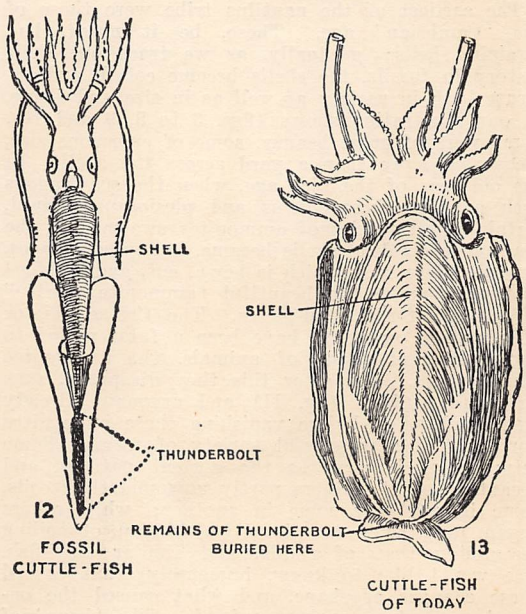
We will begin with what are generally called the 'shell-fish.' These made their appearance on the world's stage countless ages before the animals we have been describing, for fossil shells are among the earliest traces of life on the globe, occurring in what are known as the rocks of the Cambrian age. Rocks older than these contain no fossils, though this does not necessarily mean that there was no life on the globe before the Cambrian age, but rather that the creatures which lived were too frail to leave any traces of their existence.

Among the oldest of these shell-fish are species evidently related, and not greatly different from the mussels of to-day! As the ages rolled on, the number of different kinds of shell-fish gradually increased. By the time we get to the Coal period—thousands and thousands of years ago—we find shells strangely like the mussels and scallops, and the 'clams' of tropical seas of to-day. Others are nearer the trumpet-snails of our ponds and ditches!



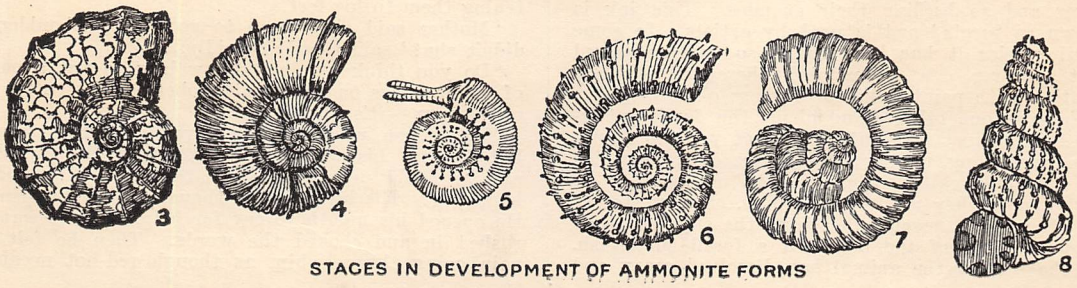


And the nearer we approach to our own times, the more familiar do these shells become. The 'molluscs,' or shell-fish in the strict sense of the term,



are a very ancient group, holding on tightly to life, and very conservative.

But some species came into existence, underwent many changes of form, that is to say gave rise to



STAGES IN DEVELOPMENT OF AMMONITE FORMS

more and more species developing new features, and then died out, leaving no descendants to-day. One of the most striking instances of species which lived for a comparatively brief period, and then suddenly died out, is the strange 'bivalve' called hipparites (fig. 1). (A typical 'bivalve' is the common mussel, in which the body is enclosed between two shells — i. e., 'bi-valves' — of equal size.) Now in hipparites, one valve, the lower, took the form of a great cone, the other of a small lid closing that cone. Hipparites appeared during the Chalk age and vanished completely with it. Radiolites was a near relative and has the same history. The curious gryphala (fig. 2) is another vanished species. This was a kind of oyster wherein the lower valve was of great size, the upper small and lid-like, as may be seen in our illustration. Much more striking is the the case of the ammonites, of which the pearly nautilus and the argonaut are the only surviving representatives; while the octopus and cuttle-fish and squid represent another branch of the same family, no less ancient.

The earliest of the nautilus tribe were those of the 'Cambrian' age. These, be it noted, had straight shells; gradually, as we trace out their history in fossils, the shells become coiled, and increase both in variety as well as in size and shape, as our illustration shows (figs. 3 to 8, 9 and 10). Some were of great beauty, some of enormous size, measuring more than a yard across the shell! In the old seas of the Lias age, when the sea-dragons such as the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus lived, certain small species of ammonites swarmed in the sea, and their dead shells became, in course of ages, hardened into rock which is hewn, cut, and polished to-day to make the beautiful 'ammonite marble' often used for mantel-pieces. The Cretaceous, or 'Chalk' age, seems to have been a fatal period to many different kinds of animals, the ammonites among them. For after this they disappear, save only the nautilus (fig. 11) and argonaut already mentioned. But before vanishing these ammonites burst out into wonderful variety of forms. Some returned as it were to the ancient pattern, and became straight; others partly unwound their coils, some in one way some in another; while others began (and some completed) a fashion of coiling resembling that of snails, and similar shell-fish. One would like to know, immensely what caused these changes of shape, and what caused the extinction of these curious animals. The 'bone' of the cuttle-fish, it must be remembered, answers to the shell of the uncoiled ammonite. Cuttle-fish, you may remember, are remarkable for the fact that they possess an 'ink-bag' from which they are enabled to squirt out an inky fluid discolouring the water and so baffling their enemies. This ink is known as 'sepia,' and is used by artists. In some fossil species it has been found so well preserved that pictures can be painted therewith. Fancy painting with paint millions of years old!

There is one other thing about the fossil cuttle-fish that I must not omit. Most of you, no doubt, have found long, blunt-pointed pieces of stone which are commonly called 'thunder-bolts.' Now what do you suppose they really are? Well, as a matter of fact, they have never fallen from the sky, but they formed a part of the inside of a fossil cuttle-fish. All the rest of the animal has dissolved away and left but this stony bolt. When the creature was alive its body contained a hard mass of bone answering to the 'cuttle-fish bone' which is placed to-day in bird-cages in order that the birds may pick it and so keep their beaks in order. This cuttle-bone answers to the shell of the ammonite and the nautilus, but, in the fossil cuttle-fish and their living descendants, it has come to be enclosed within the body instead, forming a case for its outside! (figs. 12 and 13.) Very well. At the bottom of this cuttle-bone, in the living cuttle-fish, is a small piece of harder material which is never saved by those who seek the cuttle-bone for birds. The so-called 'thunder-bolts' answer to the small piece there, but in these old fossil cuttle-fish it was large and in shape like a cigar.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S., &c.

FROM OUR READERS.

V. — ROBERT'S ESCAPADE.

'ARE you coming, George?' shouted Robert to his brother, who was dressing himself upstairs.

'Coming where?' answered George.

'Why, to the swimming-baths, of course. Didn't we arange to go this morning?'

'Oh, yes,' said George. 'I'll be down in a minute.'

'Can I come, too, Robert?' cried little Charlie, who was already dressed and ready for going out.

'No, you can't,' said Robert crossly.

'Why can't Charlie go with you?' said their mother, who had just entered the room. 'He is quite old enough now to be able to swim.'

'Oh, we can't be bothered with looking after that kid,' said Robert, who was really a very good swimmer and rather impatient in consequence.

'Well, you'll have to be bothered,' said his mother. 'Charlie must go with you to the baths this morning, and I shall expect you, as the eldest, to look after him. Here are the "water wings" which you must put on his shoulders when you get there.'

'Tell you what we'll do,' whispered Robert in George's ear as they were entering the bathing-room. 'We will fasten the silly old wings to his feet, so that his head will be kept under water.'

'Why, he will drown!' said George, who was a little startled at the idea.

'Drown!' said Robert. 'Can't I fish him out after a second? It can't possibly hurt him, but it will startle him so that he won't want to come with us again.'

When the lads were ready to enter the water, little Charlie asked them to fasten on his new water wings. They were of an old-fashioned kind, with long strings. So George bent down and began fastening them to his feet.

'Mother said they were to go on my shoulders, didn't she?' said Charlie timidly.

'Do you think we don't know how to put a pair of water wings on yet?' said Robert. 'Fasten them on, George — it's all right.'

With these words Robert dived into the water, but, horror! his head would not rise to the surface, and he could not drag his feet down. What had happened? His head felt as though it was bursting. He opened his mouth to cry for help, but the water rushed in and choked the words. Then he felt a pain going through him as though red-hot needles

had been passed through his eyes, after which all was dark. He awoke to find that men were rubbing his arms and legs.

Now let us see what had been happening to George and Charlie while Robert was struggling in the water. As soon as Robert dived, George felt the water wings snatched from his hands. Looking up he saw them floating on the surface of the water. Then he guessed what had happened. As Robert had stood on the edge of the bath his feet had become entangled in the strings of the water wings, so that when he entered the water his feet were pulled up to the surface, thus keeping his head under. When George saw this he immediately began to shout for help, as there were no other occupants of the bath. A minute later, and three men came running in. One of these jumped into the water and rescued Robert just in time. When he had recovered, they dressed him and took him home in a cab. When his mother heard what had happened, she was naturally very much frightened. Her fears, however, were groundless, for the boy was not at all hurt, though very much startled. In fact, the ducking had really done him good, for when the three brothers entered the swimming-bath a week later, Robert himself secured the water wings very carefully to Charlie's shoulders.

Wilson Smith (age 15).

A JOURNEY OF SIX HUNDRED MILLION MILES.

IT was recently reported in the papers that the man who had driven his Majesty's mails from Romford to Abridge for thirty years had, upon his retirement, completed a mileage amounting to two hundred and seventy-three thousand in the performance of his duties.

This, however, by no means creates a record, although it is undoubtedly remarkable. For instance, one of the oldest engine-drivers in the service of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company retired lately after forty-four years' service, during which he had travelled upon his engine a distance of two million miles, which is equal to eighty times the circuit of the earth at the Equator!

Another remarkable record of this nature was that of a retired captain who had been in the service of the Cunard Company for forty years. During this time he had crossed the Atlantic to and fro not less than eight hundred times, although he himself had quite lost count of the actual number. Thus, his travelling upon the blue waters alone would amount to something like two-and-a-half millions of miles.

Yet an infant in arms beats any of these wonderful records with ease during the first year of its sojourn on this terrestrial globe! Has it ever struck you that in the three hundred and sixty-five days that make a year of time you and I take a journey round the sun, and that this annual journey of our flying orb is through six hundred million miles of space?

This journey is not a figment of the imagination, but is a solid fact, capable of easy astronomical proof. But in addition to this annual circular tour, the world turns upon its axis once every twenty-four hours, and carries us with it on the rim of the wheel, as it were. If a man could stand exactly at either of the poles, he would merely turn round in the course of twenty-four hours, but if he takes his stand upon the equator he travels twenty-four thousand miles in that period.

It would be safe to say, then, that an inhabitant of the British Isles travels in this way an additional five million miles. Thus a man who attains the age of three-score years and ten has journeyed, asleep and awake, all unconsciously to himself, a distance represented by forty-two followed by nine noughts! Before such figures as these the puny efforts of express trains, ocean liners, motor-cars and flying-machines sink into insignificance.

A. B. C.

THE BANQUET OF GOLD.

(From the French.)

ALONE in her luxurious boudoir, Zorasthi, the Satrap's wife, was thinking sad thoughts. Out of doors the fierce sun of Asia was blazing down upon walls and domes. Before the entrances to the palace sprawled the Nubian archers; the servants lay sleeping on the mats. Zorasthi was the only person in the palace and its precincts who was awake.

She had good cause to be sad. Chosen, as best and loveliest, from amongst a hundred other maidens, she had been, at first, very happy, idolised by the people, adored by her husband. But now things had changed. Since the day when a gold-mine had been discovered near his capital, Artaphernes had become hard, brutal, and greedy. Possessed by an ever-growing covetousness, he seemed to have but one idea — that of amassing gold. Mastered by this passion, he neglected his wife and oppressed his subjects.

Suddenly Zorasthi's attention was caught by a distant sound. What could it be? Louder, nearer it grew, until it was like the tumult of a raging sea.

'Down with Artaphernes! Death to the tyrant! Let us go to Zorasthi!'

The Nubians, wakened from their sleep, had given the alarm; the guards were at their posts. Then, beneath the lofty colonnade, appeared Zorasthi, majestic in her long, flowered robe. One black boy carried her train, another cooled the air above her head with a fan of peacocks' feathers. At the foot of the porphyry steps crawled and clamoured a crowd of wretched, ragged creatures: men with faces whitened by long hours of underground labour, old men smitten with fever, women wan with want. At sight of Zorasthi all fell on their knees, and, hiding their faces in the dust, stretched out their hands, offering her olive-branches.

The princess, touched by the sight of so much misery, spoke kindly to the supplicants, asking what they desired of her. A skeleton-like old man then rose to his feet, and, speaking in the name of all, explained the cause of the dissatisfaction. Artaphernes, intent only in piling up wealth for himself, compelled every man to labour in or about the mine; so many men were required to extract, cart, and melt down the mineral that the artisans and free-labourers had lost their regular employments, and the enrichment of the ruler involved the ruin of his people. The fields were left uncultivated, and famine was imminent. Now the sufferers had come to implore the princess that she would use her influence with her husband on their behalf.

Zorasthi promised to do all that she could, and the crowd, thus pacified, dispersed.

(Concluded on page 338.)

"The princess spoke kindly to the supplicants."

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"Already he had drawn his scimitar."

THE BANQUET OF GOLD.

(Concluded from page 335.)

LEFT alone, the Princess took counsel with herself as to the best means of persuading Artaphernes, and winning him back to his former kindness and goodness of heart. In a short time she made a plan, which she put into execution some days later on the return of the Satrap from a journey. On his arrival at the palace he demanded a meal. His wife conducted him through a labyrinth of gloomy corridors. Suddenly a door flew open, and Artaphernes stood still in amazement, dazzled by the scene before him.

It was one which would have delighted the eyes of a miser. The walls, of massive gold, covered with rich ornamentation, glittered in the brilliant light of numerous seven-branched lamps. In this hall of fairyland was gold of every form and of every shade — pale gold and deep gold, dull gold and burnished, plain gold and gold carved. The hangings, the carpet, the chairs, the ceiling and the floor were all of the same precious metal.

But the greatest wonder of the room was its table. One would have said that all the goldsmiths of the country had exhausted the resources of the mine and their own ingenuity in those cups, plates, and dishes.

'My dear wife!' exclaimed the astonished Satrap, 'you seem to have prepared for me a truly regal repast. Pray give your orders quickly, for I am dying of hunger!' So saying, he seated himself at the table. At a sign from Zorasthi, two black slaves, whose tunics were of gold filigree, placed upon the table a golden dish, on which floated in a spangled sauce a gold-fish with wrinkled gold skin and shining scales.

Artaphernes looked at his wife with a smile that recalled earlier and happier days. 'Be sure,' he said, 'not to forget the name of the artist who has produced this delicate and beautiful work. I will give him other commissions. But I hope that you have provided for me some more satisfying food than this.'

At a second sign from the Princess, two young girls came forward. Their arms were loaded with golden bracelets, their dresses sparkled with gold-dust. They bore on their shoulders an immense quarter of venison, or rather the semblance of it in gold. At the same moment the thirsty Satrap held out a cup, which his wife filled with a white wine, in which floated grains of a glistening powder, which he at once recognised as the dust of his favourite metal.

Now Artaphernes frowned, and spoke in a rougher tone. 'Enough of these jests! Do not try my patience further!'

Zorasthi smiled in her turn. 'Pardon me, my noble lord. The joint is not yet ready, but here comes something that may suit you.'

She had no sooner spoken than two yellow dwarfs brought in a golden peacock, fat and (like all the rest) shining, but, alas! it lacked both savour and flavour, for, like the fish and the game, this miracle of deception had been wrought by a skilful goldsmith.

This was too much for the famishing Satrap! His eyes looked dangerous. He rose, overturning both chair and table. Already he had drawn his scimitar to slay the servants, when Zorasthi, seizing his arm, begged mercy for the innocent. She alone, she said, had planned this golden banquet.

Then the Princess explained her motive. 'You are angry,' she told her husband, 'because you have been served with nothing but gold, yet you have treated your subjects in precisely the same way. Gold is the only thing which you have made plentiful in your province. The metal, "precious" though it may be, does not appease your hunger; neither does it satisfy that of your subjects. You force them to toil in the mine, sacrificing them thus in order that you may acquire more of this thing which cannot supply your own needs. If you persist in this course, our nation will be the richest in all Asia, but also the poorest and most wretched. Because of your mad thirst for gold, the peasants are compelled to neglect their proper work; the land goes uncultivated, and yields no fruit. Your subjects are learning to hate you; you govern them only by fear. I beseech you, my lord, to think less of gold and more of your people and the land. Restore prosperity to the country. All your treasure would be but a feeble defence against a nation in revolt!'

Thus bravely pleaded Zorasthi, at the risk, as she well knew, of her own life. But Artaphernes, touched by her words, took her hand affectionately in his, and promised to grant her request.

DOCTORING ANIMALS.

IN New York there are many hospitals for sick people, and there is actually one for sick birds as well. This is under the charge of a lady who not only visits sick birds professionally at their own homes, but receives them in her establishment to the number of nearly a thousand a year as boarders and patients. They have rheumatism, dyspepsia, asthma, palpitation of the heart, consumption, and even corns. Their hospital beds are made of pasteboard boxes, and the mattresses of soft old linen damask. Besides hot-water bags and thermometers, bandages, rubber gloves, bird-sprinklers and microscopes, there is a supply of medicated cotton and medicine bottles that would not disgrace a human patient. Massage is also resorted to. The lady who runs the establishment has five hundred birds under her care at one time, very often.

A curious incident occurred some time ago at B—— Hospital, one of the largest of these institutions in New York. Driving up in a cab, a gentleman produced a tiny white kitten from his pocket, and explained that it had fallen downstairs, dislocating its shoulder and breaking a leg. He insisted upon its being attended to. Several surgeons were called in, the shoulder set and the leg put in splints, after which the kitten was bandaged and put to bed in a tent on the lawn.

A pet canary belonging to an old lady fell from its perch, and broke its leg. The lady took a hard-wood Japanese toothpick, slit the end with a knife, and inserted the end of the broken leg in the divided part, the connecting point being securely tied with cotton. Before long the canary became as lively as before the accident, never missing its perch when hopping about the cage on its wooden leg.

A favourite elephant at the Zoological Gardens at Frankfort, known as Fanny, fell ill, and could not

be induced to take her food. She moaned continually, shed floods of tears, and gradually grew weaker and weaker. What her complaint was it was difficult to determine, but something had to be done to restore the ponderous beast to health. She was therefore subjected to rather expensive treatment, a pint of brandy and the same quantity of Rhine wine being administered alternately at frequent intervals. Three times a day she was allowed a bucket of gruel, each bucket containing no less than forty quarts. Soon the elephant recovered her usual health and spirits, and could then dispose of thirty rolls and a hundredweight of hay a day.

Some months ago an ostrich fell ill in one of the Zoological Gardens. It was found that the great bird was suffering from paralysis, its legs both being quite useless to it, and it fell about the cage on attempting to use them. The name of this gigantic patient was Paul, and he was placed in a sling, his feet resting on a pad. This relieved his legs of the weight — two hundred and fifty pounds odd — of his body. A mild current of electricity was then applied to his legs, and at first it appeared to produce but little effect. On the third day, however, there was a slight twitching, so the treatment was continued. Regularly continued, this treatment gradually brought back blood and life to Paul's legs, and he was finally enabled to stand up once more. He was over six feet in height and was, as a rule, in fine condition and very powerful.

An elephant in Bengal, India, became affected with toothache, but the keepers managed to secure it while a dentist drew a decayed tooth — the cause of the trouble. After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain, and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention. When the operation was over he frisked round the dentist like a young lamb.

A. B. Cooper.

EMPIRES AND EMPERORS.

VI. — MUTSU HITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

HIS Imperial Majesty Mutsu Hito, Emperor of Japan, is the one hundred and twenty-first of his line. Japan has been ruled by one dynasty ever since the dawn of her history, and in this respect she is unique among the nations of the world. The Japanese claim for their Mikados (or Emperors) an unbroken line from six hundred years before the Christian era; but though these early dates only rest upon tradition, it is a positive fact that they possess written records of their sovereigns from A. D. 712.

The Emperor is represented in our portrait on horseback in the uniform of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, which is the dress he usually wears on all public occasions. He is also Head of the Navy, but he exerts most influence over the Army, and as a rule uses his great power most beneficially.

The Emperor is also Head of the State, and 'his word has more power than hundreds of laws, he is far above the Constitution.' Japan is called the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' and that emblem is on the national flag, but the real sun of Japan is the Emperor, and when he shines (or smiles) all is well! Few monarchs have so much power, and very few indeed have done so much for their country. During little more than fifty years Japan has developed into a most marvellous civilisation, such as has taken all European nations many centuries to acquire. It seems all but impossible to realise that at the beginning of the last century Japan was in such a state of ignorance that Calcutta merchants amassed riches by exchanging — weight for weight — their Indian silver for Japanese gold! The whole country was for many years later in a semi-savage state, having no real laws, no government, and no army or navy worthy of the name.

But how different is the state of affairs since the present Emperor has come to the throne! He almost at once abolished the old feudal system under which the country was governed (or mis-governed); he constituted himself the Supreme Sovereign of the State, and soon afterwards gave the people a parliamentary constitution based on European principles.

The Army, too, was entirely reconstructed, and is now 'second to none' in efficiency and military ardour. Both Army and Navy have had ample opportunity of late years of showing what they could do, and the Japanese victories over the Russians and the Chinese are still as unforgotten as they were at the time unexpected. The Navy, enriched by many Russian first-class battleships, has been described as 'magnificent,' and her hospital ships are the envy of all nations, so perfect are they in every life-saving appliance, many of which have been invented or perfected by Japanese surgeons.

In short, Japan is now what she has long desired to be, one of the Great Powers of the World, and a Japanese writer says that 'they demand not to be discriminated against because of the colour of their skin, but that they shall be judged by their deeds.'

This is but right and fair, and certainly, as a nation, Japan will not suffer in being so judged.

It is impossible to speak of Japan without mentioning the great volcanic mountain Fuji-yama, perhaps the most beautiful mountain in the world. There is no 'perhaps' about it to any Japanese: all are intensely proud of it, and there is seldom any artistic work done, either on screens, or carvings, or decoration of any sort, in which this mountain is not introduced.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Japanese, rich and poor alike, than their intense admiration of the beauties of nature. In Japan, from March to November, every month has its special flower, and many are the festal days when all Japan turns out into the country to enjoy its feast of colour.

The winters in Japan are as cold as ours, but their houses are far less adapted to keep out the cold, being merely built of thin wood, with paper instead of glass in the windows. There are no fireplaces, but a small jar filled with charcoal takes the place of our fire, and all the family sit round this in their thickest clothes, trying to feel warm, and sipping endless cups of hot tea.

Those natives, however, who live in the parts where there are hot sulphur springs, are far better off: 'They think nothing of remaining in the hot bath for a month on end,' says one writer; 'they sleep, eat, and drink in the water: it is the only way they can keep warm at a height of four thousand feet.'

Japan is often called the 'Island Kingdom,' and

H.I.M. The Emperor of Japan.

she well deserves the name, as Japan consists of more than four thousand islands, most of them very small; but there are four large ones, and since 1895 the island of Formosa has belonged to Japan, and during the last few years she has also obtained possession of Korea.

"The team carried Berthold up and down the long dormitory."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 332.)

WILDING played his part manfully enough to the very limits of his strength. All of Berthold's team played up like heroes. But Berthold, at least, was aware from the very start that they were engaged upon their toughest fight by far. Melton's team contained three Fifteen men and two Thirties, but they did not fall into the mistake that had been the downfall of Thomas's. Melton proved himself a far sounder leader than Ingram. He

would not let his side play only up to their star performers. He kept his pack well together, prevented all undue selfishness, but made clever use of the extra weight and pace that his side possessed; and always he had an eye to the possibilities of Simpson, the school sprinter and right wing three-quarter, who was playing at centre for his house.

Berthold also kept an eye upon Simpson, an exceedingly anxious eye. If he once got clear away, things would look awkward, Berthold knew, but he should not get away! Ten minutes had passed, and Vickers's were doing very fairly well so far. Their small forwards were almost, very nearly, holding their own in the tight, and were getting a fair share of the ball. They were breaking up in defence with the speed of weasels. But Berthold was anxious, none the less. Melton was leading his side too well, far too well. Four times Simpson had handled the ball so far, and each time Berthold or another had downed him before he could get into his stride. Another scrum, and Melton's men had heeled like lightning! Berthold was at fault for once. He was concentrating his attention too much upon Simpson. The opposing Courthope half had noticed that. He did not pass, he ran himself. Vickers's defence was pierced! Then at the right moment Courthope's half slung the ball wide to Simpson, and the fastest man at Dunbury had a clear field in which to get upon his toes! Vickers's one hope lay in Parker, their small full back. His pluck was unlimited, as he had proved time and again, but he lacked the pace to get to a flier like Simpson. He made a fine effort, but the big man ran round him like a greyhound. Courthope's supporters cheered madly, and a sort of gasp went up from Vickers's house as they saw Simpson touch down behind the posts.

Melton kicked a goal with ease. Berthold had an encouraging word for his men, and they rallied to the call. For the rest of that half there was no more scoring, although Vickers's were often terribly hard pressed. But their defence held out gamely, and their forwards kept going with the resolute grit that had carried them so far. The teams crossed over with Courthope's leading by five points to nothing.

They were doing very well, Berthold told his men, moving about among them, sucking hard at a slice of lemon. One goal was nothing! If they stuck to it, if they only kept sticking to it, they should surely score twice and win!

Berthold had contrived to hearten all his team, and Vickers's began the second half with splendid dash. Jackson headed a rush of forwards that very nearly scored. But the effort could not be maintained. Vickers's were outweighted and outplayed, for all their pluck. Weight must tell, if there is skill behind it. A bad time was surely coming for the lighter side, desperately as they were playing.

It came about mid-way through the second half. It began with another try by Simpson. He used his great pace, following up a long, high punt, and scored with painful ease. Two minutes later he was almost in again! But this time Parker was just able to fling himself headlong for his ankles with a heroic and despairing tackle, and the big man and the small went down together amid a generous roar of applause. But Courthope's were not to be denied. Melton got over from a break away out of touch, a half-back scored from a scrum near the line, and Simpson dashed in with yet another try. Courthope's had scored four times within five minutes. They led by two goals and three tries to nothing!

And then did Berthold prove himself a leader with power to rally a beaten side. Any one can skipper a winning game; it takes rarer qualities to lift to fresh efforts tired boys, some of whom are telling themselves that it is no good trying any more. But Berthold did it. He got his men round him after that last try whilst the ball was being brought from behind the line.

'We've got to make an effort, a real effort! You shan't chuck it up! We're not beaten yet, anything like! There's a full quarter of an hour to go, and if you'll show your pluck we'll win — we'll win yet!'

That was all he said. It is to be supposed that there was something in the sound of his voice and the look of his eyes. There is such a thing as personal magnetism. Anyway, Vickers's pulled themselves together at his call, and the effort made when all seemed over will be spoken of for many a day at Dunbury.

It began with a very chancy try. Gerald actually had the luck to have a hand in it, although his memory was always very vague about the subject. Courthope's were suffering from over-confidence. Vickers's were purely desperate. One of their forwards got away out of touch, and passed to Gerald, who ran for about ten yards. Then he heard a howl of 'pass,' and slung the ball blindly to his left, just as a crushing weight hurled itself upon him from behind. When he picked himself up dizzily from the mud, Jackson had just scored wide out! The Courthope back had been out of his place, and the try had been made simple. Berthold kicked a great goal from the wide angle, and Vickers's plunged into the game once more.

They scored again within four minutes! The Courthope full back had punted down the field. Berthold took the ball in his stride. He ran as far as possible, and then punted high and hard in his turn. The wind held up the ball, and Berthold, going all out for a try beneath it, gathered it one half-second before the back. He swerved as he took it, and scored in a good place. Nineteen to ten points now! Two more goals will do it!

They got one of them. Courthope's were a little shaken by this most unexpected rally, and Vickers's had gained a fierce confidence. Their forwards took the ball down with a headlong, bursting rush, and from a scrum upon the line Berthold fought his way across with a man upon his back. Again he succeeded with the kick, and now there were but four points between the teams. From behind the ropes Vickers's house, almost delirious with excitement, raved to their men for one last winning score!

But it did not come. Those last despairing efforts had exhausted the lighter team. Their bolt was shot. The forwards had played themselves almost to a standstill; they were dizzy, scarcely able to see. Melton steadied his men like a good skipper, and clung to his lead, taking no risks. Vickers's team went down fighting pluckily to the last, but when the final whistle went Courthope's had won.

Melton tore himself from the many who pressed about him, and hurried after Berthold. 'A great game, wasn't it?'

Berthold forced himself to smile. 'Yes, good enough! And what do you think of Vickers's kids now?'

Melton slapped him on the back. 'I think you're wonders, you and your kids!'

And Billy Williams said much the same thing.

O'Brien came up and shook hand with Berthold, forgetting their past coolness in his enthusiasm, like a true Irishman. 'Sure, it was a mighty game! I could have cried when you just failed to pull up!'

Berthold thanked him with real pleasure.

But his team had made their slow way to the dormitory, very weary and cast down. They could only realise that they had lost. They sat about the long table, too sick at heart even to change.

And then Berthold limped in, with his sweater about his muddy shoulders, and his Fifteen cap flung sideways upon his tangled hair. He looked at his men with a small crooked smile, and he realised what they were feeling. He would have felt just as miserable himself but for the thought of old George. 'Buck up!' he said. 'It can't be helped!' But they only stared at him wretchedly.

'There's nothing to be ashamed of,' Berthold went on. 'We made a great fight; we kept 'em going all the way. They had the weight, but we did our best. And — we shall be Cock House next year.'

And then the team forgot their weariness, and sprang at Berthold, and scrambled him upon their shoulders, and carried him up and down the long dormitory, just as though they had won instead of lost. And they set him down and cheered him hoarsely, and tried to wring a speech from him. He spoke one sentence at last.

'If you don't mind my saying it,' said Berthold very humbly, but drawling more than usual in his horror of emotion, 'I'm rather proud of every one of you.'

(Continued on page 350.)

A LONG NAP.

OLD Mr. Dormouse, he shivered and said,
'Jane, fetch me my night-cap, and shake up my bed;
I'll take a long nap now the winter is here,
And pray do not call me till April, my dear.'

FEZI THE FAITHFUL.

(Concluded from page 330.)

ALTHOUGH Fezi knew death or imprisonment for life to be his probable fate, he felt happier than he had been at Benares, with his deceit weighing so heavily on his conscience. Now he could recall without shame his father's never-forgotten words, 'Fear death less than falsehood.'

At night a slave brought to him a little very coarse food. Day after day passed in loneliness and darkness, and Fezi had no hope of release. But one morning two slaves of the Emperor entered his prison, struck off his fetters, blindfolded him, and led him away. In vain Fezi inquired whither they were taking him; they gave him no reply. At length he heard the sound of many voices; his eyes were uncovered, and he found himself in the presence of the Emperor.

Mahmoud, seated upon his throne, was attended by Abdallah. Other courtiers stood at a respectful distance, where they could not hear the conversation between the Emperor and his favourite. At the further end of the hall waited a number of slaves, ready to execute whatever their master should command.

Fezi prostrated himself before the Emperor, who, after telling him to rise, said sternly, 'Is it true that you disobeyed my orders, and left Benares with your mission unfulfilled?'

'Oh, pardon me, my lord,' implored Fezi, 'for daring to disobey you! I could not do otherwise. Out of gratitude to my benefactor I promised to deceive and betray the Brahmins; afterwards I saw that I had done wrong, and that one must at any cost be true.'

'But do you not fear punishment?' asked the Emperor.

'I fear your Highness's displeasure more than any other earthly evil,' replied Fezi; 'but there is a Power still more to be feared than yours.'

Mahmoud whispered a few words to Abdallah, who then went nearer to Fezi, and spoke to him, at first, kindly. 'Fezi,' he said, 'the Emperor pities you, and desires me to make one more effort to save you. Once more we give you your choice. Return to Benares, finish your task, and the richest rewards shall be lavished upon you. But if you persist in your refusals — well, then, torture will be inflicted.' The tone in which Abdallah pronounced these last words made Fezi tremble so much that he was compelled to lean against a pillar for support. Abdallah thought that he had at last prevailed. 'Think also of your father, Fezi,' he added.

'Think of my father?' repeated Fezi, with reviving courage. 'Yes, of course! I do think of him, and of his parting words to me, "Fear death less than falsehood." Whatever may be the consequence, I will follow his counsel!'

Turning towards the Emperor he said, respectfully but firmly, 'My lord, I cannot go back to Benares.'

'Nor do I wish you to do so, Fezi,' replied the Emperor, with a complete change of manner. 'Abdallah, this brave youth puts us to shame. I ought never to have framed such a vile scheme.'

'Will your Highness then give up this plan which at first you considered such an excellent one?' asked Abdallah in astonishment.

'Yes,' said Mahmoud, 'I will no longer seek to obtain my end by such unworthy means. As for you, Fezi, who refused my favour at the bidding of conscience, accept it now as the reward of your faithfulness.'

Thenceforward Fezi resided at the court of Mahmoud, who, after having him thoroughly educated, raised him by degrees to the highest posts in the empire. His father and mother were brought to Delhi to share in his prosperity. He had many opportunities of serving Abdallah, whose kindness he always gratefully remembered and whose unkindness he forgot. He was able also to befriend in his turn his two Brahmin friends — Hedin of Benares and the good old man at Amercot. Thus happily lived Fezi, beloved and honoured by all.

One day some one ventured to ask the Emperor why he had raised an unknown youth to such a high position.

'Because I knew that I could rely upon his sincerity,' was the answer. 'He fears not death so much as falsehood.'

E. Dyke.

"He found himself in the presence of the Emperor."

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"'Let him go, or I shall shoot!'"

THE CLIFFORD LODGE GHOST.

CLIFFORD LODGE, the family house of Colonel Clifford, was a large, grey, gloomy-looking building, standing at the end of an avenue of tall trees. Everything about the Lodge seemed square; the house itself was square, the windows were square, and a square porch stood before a square door. The grounds, and the walks too, were arranged with mathematical precision.

It was by no means a pretty place; it was so bleak, and too much like a great box to be picturesque. But it was comfortable inside, and after all that was the main thing It was as old-fashioned within as it was without, yet oak lasts long and always looks well, and most of the Lodge furniture was made of oak. The chairs and tables must have been nearly as old as the house itself. In fact they were part and parcel of it. Take away the furniture and only a piece of Clifford Lodge would be left — and really the smaller portion in the eyes of the Cliffords themselves, for Jack, the twelve-year-old son of Colonel Clifford, was punished for scratching and marking the same chairs with his heels that his great-grandfather had scratched and marked many years before.

Now, of course, it was only natural that such a gloomy old house, having seen so many generations of the Cliffords, should be said to be haunted. So the Lodge did not have to go without its particular ghost. Not that anybody had ever seen it; at least no one alive during the present generation, although, as usual, several of the oldest villagers avowed that they had once known somebody else who had seen it.

The Clifford Lodge ghost was in very great demand at the present time, some 'meddlesome old villager,' as the Colonel said, having told Jack that the ghostly form of a cavalier might often be seen in the west wing, about the spring-time of the year.

After hearing the story, the first thing Jack did was to rush home, and load his parents with questions concerning the apparition. He noticed that they seemed annoyed, and this served to work him up to a pitch of great excitement.

The prospect of having an actual encounter with a ghost raised more curiosity than alarm in Jack Clifford's mind. At least, he felt sure that he would not be at all afraid. But it is easier to sit in the warm sunshine, and plan what you will do when it gets dark, than it is to carry out the plan when the sun is no longer shining.

Night after night Jack would lie awake, actually hoping to see, or at the very least to hear, something of the ghost. If he ever felt himself growing nervous, he would remind himself that he was a soldier's son, and that generally had the desired effect. After all, what harm could it do him? He would only follow it and try to clear up the mystery.

The attitude his parents took up greatly puzzled Jack. His questions were either met with impatience, or sarcasm, but he obtained no information. As he had no brothers or sisters, and was not allowed to play with the village children, he did not have much to occupy his mind beyond his lessons; not that they troubled him very much, for his tutor was a trifle too indulgent.

Some small boys have very inquiring minds, and while this may or may not be good for themselves, it is often the source of much annoyance to other people, especially as they are generally most persistent in matters which are not likely to prove of much use to them. Jack was one of these troublesome young persons; and as he put his whole heart into the task of fathoming the mystery, he succeeded admirably in making himself a nuisance to everybody. He worried his parents, and then the servants, until at last he gave it up as a bad job.

He did not forget all about the ghost, however, and at last he really did have an exciting experience.

Having returned home from London, at the late hour of eleven o'clock, on one Friday night, he staggered wearily up the first flight of stairs to his room, and scrambling hurriedly into bed, fell asleep almost as soon as his curly head touched the pillow.

Strange to say, he woke about one o'clock, to find that the moon was streaming through the window and shining right on to his face. Jack thought this anything but pleasant. Indeed, few children would like it, and I don't believe many older people would find it a very comfortable situation to awake in.

Jack quickly slipped out of bed, and crossed over to his window, meaning to lower the blind, and so shut out the moonrays. He put his hand on the cord, and drew it half away. Then he stopped suddenly. He distinctly heard the sound of footsteps on the hall pavement.

No! Jack didn't rush back to bed, and duck his head beneath the clothes. He crept slowly from his room and crouched down at the head of the staircase. He felt too excited to be very nervous; his heart beat a little faster, that was all.

The moon shone brightly through one of the great hall windows, and made everything look very weird, and much larger than usual. Thus from his position he obtained a fairly good view of the hall.

He waited breathlessly for some time. As nothing appeared, he was just about to return to bed, when he saw a tall form slowly cross the front door and proceed in the direction of the library. Jack hesitated for a moment, and then, before he was really aware of it, he had descended the stairs.

Without waiting to think much about it, he followed stealthily in the direction which the figure had taken.

He soon reached the library door and after waiting a minute or two, slipped quietly in. All was quiet, so quiet indeed, that our young hero almost wished something would make a noise. He began to wonder whether it would not be better to beat a hasty retreat back to bed. This did not seem a very courageous thing to do, however, after all his elaborate plans. Besides, he was Colonel Clifford's son, and Colonel Clifford was a V. C., and hadn't won his Cross by running away. He felt much better after reasoning with himself in this manner.

Then, suddenly his heart gave a tremendous leap, for the tall figure passed before the library window. Only about a quarter of the room was in the light, as the moon was shining in at a considerable angle.

And now, despite all his efforts to keep up his courage, Jack began to be dreadfully afraid; and no wonder! To be separated from the strange figure by a whole flight of stairs was a very different thing from being in the same room with it, and then not even being able to see it.

It would have been much better if the 'thing'

had remained in the light, Jack thought, but not to know whereabouts it was —— ugh! It might touch him. What should he do — what could he do? Run away? No, that would be worse, if possible, than remaining where he was. If he tried to dash out of the door, he might run right into it. And then, fancy if it should chase him upstairs; how he would shriek!

He felt half-inclined to shout; but even then, would not the figure be the first to hear? Yes, of course, and he would rather not risk it.

Horror! He could hear it stumbling about the bookcase, not two yards distant. He shrank as close to the wall as he could.

He lifted a shaky hand to wipe his brow, and in doing so his fingers came into contact with the electric light switch, and this gave him an idea. Ghosts generally vanished when a light was brought to bear on them, Jack thought. Why not switch it on and try? At any rate it would be better than this awful suspense, so ——

Click! Jack's eyes were completely dazzled by the sudden blaze, and so indeed were the 'spectre's.' It was a strange figure our youthful detective beheld when his eyes became accustomed to the electric light.

Jack began to think in a hazy sort of fashion that this was anything but a handsome or well-dressed 'cavalier.' He saw a thick-set figure leaning against the great oak bookcase, attired in somewhat ragged clothes, wearing a huge green cap on its head. Beneath the cap was a very ugly and brutal visage, and beneath that, a blazing red neckkerchief.

Jack was by no means slow in grasping the true situation. This was a thief, a burglar, and no phantom as he had supposed.

It was such a relief to find that he had nothing supernatual to deal with, that he anticipated no harm from this intruder. But his terror increased fourfold when the man darted forward and caught him roughly by the arm.

'Hold your tongue,' he hissed, 'or ——'

Jack did not follow his command very closely, for he immediately began crying for help.

'James, James!' he shouted. 'Help, quick, here's a burglar!'

With a stifled threat the man caught him up in his arms, and gripped him tightly by the throat; so tightly, Jack afterwards explained, as almost to nip off his head.

Our young hero squeaked and fought like a Briton, but all in vain. The burglar carried him, fighting, from the room, intending no doubt, to get Jack out of hearing, and then make good his escape. In his haste, however, he ran across the hall, and hurried down a narrow passage straight towards the pantry.

Near the wall, and about half-way between the floor and the ceiling, ran a stout bell-wire. If this wire were touched it would ring a large bell in the pantry, and immediately awake the butler and James the footman.

As the man staggered blindly down the passage, Jack felt his ear brush against this wire. He was by no means slow to take advantage of this mute suggestion. Grasping the wire with one hand, he gave it a mighty tug.

Clang! clang! went the great bell. The burglar started violently, and almost dropped Jack on to the floor. He halted in uncertainty, and before he could decide what to do, a door flew open, and the passage was flooded with light.

The bewildered thief turned, and ran back into the hall, still holding Jack, but with two sturdy men at his heels.

'Drop the boy,' shouted the butler, 'let him go, or I shall shoot!'

The burglar dropped Jack roughly and at the same time whipped something out of his hip-pocket.

The next moment there was a flash, and a loud report, and a bullet went crashing through one of the great windows.

Jack's knees trembled beneath him, and everything appeared to be whirling round at a tremendous speed. The last thing he remembered seeing was the three men struggling fiercely for a moment, and then rolling over in a confused heap. After that a mist covered his eyes, and the floor tipped up and threw him down.

When he came round, he found himself safely tucked up in bed. At first he thought he must have had a hideous nightmare, but both his parents were standing by his bedside, and his mother was holding a glass of water in her hand.

In spite of commands to lie down and keep quiet, Jack insisted on sitting up in bed and telling the whole story. He was bursting with pride when his father patted him on the back and called him a 'brick.'

Jack was ill and feverish from the shock he had received, but, being courageous and strongly made, he quickly recovered.

He learnt afterwards that the footman and the butler had speedily overcome the burglar and given him up to the police.

Strange to say, Jack has forgotten all about the legend. Let us hope he will think no more about it. I don't think he will, unless 'some meddlesome old villager' were to remind him of 'The Clifford Lodge Ghost.' V. W. G.

MARVELS OF FERN-SEED.

POSSIBLY, it might seem rather a good thing if we were able, sometimes, to become invisible. It would be amusing to go into a room, see and hear people who were in it, yet be quite unnoticed by them; or to glide along a crowded street, and pass through the throng without being jostled; or, to jump into a train, take a long journey, and pay no fare. But these things cannot be done. We do not suppose they ever could, yet our ancestors fully believed that by the aid of fern-seed, rightly managed, such a feat might now and then be accomplished. (Most of us know that the seed of ferns is different from that of flowering plants; it grows upon a leaf, and is generally flat.) The particular species which was thought to possess this mysterious power was the common bracken fern, plentiful on commons and in woods. You may find seeds on fern branches during several months of the year, but the seed which had such surprising effects (so they said) had to be obtained upon a special day, and it was to fall off the plant into a tray, not to be picked from the leaves. People believed that a good time to get it was about midsummer, and at what they called high noon.

There is an old legend which tells us that a man once became invisible without any effort. He had been down to a meadow, looking after a horse, and

some fern-seed fell into his shoes. He walked home, yet none of the family took any notice of him. He spoke to his wife, but she was alarmed, and the children too, for they heard his voice, though they did not see him. Then his wife called out, supposing that he was hiding somewhere near, and he replied, 'Why do you call me? Here I am, right before you.' Presently, it occurred to him that he had been amongst the ferns; so taking off his shoes, he shook out the seeds, and was again visible.

Besides this curious power, fern-seed was supposed to have that of disclosing hidden treasure, and of undoing locks or bolts which had got stiff.

J. R. S. C.

THE JUNGLE-ROOM.

I AM a hunter brave and bold,
With broomstick-gun and paper-knife;
And though I'm only six years old,
The tiger scampers for his life.

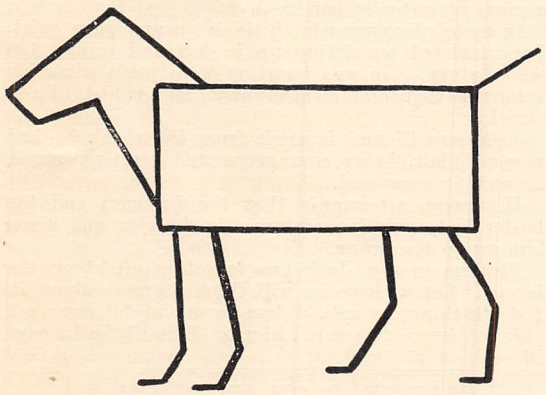
I chase him through the jungle there
(Among the chair-legs on the floor),
Until he creeps within his lair
(Away behind the kitchen door).

And then, Bang! goes my broomstick-gun —
I laugh to see him jump, until
I tumble over as I run,
And chase him up the sofa-hill.

He dashes through an Indian camp,
And hides behind a cushion-tent;
I wave my paper-knife and stamp,
And blow the shoe-horn Nurse has lent.

And, when by heartrug-river, he
Turns round at bay, I grasp him tight —
He purrs, and rubs against my knee
(As any other kitten might!).

Stephen Southwold.



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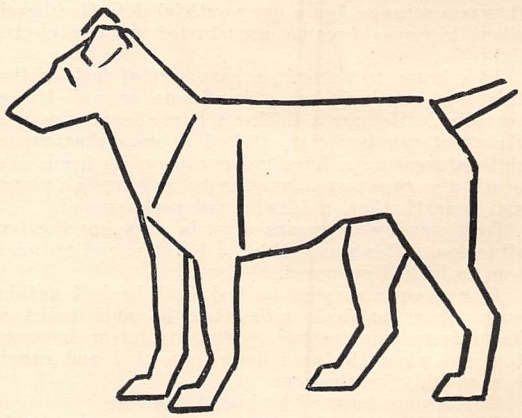

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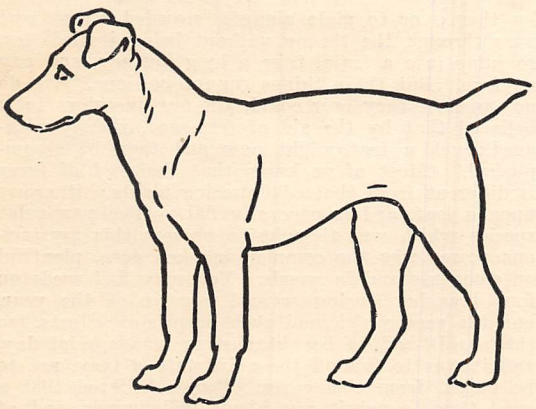

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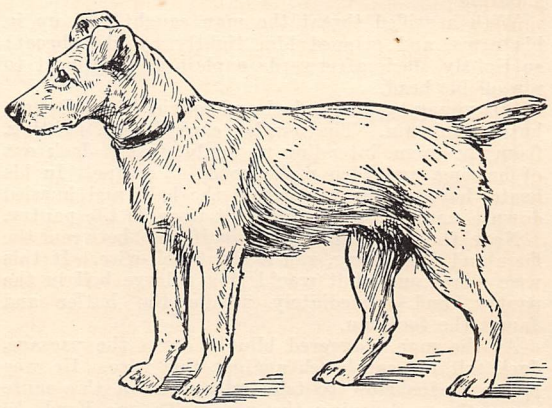


IV.

HOW TO DRAW A DOG, FROM THE SIMPLEST OUTLINES.

A FOUR-LEGGED BIRD.

THE crested hoatzin of British Guiana is said to be the only survivor of a certain race of birds. It dwells in the most secluded forests of South America, and owes its survival partly to its retiring habits, partly to the fact that, because it feeds on wild arum-leaves, its flesh is much too nasty to eat.

A Nestling of the Hoatzin.

The funny thing about the hoatzin is, that the baby birds, when newly hatched, possess four legs! Leaving the nest, they climb all over the adjoining branches, looking like tiny monkeys, or tree-toads, rather than birds.

But immediately after hatching, the fore limbs begin to change from legs, or arms (whichever you like to call them) into wings. The claws of the 'toes' fall off, feathers appear, and before the bird reaches full growth it loses all resemblance to a quadruped.

PETS AND THEIR CARE.

X. — TORTOISES.

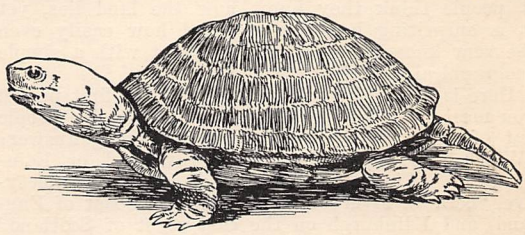
THE Tortoise is one of the most curious of reptiles, and so popular as a pet that we need not describe its general appearance, as nearly all children, even if they have never had one of their own, must often have seen the little horny-coated creatures either in an animal shop, or being hawked about the streets on a barrow during the summer months. Great quantities of these reptiles are imported from the shores of the Mediterranean, especially from Algeria and Morocco, every year, and are sold as pets for from sixpence to half-a-crown apiece. They are often most cruelly and carelessly packed for the transit among other goods, and many arrive in England mutilated or half dead, so when selecting one look him carefully over to see that his shell and limbs are uninjured.

They are very easy pets to keep, giving hardly any trouble and often living to a great age. If your garden is small and enclosed, you can let the tortoise roam about at will; he will do no harm, but be careful always to feed him in the same place. We found, however, that by leaving our tortoises free we were rather apt to lose them eventually, and so latterly I made a small enclosure of wire netting in a sunny part of a lawn, and put the tortoises and their house inside. This answered very well, and it was quite easy to move the netting when they wanted fresh grass, as it was only supported by a few thin wooden stakes.

Their house was a grocery box, covered with tarred felt and turned upside down, with a square opening sawed at one side for the door. Inside I kept it full of clean dry hay, in which the tortoises simply delighted to burrow. They always slept in their house at night, and would retire there too during the day if it was at all cold or rainy. It is curious that they hate rain so much considering that not a drop can possibly penetrate through their shells; they revel in warmth and sunshine and should be protected as much as possible from cold winds.

Some people imagine that the tortoise will eat the slugs and cockroaches in their gardens, but this is quite an erroneous idea; they are vegetable feeders only. Give your tortoises plenty of bread and milk to eat, also grass, lettuce and dandelion leaves; some too enjoy young peas and cucumber skins. If you are patient they will soon give up hissing and retiring into their shells when you approach, and will feed readily from your hand. It is interesting to watch a tortoise drinking milk, which he does by first scooping some up in his lower jaw, as if with a spoon, and then raising his head to let the liquid run down his throat.

Land Tortoises hibernate (or go into a winter sleep) from November till March and require no food during this period: they should be put in a box or hamper of hay, and kept in some quiet, cool place, out of reach of frost and damp. I do not think that tortoises very often breed in captivity



A Land Tortoise.

in England, though I have heard of cases where they have done so; but they often lay eggs if kept for several years. The eggs are white and very hard, something like a pigeon's egg in appearance but slightly larger. The mother buries them about half a foot below the surface of the ground after laying three or four.

Water Tortoises, or Terrapins, make interesting little pets, too, but they require more attention than the land ones. They are smaller in size, seldom exceeding ten inches in length, and have broad feet with the toes partially webbed. The best place to keep them in is a tank in a conservatory, with either a small island in the middle, or else several large flat stones projecting above the surface of the water.

They eat no vegetable food, but must be given either finely shredded raw or cooked meat, and they also like the broken bits of any kind of boiled fish.

I read a very interesting letter in the Field not long ago, about an old tortoise that lives in a Cornish garden; he is nine inches long and over ninety years old. The writer says: 'My uncle, who is now over ninety years of age, says the tortoise has been the same ever since he remembers it. It generally buries itself in October and comes out in March. Its tongue is nearly black when it comes out, and for three or four weeks after, when it gets a nice red colour, and then it starts eating; its staple food is dandelions, though it will eat asparagus, young peas, gooseberries, strawberries, lettuce, &c., and occasionally drinks for minutes at a time. It is high on its legs, and very lively in hot weather, and pursues the gardener with such determination, biting his trousers and butting at his feet, that he cannot get on with his work, until he has shut it up into a house.'

Tortoises become quite tame, and even in their way attached to those who feed them; they will also learn to come when called for food. I bought one two years ago, from off a street barrow, and one day when it was roaming free on the lawn, I happened to start whistling. To my surprise Elizabeth (as we called her) lifted her head and came hurrying as fast as her clumsy little legs would carry her towards me. Later on, I was examining her legs, and found a soiled piece of tape tied round a fore one, almost hidden in the flesh. I cut it off, as it was cruelly tight, and so I imagine she must have been some one else's pet before mine; some one who kept her on a tape for safety, and who had taught her to come when whistled for, though the man I bought her from assured me she had just arrived from Greece.

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

IN these days of education and good maps, most people think they know how the land lies, yet it is surprising how few do, and how easily even the very knowing ones can be caught with a simple geographical question.

Here is one which you may fire at the first person you meet, with the certainty that ninety-five people out of every hundred will give the wrong answer: 'Which city is farthest west, Liverpool or Edinburgh?' 'Liverpool, of course,' say the ninety-five, 'because Liverpool is on the west coast of England, and Edinburgh on the east coast of Scotland.' But they are all wrong because, as a matter of fact, Edinburgh is a few hundred yards nearer the other side of the Atlantic, 'as the crow flies,' as a glance at the map will prove.

Here is another question on the same lines: 'Which town is farthest east, Southampton or Aberdeen?' The obvious answer seems to be Aberdeen, but such is not the fact, for Southampton is some thirty miles farther east than the Granite City.

Here is another geographical puzzle which always comes off: 'How many miles is Calais south of Brighton?' Well, everybody knows that the French town is about twenty miles south of Dover, and we are apt to imagine that it is about the same distance south of Brighton. That is far from being the fact, however, for Calais, on the south side of the English Channel, is actually further north than Brighton on the north side of the Channel! And a further remarkable fact is that the whole of Cornwall is farther south than Calais.

Even London has its odd geographical puzzles. All the places south of the Thames are looked upon as being farther south than any place north of the Thames, but this is by no means the case. If you told your neighbour on top of the 'bus that Waterloo Station was farther north than Hyde Park, he would probably think that you ought to have alighted at Bethlehem Hospital — the lunatic asylum commonly called Bedlam. Yet such is the fact, nevertheless, as any plan of London will immediately show.

It is not even wholly true to say that the Thames flows from west to east. It certainly does so in a general sense, for it rises in the Cotswold Hills and flows into the North Sea. But from Oxford to Reading, a distance of forty miles, it flows almost due south, as though it would run into the English Channel, and at Teddington it makes such an extraordinary curve that it is found flowing almost due west, and if it continued this outrageous course it would finally flow into the Irish Sea instead of the North Sea.

Even railways have their geographical oddities, for the train which carries the passenger from Euston to Stafford on the North-Western Main Line, so far from proceeding invariably in a north-westerly direction, actually runs over a couple of miles as though the train were returning to London, namely, in a direction due south.

There is a town in Great Britain which is neither in England, Wales, or Scotland, nor in any of the adjacent islands. That town is Berwick-on-Tweed. It is in none of the countries mentioned, for it is a town apart, a place neutral, on land which counts as land neither in England nor in Scotland.

Finally, you may ask your knowing friend if he can tell you the farthest place from St. Paul's in the Bishop of London's diocese. How far would he have to walk or drive to reach the uttermost limit of his jurisdiction? As a matter of fact, neither walking nor driving would effect his purpose, for he has two of the largest oceans on the globe to cross, and a total journey of some ten thousand miles at least. The explanation of this remarkable puzzle is that the Fiji Islands in the Pacific Ocean are in the bishop's diocese; and it need not be a matter of wonder that his episcopal visits have been very infrequent.

A. B. C.

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Continued from page 343.)

CHAPTER XX.

ONE afternoon, two days before the end of term, as Gerald was standing at the Lodge, a fly drove up. A girl of about twenty-one stepped lightly out. She paid the driver, and then looked round for some one who could give her information. Tom did not happen to be visible at the moment, and so she turned to Gerald. 'Could you tell me where I shall find my brother, Harry Berthold?' she said.

So this was Berthold's sister. Gerald could not help staring at her with all his eyes, whilst he removed his cap. Her voice was very pleasant and jolly. She was much too pretty to be very like Berthold, but her mouth had the same suggestion of quiet humour. She had dark grey eyes, that had a

trick of sparkling if she was pleased. Gerald discovered this quite soon.

'Berthold?' he said, shyly. 'Yes, of course; I'll take you to him.'

'Thank you very much,' answered Miss Berthold. 'You're in his house, aren't you?' she added, glancing at his cap.

'Yes,' Gerald said, almost reverently.

She caught his tone at once. 'And do you like him very much?' she asked, brightly.

'Like' was hardly the word, Gerald reflected. It sounded cheeky. 'I — I think a lot of him,' he said; 'we all do.'

Miss Berthold held out a slim hand. 'Then we're going to be friends,' she stated.

Gerald shook hands. 'He saved my life, you know,' he said.

Miss Berthold turned decisively away from the quad at once. 'Did he really?' she asked. 'I never heard of that. You must tell me about it before I see him. He won't say anything, I know. Could you spare a minute or two, do you think?'

Gerald thought he could. He would have liked anyhow to be with Miss Berthold, even if she had not been Berthold's sister. She was so pretty and so friendly. She managed somehow to prevent him feeling as shy as he felt with most girls. They walked together down the avenue, Gerald chattering with enthusiasm as he described how Berthold had saved him from drowning.

'Thank you so much for telling me,' Miss Berthold said when he paused. 'And now — about Cock House match? Did you happen to be playing yourself?'

She did not think it possible: Gerald looked so slim and small.

'Yes, I did,' Gerald answered, proudly. 'I only played as sub, but Berthold gave an extra house badge after the match, and so I got it.'

'I'm so glad! It was quite right of Harry,' Barbara said. 'Tell me all about it, please.'

She liked Gerald and his enthusiasm for her brother. Gerald needed no second bidding. He plunged into a long and stirring account of the great game.

'Oh, how I wish you'd won!' Barbara said. But you couldn't do more than your very best.'

'That's what Berthold said afterwards,' Gerald told her. 'Shall I take you to his study now?'

'If you will,' Miss Berthold answered; but at that moment Gerald caught sight of Danvers walking alone down the avenue.

'That's Danvers, my great friend,' he explained eagerly. 'He thinks just what I do about your brother. May I introduce him to you?'

'Please do,' Barbara said quite gravely, and Gerald called Danvers up. He came with some surprise, lifting his cap.

'Danvers,' announced Gerald solemnly, 'this is Berthold's sister.'

Danvers could only say 'Oh!'

'It's a great honour, isn't it, to be his sister?' said Barbara, holding out her hand with dancing eyes.

'Yes,' said Danvers seriously, 'I think it is.'

They crossed the quad, talking together in the most friendly way, and Gerald led Miss Berthold up the study stairs to Berthold's door. He tapped upon it, and then slipped away.

Berthold stared in surprise at sight of his sister. 'Barbara,' he cried, 'is anything wrong — with George?'

'No,' she answered quickly. 'I couldn't have come away if there had been. I've come to tell you that everything is all right; that George will certainly be his old self again! There's no doubt at all about it now. I couldn't wait any longer, I had to come down and tell you.'

Berthold found it difficult to speak for a minute or two. Afterwards he put her in his armchair and they talked together for a long while. She was delighted with his tiny study. They talked about George, and the Scholarship, and the Cock House match. And at last Barbara said with a smile, 'I've been speaking to a friend — to two great friends of yours.'

'Who were they?' Berthold asked.

'Their names are Wilding and Danvers,' Barbara told him. 'I think they are delightful boys.'

Berthold laughed. 'Oh, yes, they are very decent kids,' he said.

'You never told me that you saved Wilding's life,' Barbara went on.

'It really wasn't anything to brag about. There was no danger at all. I just happened to be there.'

'I'm glad you were. Although I know how much to believe you! But they think such a lot of you, Harry; I don't believe you guess how much.'

'Oh, kids are always rather silly like that,' Berthold said uncomfortably.

'I don't think they're silly. I feel — rather the same way myself!'

Berthold spoke out at that. 'It's just as well you should know the truth, Barbara. This has been a bad term for me. I've played the fool far too much. I believe it's only a matter of good luck that I haven't got myself into bad trouble. I'd rather you knew. I've got little enough to be proud of.' And he told her about the half-holiday that he had cost the school and of his other follies and escapes, making them appear worse than they had been in truth. But Barbara understood. That was one of Barbara's gifts. She generally understood.

'I know what you've been through,' she said gently. 'I know how hopeless you felt about George. It made you desperate and reckless. You have been through a horrid, dark sort of wood, but you have come out of it now.'

'I have been very lucky,' Berthold said soberly.

They did not speak for a while, but soon they were laughing merrily over Barbara's description of a run with hounds. And they did not speak again of sad things.

'You'll have tea with me, of course?' Berthold said.

'I should love to,' Barbara answered. 'And if I may I should like to invite two guests.'

'Who are they?' Berthold asked.

'Wilding and Danvers, of course!' Barbara answered promptly.

Berthold chuckled. 'Have 'em, by all means. But do you think they'll enjoy it much? Won't they be rather shy?'

'I'll manage that all right!' Barbara answered with superb confidence, and Berthold, having put on the kettle, and made certain lavish preparations, went out in search of the two guests of honour.

(Concluded on page 354.)

"'Could you tell me where I shall find my brother, Harry Berthold?'"

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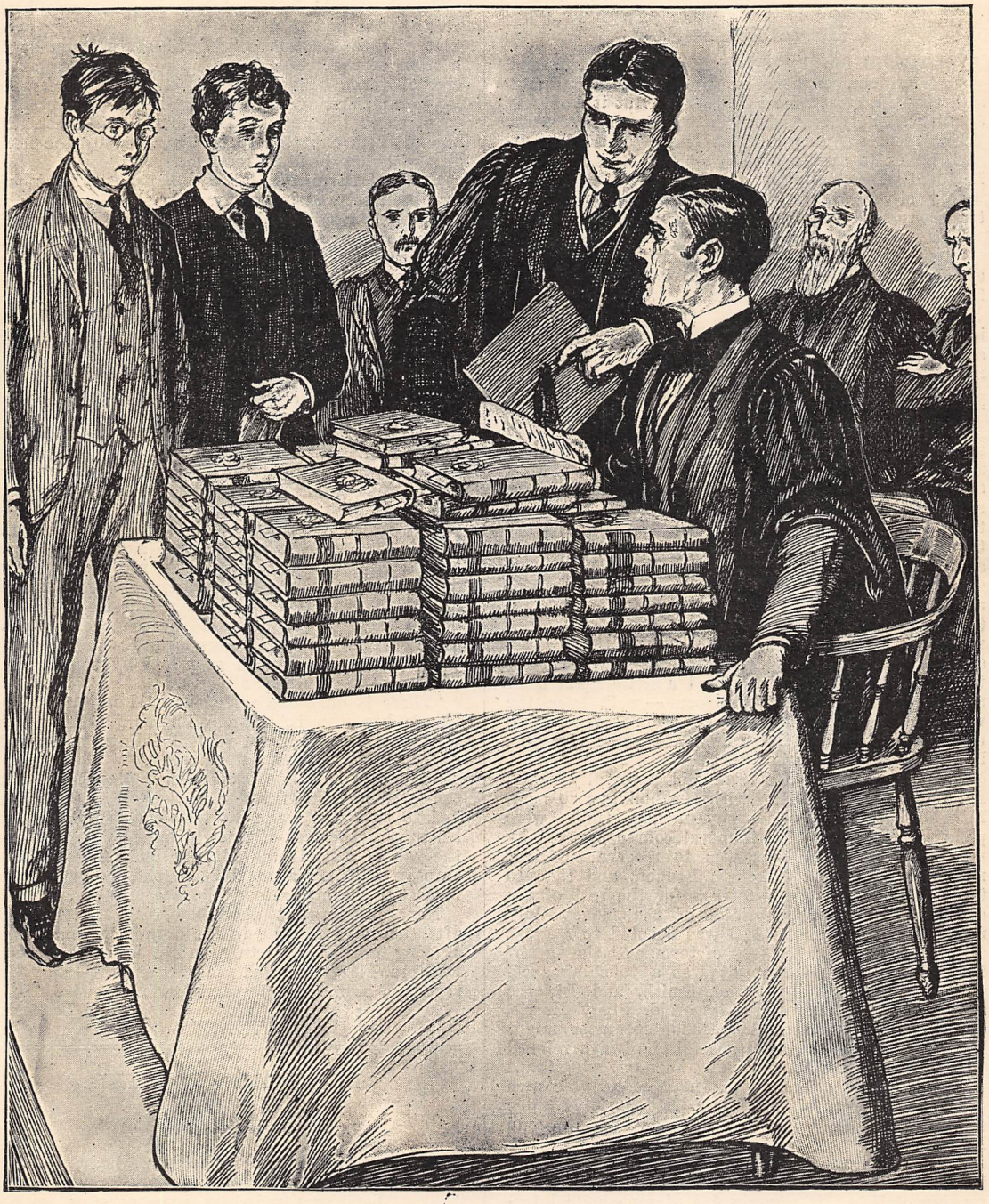


"He seemed surprised by the approach of *two* prize-winners."

WILDING'S FIRST TERM.

(Concluded from page 351.)

BERTHOLD found the two friends in the Second Form-room, engaged in what seemed at first sight to be a most desperate battle. But it was only a quite friendly rag with Mason and Piggy Harris. When the struggling knot at length disengaged itself, its units awoke with a start to the fact that Berthold was standing at the door.

'My sister wants you and Danvers to come to tea in my study at once,' he said to Gerald.

The two could only gasp with wonder.

'Come along!' Berthold commanded genially. The eyes of Piggy Harris seemed to be about to start from his head in pure amazement.

'May we — may we wash?' Danvers asked timidly. His collar had come adrift from its moorings, and there was much grime upon Gerald's countenance.

'Yes, if you want to,' Berthold answered gravely. 'But I don't think my sister would mind very much.'

That was a wonderful meal. It began terribly stiffly, after the two small boys had presented themselves at the study with brushed hair and a general and rare air of spruceness. But Barbara was a magician. In two minutes she had cast all stiffness to the winds. All four of them were talking as though they had known each other all their lives, and were of the same age. Only when the great gulf that usually separates a Fifteen man from two new guv'nors is remembered can due credit be given to the powers of Barbara's magic. Gerald and Danvers were actually able to do full justice to the superb meal Berthold had provided — Barbara saw to that; and if they swaggered a little upon their return to the Second Form-room — well, even the veteran Piggy Harris did not seem surprised or resentful. He would have done the same if a like honour had befallen him.

The last days of the term slid peacefully away. All feuds were forgotten with the holidays so near. Moreover, thanks to journey money, funds were plentiful for once. The immoral course pursued by most Lower School boys was to reserve sufficient money for the bare ticket to London, and then to trust to chance or their fathers for the rest of the distance home. The residue of the money duly received from house-masters was devoted to a great feed upon the last afternoon of term. At the 'grub' in the Second Form-room it was a touching spectacle to behold Kirby, Page, Smith, and Dickyns seated side by side with Fitzgerald, Piggy Harris, and the other rebels. The casual spectator might have imagined that gentle peace had always reigned within that ink-stained room. But one significant fact was to be noted. Each man cooked his own sausages! Fitzgerald, for one, had insisted upon that. No more fagging was tolerated in the Second Form-room.

Afterwards, rendered sleepy by sheer repletion, they wended to Big School for prize-giving and the reading of lists. It was a point of some mild interest as to who had actually won the Second Form prize. Only one thing was certain: that some one must have won it. Otherwise the issue was painfully open. It has to be recorded with regret that not much actual heart's blood had been expended by any one in an endeavour to secure that prize, although Gerald had certainly put in some better work in the last month.

It was the custom for the Head to begin at the bottom of the school when he read the lists at the end of term. Piggy Harris, Gerald, Danvers, and Fitzgerald, sitting together in the gallery, prepared to listen to the names with courteous interest. Not one of them expected to be disturbed by the necessity of going down to receive a prize.

But the unexpected always happens. That prize had been secured by Piggy Harris! He almost fell through the rails of the gallery in sheer surprise when he realised the fact — let it be mentioned once more that some one had to win the prize! Gerald was placed second. The Head said something rather inaudible about 'special recommendation' with regard to Gerald, and Piggy Harris turned to him and hissed, 'You've got a prize, too! We've got to go down together. Come on!'

For years it turned Gerald hot to remember his own folly in accepting Piggy's statement. He took him at his word — if Piggy had got a prize, then any one might get one, surely! — and descended nervously from the gallery. It was unfortunate that he was still adorned with a black eye sustained in Cock House match, and that his jacket was lacking in three buttons. Also, if he had expected to receive a prize, it is quite possible that he might have brushed his hair. Not that his companion was in the least open to reproach for overcarefulness in his attire! Every one clapped vigorously as the two small boys appeared upon the floor of Big School. They advanced together to the table covered with red books behind which the Head was sitting. He seemed surprised by the approach of two prize-winners.

'There is only one prize,' he said mildly. 'Er — Harris has won it.' Mr. Williams jumped up and whispered to him. 'Ah, yes! Wilding was specially recommended for his recent work.'

Some few heartless people laughed. Gerald, crimson-faced and wishful that he had never been born, had to turn and make his way back to the gallery. He sat for the rest of prize-giving feeling as though the whole school was staring at him with cruel amusement. As a matter of fact, every one had forgotten the incident within two minutes.

Next morning at about half-past nine, Gerald, after hours of ragging in the dormitory and a most sketchy breakfast, boarded a fly in company with Danvers, Fitzgerald, and the unrepentant Piggy Harris. And so his first term at Dunbury ended.

John Barnett.

THE END.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

XI. — NOVEMBER.

AS the frosty time draws near,
Winter visitors appear;
Fieldfares, redwings, come to stay
Till the frosts have gone away.

On November evenings, hark!
Wood-owls hooting through the dark:
'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' Their eerie call
Is familiar to us all.

Many legends gather round
This suggestive mystic sound,
Piercing all the darkness through,
Weird and creepy: 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!'
E. M. Haines.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

16. — Square Words.

1. — An inhabitant of the desert.
A rapid course, a contest in speed.
The highest point attained.
A fermented drink in common use.

2. — Poison, ruin, destruction.
A plant which very seldom flowers.
A name denoting a religious festival.
Long snake-like fishes.

3. — Something which links, ties, and binds.
A pleasing shape, no corners.
Never to stay; an admission.
Other, otherwise, in the other case.

4. — To approach, to arrive, to advance.
A sign of something to happen.
To repair damages.
Extremities. C. J. B.

(Answers on page 387.)

Answer to Riddle-me-ree on page 323.

15. — London.

MATERNAL COURAGE.

NEARLY all the higher animals show a great attachment for their young, and take every care of them while they are small and helpless. Not only do they attend to the wants and comforts of their offspring, giving them food and shielding them from cold, but they protect them from their enemies even at the risk of their own lives. When an animal is rearing its young, it is imbued with a new courage, and at such times it will make bold and rash attacks which at other times it would never attempt. Most of us have seen how a cat will furiously drive a dog away from her kittens, or how a hen will attack a cat or a dog which ventures too near her chickens. Naturalists have seen ravens driving vultures away from the nests in which their young were lying; and it is said that the mocking-bird, when sitting on its eggs, will attack dogs, snakes, or anything which comes near its nest.

Few animals are more timid than the rabbit, yet the rabbit will fight in defence of its young ones. A gentleman once saw a rabbit chasing a large rat, which had probably tried to seize one of the rabbit's young ones. The rat was terribly afraid, and squealed as he ran. The rabbit caught up with him a few yards away from the spectator, seized him by the middle of the back, and shook him in her mouth, just as a terrier might have done. The rat eventually escaped with his life, and limped away, while the rabbit ran back to her home.

THE RAINIEST PLACE IN ENGLAND.

THE rainiest place in England is undoubtedly the beautiful Lake District. In the neighbourhood of Helvellyn the rainfall is six times what it is in London, or in the rainiest of the Eastern Counties, and at one particular spot, Seathwaite, in Cumberland, no less than one hundred and sixty-five inches of rain fall in the course of twelve months, being an amount little less than seven times the yearly average for London. What is the reason?

The watery vapour in the atmosphere is as colourless as the air itself, but the moment a warm current of air comes into contact with a colder one, or touches a colder object, the vapour becomes wholly or partially condensed, and rain or mist is the result. Many a time, in the Lake District, when the surrounding landscape is bathed in sunshine, there are clouds on the hilltops.

As a little home experiment, hold the cold blade of a knife in the steam issuing from a kettle. The cold steel immediately becomes bedewed with drops of moisture. Often, on board steamer, we get a shower of fine rain in our face when it is not raining. The cold air has condensed the steam from the waste-pipe and the wind has blown it in our faces.

That is what happens in the Lake District. It is customary to say that the hills attract the rain. They do no such thing. But the prevailing wind in England is the south-west wind, and it comes to our shores laden with the warm vapours generated in the tropical area of the Atlantic. Even when the day is splendidly fine the vapour is in the atmosphere, but it is invisible, just as the steam inside the kettle is invisible, before it puffs out into the colder atmosphere and begins to congeal. Now, when the westerly winds blow against the cold sides of the mountains, a cloud or mist forms. Sometimes it goes no further than this in the process of condensation. But if it should, then the vapour returns to its watery state and falls in rain much to the discomfort of the excursionist who may only have one day for seeing everything.

Then what is the remedy? Go, if possible, when an easterly wind is blowing. The chances are ten to one that, though you may have a colder day, you will at least have a dry one. In the first place the easterly winds are dry winds because they have not crossed a very great stretch of ocean, and, besides, they have often been robbed of any moisture they possessed before they reached so far west as the lakes.

But there is comfort in comparisons, and the visitor to the English lakes, when he is watching, from the shelter of a tree by the roadside, the clouds clinging to the mountains and dropping drenching showers, should consider that he would be infinitely worse off in the Khasi Hills, a hundred miles north-east of Calcutta. There, the rainfall is the largest in the world, being no less than five hundred and twenty-four inches per annum. It sometimes rains there as much as three inches in an hour.

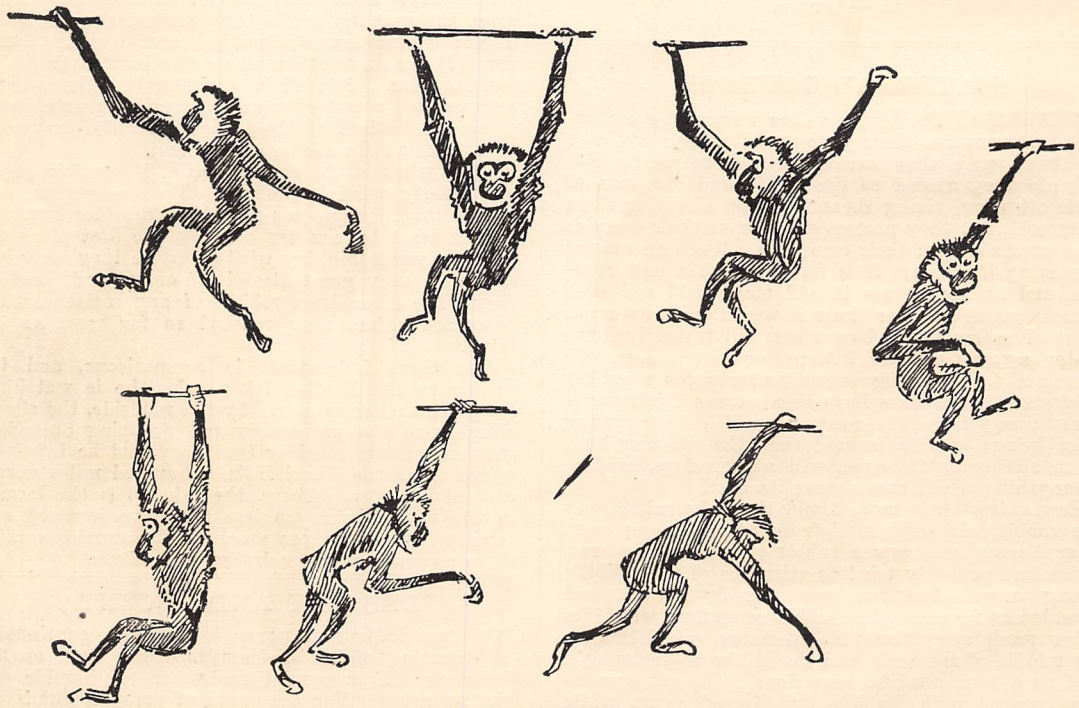
DESCENT AND ASCENT.

TO an indignant person who was continually boasting of his distinguished ancestry, an industrious and successful tradesman, of humble origin, remarked, 'You are proud of your descent, I am proud of my ascent.'

ANIMAL ACROBATS

IT is striking to see how many animals are skilful at gymnastics, for which they are well fitted by nature in different ways. This gift is most marked in the gibbon, which is an uncanny-looking animal, with extremely long arms. When you see one in its cage at the Zoo, you must envy its truly remarkable powers, as it flings itself from one side to the other, with unerring certainty, performing acrobatic feats on the branches as though made of indiarubber. On the ground its immense 'reach' suggests that it would be a considerable aid in boxing. The great advantage monkeys have over human beings in climbing is that they can use their feet as grasping organs; but, on the other hand, monkeys cannot make their thumbs and smallest fingers meet, and are quite unable to use the hands with anything approaching the skill of man.

Most monkeys are perfectly at home in trees, and the Capuchin monkeys of South America are experts at the game of 'Follow my leader,' casting themselves one after the other, without hesitation, from great heights on to yielding masses of foliage beneath. The zest with which monkeys at the Zoo turn somersaults, spring up on all fours, pirouette

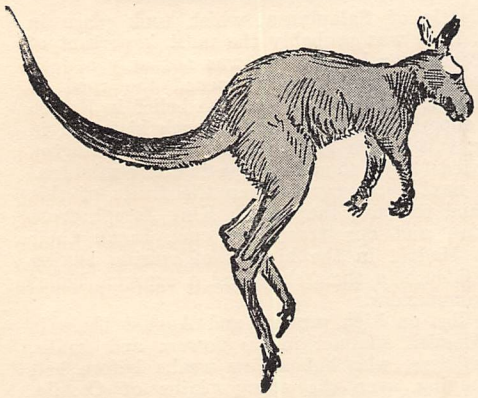


The Acrobatic Gibbon.

"Head over heels.'

"A playful little animal, the kinkajou."

"The orang-outang is surprisingly clever.'



"Kangaroos . . . making their huge jumps.'

"Open to receive the bun."

"Bears are expert climbers."

on their feet, and go through other quaint antics, gives one the idea that they are doing it all for show or with the hope of being rewarded for their efforts. The orang-outang, which has been compared to 'an animated hearthrug,' though a seemingly hopeless tangle of limbs on the ground, is surprisingly active in the branches of trees.

A playful little animal, the kinkajou, is gifted, like several monkeys, with a long tail by which it can suspend itself from branches of trees, where it finds its food in the forests of South America. It is of a yellowish-brown colour, and a young specimen at the Zoo is clever enough to climb its own tail. It only shows itself at night-time, as a rule.

Bears, although heavy and clumsily-built animals, are expert climbers, and in the new large enclosures at the Zoo, Bruin has plenty of room to show his activity. Here the different kinds of bears disport themselves, and run with surprising agility and climb up the branches, ever open to receive the currant bun, frolic in the water, and wrestle with each other. The old bear-pit has been done away with. The inmates of this place would roll on their backs and catch buns in their mouth, or were sometimes tempted to climb the pole in the centre by a tempting offering being attached to a piece of string and stretched across the mouth of the pit. The Malay bears are comical animals with very short hair, and are even more active than their bigger relatives. They indulge in some queer antics, lying on their backs when eating biscuits, turning catharine-wheels on the bars of their cages, and standing upright on their hind legs to beg for contributions in a very persuasive manner.

Kangaroos are helped in making their huge jumps by their long and powerful tail. They of course vary greatly in size. A large one when driven to bay is an awkward customer to handle, for, supporting itself on tail and one leg, it can inflict a very severe blow with the leg at liberty. Kangaroos are not built for progression on all-fours, their front limbs being so much shorter than their hind.

Prehensile or clinging tails are very useful for animals which frequent trees, and this is the case with the opossums of America, which possess a kangaroo-like pouch. They are also greatly helped in climbing by their great toe, which enables them to cling more effectively to the branches. The female opossum carries the young ones on her back with their tails clinging to her tail.

No one who has seen squirrels among the trees can have failed to see what marvellously active creatures they are, with their bright-coloured fur, darting like a flash of lightning from branch to branch. The squirrel throws itself off by means of its long and powerful hind legs, and sustains itself by the horizontal spreading of its limbs and bushy tail. The so-called flying squirrels have a membrane extending on either side of the body from the fore to the hind legs, serving as a parachute.

No one will be surprised to learn that fleas have extraordinary strength in their legs. Frank Buckland tells of a visit he paid to a trainer of these insects, which were all kept strictly under control. If a flea, he wrote, be fastened to the end of an unbroken wheat straw, it will be strong enough to lift it right off the table on which it is placed. One large flea would drag along a little model of a man-of-war, two hundred and forty times its own weight!

In a tank in the reptile house at the Zoo are those amusingly active creatures, newts, which are very interesting to watch. Not long ago some newts made their appearance in a parish church in Yorkshire. When the Vicar began his sermon at the evening service, he noticed one in front of the lectern, and fearing the consequences if it were seen, he seized it and put it in his cassock pocket. As he was proceeding with his sermon he felt an unpleasant sensation. The newt had made its way out of the cassock pocket, burrowed beneath his waistcoat and a garment under it, and crept along till it lodged beneath his collar. Needless to say the sermon was not unduly prolonged. Oliver Ransom.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

VII.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA AND WELLINGTON'S ENTRY INTO MADRID.

THE Battle of Salamanca, which took place in July, 1812, was probably the most important of all our Peninsular battles. It was not only a decisive victory, which virtually opened the road to Madrid, but it removed for ever the belief in French military superiority, for even a French historian in describing this battle had to allow that Wellington had defeated 'forty thousand men in forty minutes.'

It was next necessary to reap the fruits of this victory, and to drive the French King Joseph from the capital, and our troops at once began their march to Madrid in the highest of spirits, having every confidence in themselves and a supreme belief in their commander.

Madrid lies on high ground, and August there is like an English summer in its flowers and fruits. So our soldiers, who but a few weeks before had been tramping over the stony plains of Castile, where not a blade of grass was to be seen, found, when they halted at Segovia, that they were indeed in agreeable quarters. Here were ripe fruits in profusion — strawberries, raspberries, and currants all along the roads — and one young private of the Rifle Brigade wrote home, 'I slept in a cottage garden with my head upon a melon, and my eye on a cherry-tree.'

A few more days' marching brought our troops outside Madrid, to find King Joseph had hastily fled across the Tagus with his court in the most horrible confusion: 'crowds of weeping women and children and despairing men, courtiers of the highest rank, desperately struggling with savage soldiers for the animals on which they were endeavouring to save their families.'

Wellington allowed them to get away without molestation. 'Perhaps,' says Napier, 'he thought it wise to leave Joseph with the burden of a court.'

On the 12th of August, 1812, the allied army entered Madrid in great array, and the enthusiasm of the Spaniards for their deliverer can hardly be described. As the weather-beaten, sunburnt soldiers in their scarlet uniforms first came in sight, tramping to the sound of military music, they were greeted with continued cries and shouts of welcome. The streets were hung with garlands and flowers, and the balconies draped with cloths of gorgeous colours; and fair ladies showered down kisses and roses, whilst the women in the street rushed up to

the side of the officers' chargers and embraced their knees, and 'threw their arms round the astonished but not unwilling men.'

This was, however, but an outbreak of Southern excitement. Wellington wisely saw how valueless were the professions of the Spaniards. They were truly worthless allies, and Wellington wrote at this time to the British Government: 'I do not expect much from their exertions, notwithstanding all we have done for them. They cry "Viva!" and are very fond of us and hate the French, but they are in general the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known.'

The possession of Madrid formed a brilliant epoch in Peninsular history, though in the capital itself Wellington found little but misery and want. The usurper Joseph had taken everything of value before leaving the city, and left the people poor and almost starving. However, the desertion of Madrid by Joseph proclaimed the extent of Wellington's success, which people in England had hitherto doubted, some saying that his were 'conquests but in name.' Now this could not longer be said, for Wellington was dating his dispatches from the palace of the Kings of Spain, and Napoleon, then on his disastrous march across Europe to try to conquer the Czar of Russia, heard with dismay of the defeat of his troops in the Peninsula, whilst the news fell on the ears of his soldiers like the voice of a bird of ill-omen. The French had been driven from Madrid — might not worse befall them at Moscow *?

Thus the entry of Wellington into Madrid had its effect on the whole of Europe, and coming at that particular time it was hailed by the continental nations smarting under the yoke of Napoleon as the dawn of a new era. E. A. B.

SAVED BY DOGS.

WHEN Nathaniel Miles, fireman of the Swansea steam trawler, Hector, returned home lately, he had a thrilling story to tell.

During severe weather, the Hector, carrying a crew of nine hands, went ashore at a rocky point on the Irish coast.

'Great seas swept over the vessel,' said Miles, 'and at length we heard the order, "Every man for himself!" We had life-belts on, and, with the exception of the captain, mate, and chief engineer, we plunged into the surf. At first we could make little or no progress; then a couple of huge waves carried us towards the shore, where two dogs belonging to the lighthouse-keeper jumped into the water, caught our jerseys in their teeth, and dragged us ashore.'

E. D.

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

THE STORY OF JOHN TREIER.

I.

A GREAT many years ago, before the era of big steamships, there dwelt in the city of Hamburg a well-to-do merchant named Nicholas Treier. He had had three sons. The eldest, a soldier, had fallen in battle; the second had died young. John, the only one left, was sadly 'spoiled' by his parents.

The boy's great desire was to travel. There was, of course, nothing wrong in this, but it was wrong of John to idle away his time until the opportunity came for him to gratify his wish. Also, it was very selfish and cruel of him to leave home as he did, without asking his parents' consent, or even bidding them farewell.

One day, when John, now nearly seventeen years old, was wandering about the town in his usual idle fashion, he met an acquaintance who was about to start for London with his father, the captain of a sailing-ship.

'Come with us!' said this youth, whose name was Thomas.

'But I have no money,' objected John.

'You won't want any. I'll see that the trip costs you nothing. Do come! It will be no end of a lark!'

John, after a little more shilly-shallying, yielded to the tempter, and the two boys went on board. The captain received his son's friend kindly. He had no idea that John's parents had not been consulted.

The anchor was weighed, and the captain ordered six shots to be fired as a farewell to the port. On the following day, in beautiful weather, the ship reached the mouth of the Elbe. John Treier, who had been hitherto in high spirits, did not enjoy existence on the open sea! He felt very ill.

A worse experience was in store for him. On the third day of the voyage the weather changed. Clouds covered the sky, a strong wind sprang up; then there was a thunderstorm. Like the flash of a mighty sword, vivid lightning stabbed the waves, which to the terrified John appeared as high as his father's house at Hamburg.

How he longed for that house now! 'Oh, Father! Mother!' he cried, 'I shall never see you again!'

Crash! something had fallen on the deck.

'Oh, what is it? what is it?' shrieked John.

'The fore-mast is broken, and the main-mast will soon give way.'

'We are lost!' cried another voice from below. 'The ship has sprung a leak, and already the water is four feet deep!'

John sank down in a corner on the cabin floor in terror. The others ran to the pumps, to do what they could. Presently a sailor came and shook John, asking why he lay there idle, while everybody else was hard at work. John rose, and went to a pump. Then, by the captain's orders (which John did not hear), guns were fired as signals of distress, and John, under the impression that the ship was being blown up, fainted.

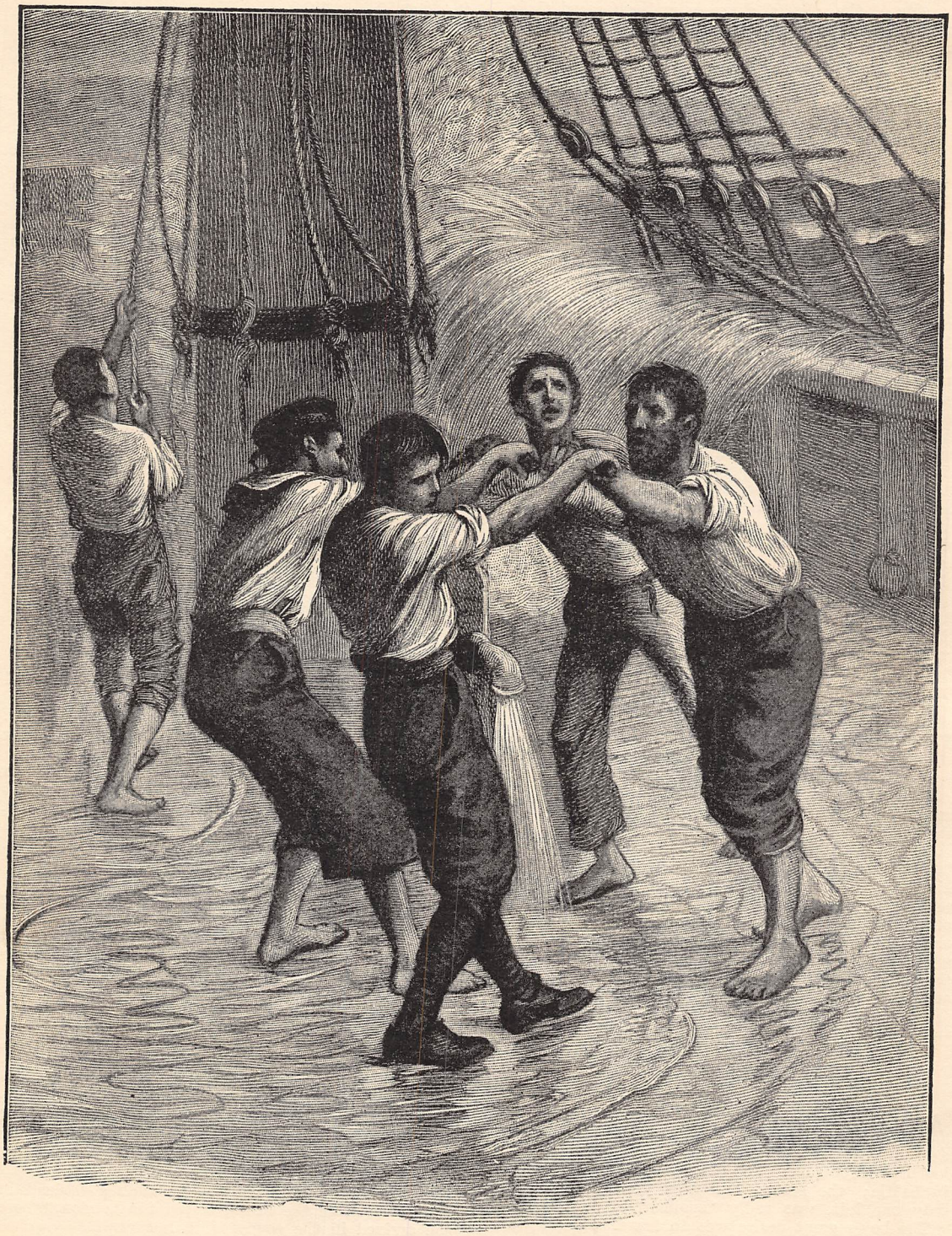
In spite of incessant pumping, the water still gained on the ship. Everything that could be spared was thrown overboard in order to lighten her. All efforts, however, were made in vain. Happily, her signals were heard, and, in spite of the heavy sea, a boat put off from another vessel to the rescue.

It was perilous work; but at length the brave sailors succeeded in reaching and rescuing the people in the doomed ship before she went down. The storm had by now begun to abate, or probably the boat, crowded as she was, would have been swamped on the return journey. As it was, she reached safely her own vessel, where the poor people from the lost ship received a kindly welcome.

The vessel which had proved such a 'friend in need,' was, like the other, bound for London, where she arrived in the course of a few days.

(Continued on page 362.)

* See page 44.



"In spite of pumping, the water still gained."

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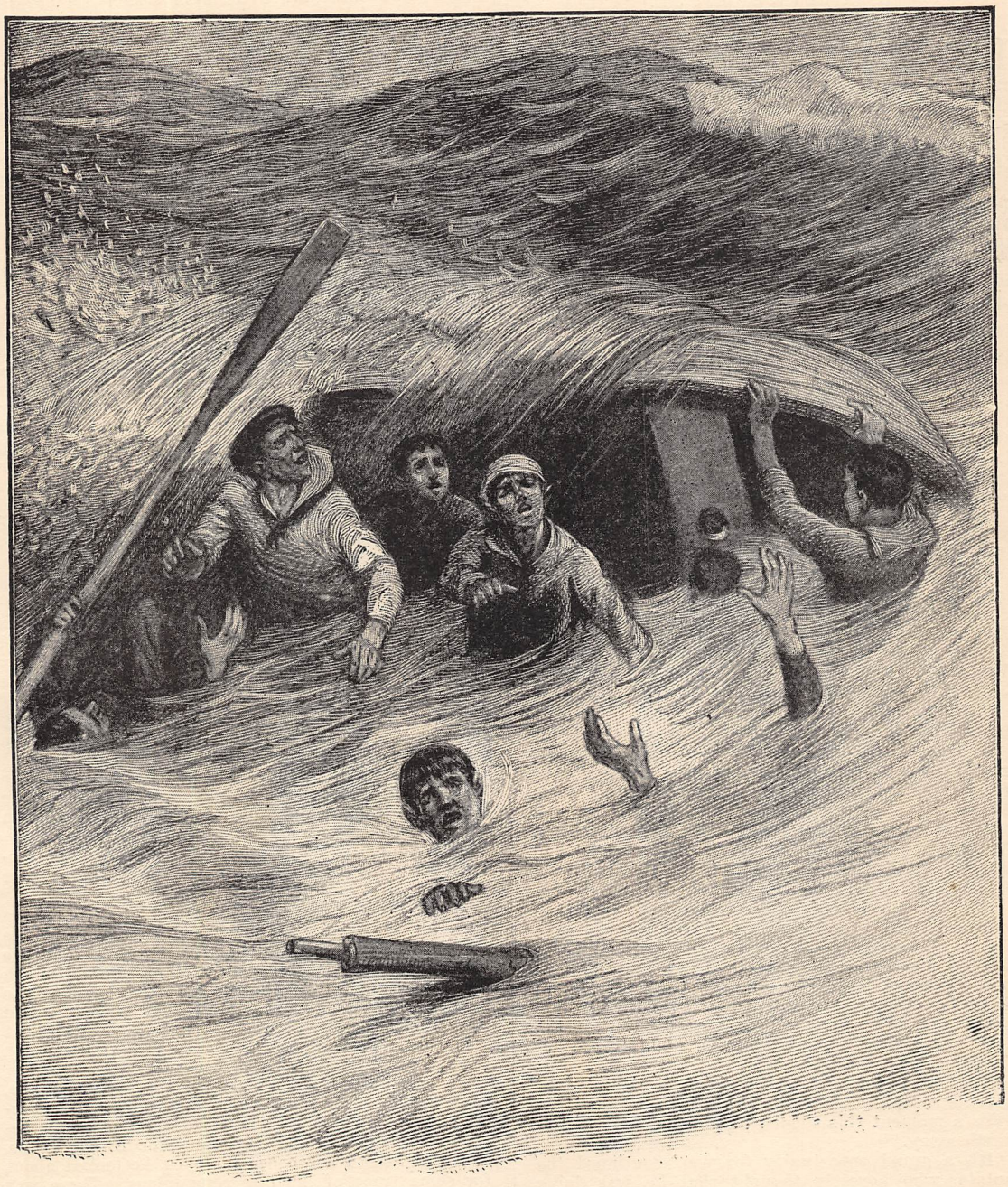


"The boat was capsized."

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Continued from page 359.)

II.

IN walking about London and seeing its sights, John forgot past perils and frights. His friend's father, the captain of the lost vessel, kindly allowed the boy to board with him and his son. But he was shocked when, on asking John what he intended doing, he found that he had left Hamburg without the knowledge of his parents.

'If I had know this before we started,' said the captain, 'nothing should have induced me to bring you away. I am very angry with Thomas for tempting you as he did.'

He spoke very seriously to John, who looked (as, for the time, he really felt) thoroughly ashamed of himself.

'What shall I do now?' he inquired, humbly.

'Do?' said the captain. 'Why, go home as soon as you can, of course, and ask your father and mother to forgive you.'

'Then will you take me back to Hamburg?'

'I can't. Haven't I lost my ship? I must wait here until I can get another, and that may not be for some time! So don't wait for me, my lad, but take the first ship that sails for Hamburg, and the sooner you are off the better!'

'But — the money ——'

'I will lend you some, though I am badly enough off myself just now. Go straight away and take your passage. May you have a happier voyage back than ours hither was!'

The good captain then gave John three guineas. They shook hands cordially and parted.

On his way to the docks, John's mood changed. Would not his parents be angry with him on his return? Perhaps not; they would be so pleased to see him, and they were never angry with him long. But would not his friends — youths of about his own age — laugh at him for returning from his travels so soon without having seen more of the world than a few streets in London? It did seem stupid!

Again John was tampering with his conscience. He could not make up his mind. Although he had not yet entirely shaken off the impression made by the captain's words, he was rather glad, on his arrival at the docks, to find that there was just then no vessel sailing for Hamburg. The man who gave him this information — a trader to the African coast — being pleased with John's looks, invited him to come on board his ship, and have tea with him in his cabin. The boy, who knew a little English, accepted the invitation with alacrity. During the meal he told his new acquaintance of his great desire to see the world.

'Then why not come with me to New Guinea?' said the captain. 'I am in need of a cabin-boy.'

For a moment this sudden proposition took John's breath away.

'It's a grand opportunity for you,' continued the captain, who honestly thought that he was doing the boy a good turn. 'What is there to hinder you doing a little trading on your own account?'

'I have only three guineas,' said John. 'What can I do with so small a sum?'

'You can buy a good many little things with three guineas,' replied the captain. 'Knives, scissors, glass beads, ribbons, toys, trinkets, and gewgaws of every kind. All these are articles in which the darkies take great delight and they will pay you for them in gold and other things a hundred times as much as they are worth.'

John cast duty and filial affection to the winds. 'I will go with you, captain!' he exclaimed.

'That's right,' said the other, and they shook hands upon the bargain.

John went off to the city to invest his three guineas in bait for the poor Africans, then returned with his purchases to the ship which shortly afterwards set sail.

III.

All went well until the ship reached Madeira. Here the captain had to remain for some time, as his vessel needed repair, and John, though he found the island a pleasant place, became impatient at the delay. Meanwhile, a Portuguese ship called at Madeira on her way from Lisbon to Brazil. John, having made the acquaintance of her master, now took it into his head that he would like to go to Brazil, where he thought he would be able, without further trouble, to fill his pockets with gold and silver. The Portuguese captain offered him a free passage, and as John had made a very indifferent cabin-boy, and on several occasions had shown a bad, obstinate temper, the other captain was rather glad to get rid of him. So John sailed in the Portuguese vessel for Brazil.

But he never got there! Some days after the voyagers had passed the Island of Teneriffe, a violent storm arose from the south-east. For six days the ship was so driven about that the captain could not tell where they were, though he thought they might be near the Caribee Islands. On the seventh day all on board heard with joy the cry of 'Land!' Every one ran on deck to look, but in an instant joy was changed to terror by a sudden hideous crash. The ship had struck on a rock.

There she stuck, and could not be got off. The waves swept the deck with such tremendous force that to escape being washed overboard, the men were compelled to take refuge in their cabins.

John's long-dormant conscience awoke in this moment of peril, but little time had he for thought or prayer.

A cry arose, 'The ship has split!' There was a rush for the boat. All managed to get in, but the overcrowding caused the boat to lie very low in the water. The shore was still distant, and although the rowers manfully did their best, the wind was against them, and very soon a huge wave pounced upon them like some fierce beast of prey. The boat was capsized; all sank into the raging sea. All, that is, but one, and that one was John.

He was dashed violently upon the shore. When, after the shock, he came to himself, he crawled painfully up the beach. Exhausted then, he again became unconscious, and lay thus for a long time. When at length he opened his eyes, he looked about for some trace of his late companions. There was none, save a few broken planks, which had been driven ashore by the waves. He was the only survivor.

On the land nothing was to be seen but wild thickets and barren trees.

(Continued on page 370.)

A HAPPY DOG.

THE New York Fire Brigade is happy in the possession of a Dalmatian dog named 'Happy,' who surely must himself have been very happy on a certain occasion, not long ago, when he saved the lives of three men—his master and two comrades. During a serious fire in Third Avenue, these three men were overcome by the smoke and in danger of suffocation, when sagacious Happy, who possesses the very useful accomplishment (for a fireman's dog) of being able to climb ladders, ran up the fire-ladder, and called attention to the danger. This he did by barking furiously at the window of the room in which were the three men.

THE TAME LEOPARD.

DUMAS, the Famous French novelist, tells a curious story about a small girl, a tame leopard, and a serpent.

The leopard belonged to the child's father, and the incident occurred in Brazil. One day, while the little girl—then five years of age—was asleep in the garden, lying on the grass, the leopard sprang suddenly upon her, tearing her dress to pieces. Her father rushed to her assistance, thinking, naturally, that the animal was attacking the child. Such was not the case. On the contrary, the leopard had saved her life. For, as the little girl, thus roughly disturbed, sprang up in alarm, a dead coral serpent fell from her clothes. The leopard, whose attack had been aimed at the serpent, had crushed its head with his teeth. E. D.

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

VI.—ANCIENT CRABS AND THEIR KINDRED.

I WONDER what people would say if some one seriously proposed to examine, and report on, the world's rubbish-heaps as they are found to-day! Think of the sarcastic remarks that would be made as to the sanity of any one who wanted to save specimens of what he came across! Yet, as a matter of fact, it would be found that those who laughed loudest laughed last; and this because such a quest would not prove quite so foolish as most would suppose. No doubt a selection of objects from a London rubbish-heap would possess but small interest for Londoners, for all such relics could be obtained new, and probably at small cost, at the nearest shop. But to the natives of some remote village in China, or of the Fiji Islands, such fragments might prove most puzzling and interesting.

What gives a rubbish-heap a real and abiding value is age. Some of the greatest treasures of our museums have been derived from long-forgotten dust-bins, thousands of years old. The dust-bins of ancient Rome and Greece have yielded treasures, the dust-bins or 'kitchen-middens' of the peoples of yet more ancient times have revealed to us a host of facts as to their method of living, food, tools, and so on, which otherwise we could never possibly have known. Dust-bins or rubbish-heaps also tell us something more. In the first place they tell us of the presence of a settled community; and we can judge of its size and the length of its existence by the size and composition of the heap. Sometimes, in studying the dust-heaps of the remote past, we come across blackened stones, charred wood and bones, and rude implements fashioned of stone. These tell us that a family of one or other of those ancient tribes which ruled the world before the dawn of history sojourned here for a while, and passed on. Had there been a number of people, the amount of broken fragments and so on would have been larger.

And so then the world's dust-heaps, or rubbish-heaps, are made up of broken vessels, and unconsidered trifles, which have had their day and ceased to be. And surely fossil creatures of all kinds must be regarded in the same light. They too are broken vessels, which happily, fragmentary though they be, have been preserved to us as samples of Nature's workmanship ages and ages ago, long even before man appeared on the scene; and the further back in time we carry our study of these creatures the more simple the types we find, and the more unlike existing creatures they become. We have had already many illustrations of this fact, and I propose now to speak of the ancestors of the crabs and their kindred. While numerous fossils have been found of cockroaches, and dragon-flies, crabs and lobsters, differing only in matters of detail from species living to-day, we find, in rocks of the ages most remote from our own time, creatures which bear only a very general likeness to any with which we are familiar. Such, for example, are the trilobites. It seems hardly credible, but no less than two thousand species of Trilobites, as they are termed, have been obtained from what are called the Palaeozoic rocks. The earliest appear in the 'Cambrian' layers of the earth—the rocks which contain the earliest yet discovered records of life on the earth, and continue into the carboniferous, or, as we might call it, the 'coal age,' when they suddenly died out. Why, the wisest of us cannot say. What these creatures were like, and how varied they were in size and shape, may be gathered from our illustrations (figs. 1 to 5). Some, you will notice, were extremely spiny (fig. 4), and one carried a sort of globe on his head (fig. 2)! The under surface of the body, you will observe, was provided with a number of pairs of legs, each bearing a comb-like arrangement of hairs. These legs were used for swimming, and resemble those borne by certain lowly types of crustacea to-day.

No less remarkable were the sea-scorpions, or eurypterids (figs. 6 and 7), among which are species far exceeding in size any other crustacea which have ever lived, some being as much as six feet long. So far such giants have only been found in the old red sandstone of Forfarshire. In the matter of legs these differ greatly from the Trilobites, for, in the first place, the legs are few in number, and, secondly, you will notice they have advanced a stage, since at least one pair have grown pincers for seizing prey (fig. 7). The giant sea-scorpion, to which we have referred, was discovered by Hugh Miller, at Carmylie, in Forfarshire, in that part of the old red sandstone known as the Arbroath paving-stone. The quarrymen, in the course of their work, came on large pieces of this creature. Its hard, pointed armour bore on its surface curious wavy markings, that suggested to their minds the sculptured features on the wings of cherubs.

The sea-scorpions endured for long ages in the ancient seas, gradually increasing in structure, and then again decreasing, till, finally, they had dwin-

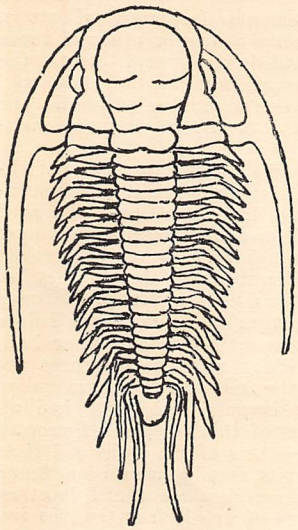


Fig. 1.

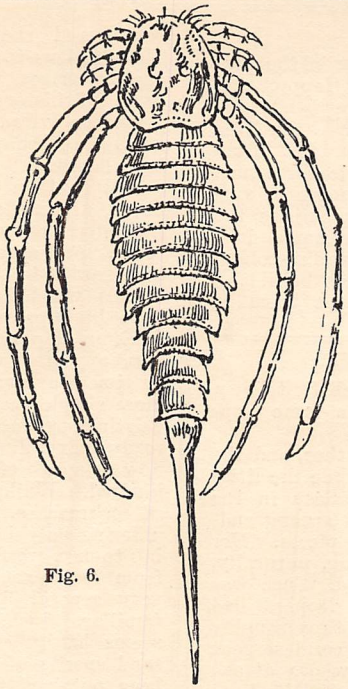


Fig. 6.

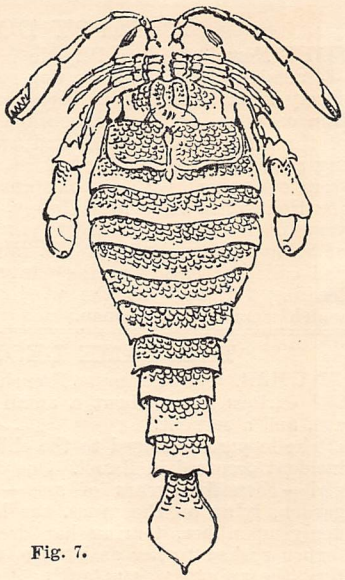


Fig. 7.

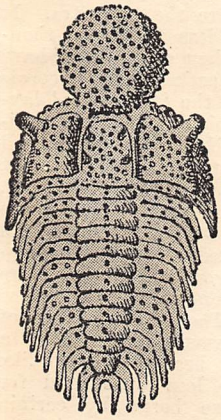


Fig. 2.

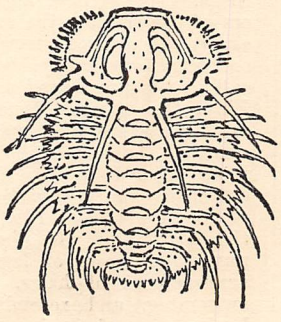


Fig. 3.

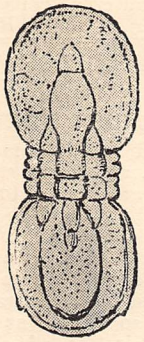


Fig. 4.

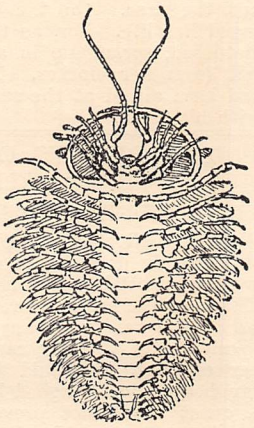


Fig. 5.

dled again to quite small creatures. But before finally disappearing they seem to have given rise to the land-scorpions, fossil remains of which are also

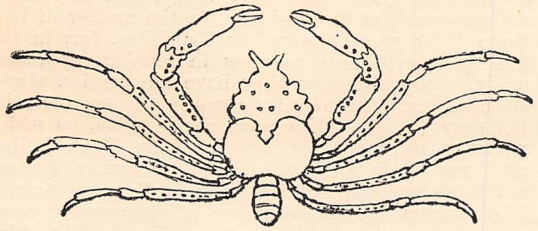


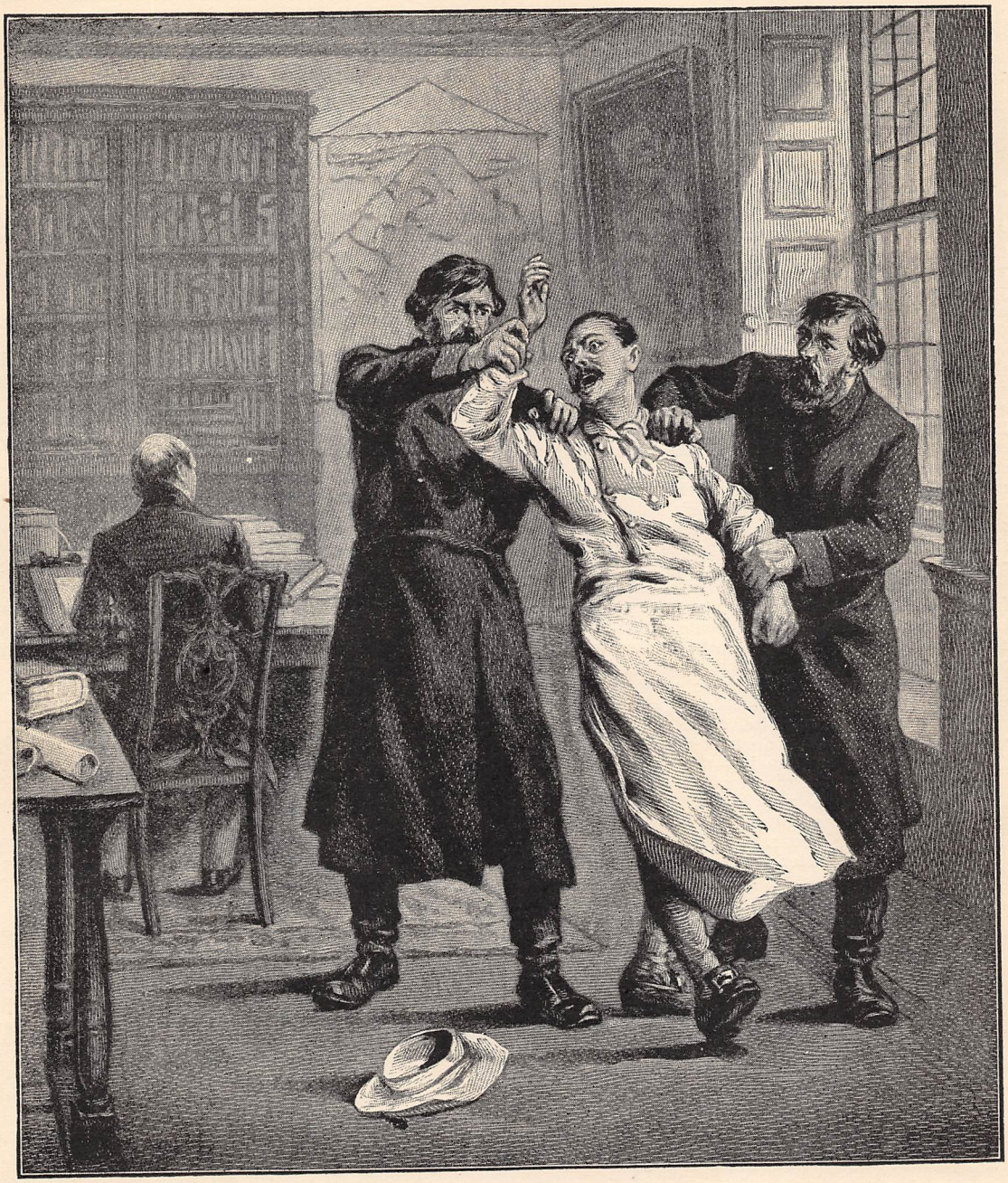
Fig. 8.—A Fossil Spider-crab.

found, differing only in slight details from scorpions still living.

Of the fossils, which are to be regarded as representing the crustacea of to-day, the most interesting, perhaps, is that known as Protocarcinus (fig. 8), which bears a strong likeness to some of our 'spider-crabs.'

One might easily extend this survey of extinct crustacea, and their kindred, to many times the length of this short chapter, but even then we could merely describe fossils which are but the counterpart of creatures still living. This brings home to us, however, one very impressive fact: and that is the vast ages which have elapsed since these creatures first came into being, and the enormous time through which many have persisted almost unchanged, though some, like the trilobites and sea-scorpions, finally vanished. Now the birds and beasts, although we can trace their pedigrees back for an enormous distance of time, greater than can be expressed in years, yet are, by comparison, almost as creatures of yesterday. Somehow, these lowly forms possessed wonderful vitality and constancy of character.

W. P. Pycraft, F. Z. S., A. L. S., &c.



"'Take him into the courtyard and give him one hundred lashes.'"

AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION.

WHEN the Comte de Segur was ambassador at St. Petersburg, a Frenchman was shown into his room one morning in a state of great excitement. His hair was rumpled, his eyes red and swollen, and his clothing disordered. The Count asked the cause of his distress, and the man replied, 'I have come to beg your Excellency to obtain redress for a severe and unmerited punishment that has been inflicted upon me. By the order of a nobleman of high rank, to whom I am a perfect stranger, I have

been roughly handled, soundly thrashed, and shut up as a prisoner in the porter's lodge. I managed to escape by the window, however, and have come to implore your Excellency's protection.'

'But there must have been some reason for all this,' returned the Count, 'otherwise it would be both inexcusable and improbable. Who is the nobleman in question?'

'No less a personage than the Governor of the city,' replied the plaintiff.

'You must be mistaken,' exclaimed the Ambassador. 'I know the Governor well, and am convinced that he cannot possibly have caused, or even permitted, a Frenchman to be treated in the way that you have described — that is, unless you have personally attacked or insulted him. Where did the outrage take place?'

'In the court of his mansion. It came about in this way: I am a master-cook, and I presented myself at his Excellency's mansion about two hours ago to apply for a vacant post in his establishment. I was conducted upstairs, and, somewhat to my surprise, into the Governor's private room; but no sooner was I announced than his Excellency ordered me to be taken into the yard and beaten, and afterwards to be shut up in the porter's lodge. All this may seem very strange and unlikely, but my poor shoulders bear ample witness to the truth of the matter.'

The Count looked thoughtful. 'Listen, my friend,' said he at length; 'if you have told me the truth, your injuries shall be atoned for. I cannot allow one of my countrymen to be maltreated without a cause; but, consider well, that if your story is incorrect, I shall know how to make you regret your imposture. You yourself shall carry a letter, which I am about to write, to the Governor, and one of my servants will accompany you. We shall then see what explanation is forthcoming.'

Later in the day the same man again stood before the Count, but in a very different guise! Neat, trim, and smiling, he bowed decorously and awaited the Ambassador's pleasure.

'Well,' said the latter, 'have you brought me a satisfactory reply?'

'Not a written one, Sir, for the Governor will reply in person as soon as he possibly can. But I have no longer any grounds for complaint against him, for he has recompensed me richly' — here he held out a purse filled with gold pieces — 'for my sufferings. I am satisfied, perfectly satisfied, and I wish to thank your Excellency most humbly for your kind intervention, which has brought about this happy ending.'

'This is a strange affair, upon my word!' cried the Ambassador; 'the smart of your bruises seemed to have passed away, and your anger too!'

'Not entirely, Sir; that is, as regards the pain; but my feelings have been soothed, and they were more deeply wounded than my shoulders.'

'What am I to understand by all this?'

'I will state the case in a few words, Sir. His Excellency the Governor had a Russian cook, a serf born on his estate. A few days ago this man ran away after having robbed his master to a considerable extent. His Excellency ordered the culprit to be sought for in all directions, and in case of his being found to be brought before him. In the meantime, I called to apply for the vacant post, and was ushered in by a footman new to his duties. On hearing the announcement, "Sir, here is the cook!" the Governor, who was busy with documents of importance, cried out without raising his eyes from his work, "Good! Take him into the courtyard and give him one hundred lashes with the knout. Then shut him up in the porter's lodge until I have time to attend to him myself." So I received the blows intended for the Russian deserter; the rest of the story is known to you, Sir. His Excellency, on receiving your letter, explained the matter fully, expressed his profound regret, and presented me with this purse of gold by way of recompense.' C. M.

FLOWER FAIRIES.

THERE are gold-robed merry fairies grouped together
In the mossy banks where earliest sunbeams fall,
When the building rooks caw high amid the branches,
And we hear the cheery blackbird's silvery call;
When the frost has loosed his chains on mere and river,
These bright-eyed elves appear in starry lines,
And there's not a queen whose diadem can rival
The burnished glory of the celandines.

There's a troop of tiny elf-maids, robed in purple,
Nestling shyly in the hollows 'neath the trees,
With their blue eyes full of dew-tears, and their sweetness
Stealing all day long upon the fresh Spring breeze;
And when swallows come and thrushes warble softly,
Then these dainty ladies weave their magic spells —
They are just the dear coy violets that hasten,
At the call of Spring, to deck the leafy dells.

There are small sweet fays that lurk 'neath shady hedgerows,
In sheltered groves, or in some quiet lane,
Their pale fair faces washed in pearly dewdrops,
Or crystal showers of passing April rain;
And the chaffinch builds her mossy nest above them,
From the bushes near all day the cuckoos call —
Oh! I think of all the flower-fays of Springtide,
The shy, meek primrose-elves are best of all!

M. E. Sargeant.

THE TRADER RAT.

THE Rocky Mountain Bush-tail Rat evidently thinks that 'exchange is no robbery.' It will take anything that it is able to carry, but it never takes away anything without leaving something else in its place, if the 'something' is only a twig, a straw, a chip, or a piece of dirt. Because of this trait, the creature is known as 'the trader rat.' It is particularly fond of shining objects. A man once stored three hundred gun cartridges in a back shed where he thought they would be perfectly safe. Going to look for them one day, he found that they had all gone, and upon the shelf, in the place where they had stood, was a heap of chips, dirt, and other rubbish. The man was mystified, both at the disappearance of his ammunition and the presence of the rubbish-heap. A few days afterwards, chancing to look under the shed, he saw there his missing cartridges. They had been carried off by the trader rats, to whom they were no manner of use except to give them pleasure by their brightness.

THREE CHEERS FOR BIDDESTON.

YOU ask me to tell my old story over again! Well, it was a glorious June day which was the beginning of all my sailoring, and we had the village sports going on, the event of the year at Biddeston.

Between you and me, I carried off three prizes. So did my 'pal,' Billy Spender, the carpenter. We each had a leg of mutton for climbing the greasy pole, he amongst the seniors and I amongst the juniors, and he made a record in throwing the hammer.

We were both proud as Punch when Captain McCree, whom we looked upon as a bit of a swell, came up to us and said our climbing showed that we were both born to be sailors. Of course we took it as a joke, but what with one thing and another, four months had not passed before we were fairly afloat with him in the Kestrel.

'Adventures!' my father laughed at me. 'Adventures, Bob! You'll get more of them on land than at sea!'

But my father was wrong for once. Adventures were waiting for us, enough and to spare. Ours was a sailing vessel with a cargo of machinery bound for Quebec; but when we were off the coast of Newfoundland we were caught in a gale that drove us clear out of our track. The night was so black it was impossible to see one's hand before one's face, and the poor Kestrel was tossed hither and thither like a nutshell. Somehow it was not the storm, but the darkness I minded most.

Very slowly thirty minutes crawled by, and then there was a curious splitting jar that throbbed through the vessel. Another, sharper, and as if more determined. Then a thump and a shiver, and she heeled over to larboard.

There was no doubt about it: we were on the rocks, but what rocks nobody knew. Orders were given and executed, but the Kestrel did not budge or attempt to right herself.

The dawn crept gradually on, and we could at last see our position. We were within the circle of the dreaded St. Scholt's Bay. Huge cliffs, against which the surge was raging, rose about our heads. Scarcely a line of shore was to be seen anywhere, and there was not a sign of life or human habitation. Here we were, within a stone's throw of land, but such land as scarcely a spider could stick to, much less a man. It seemed as if there was nothing for us to do but wait till the final crash when we should all go under together.

Now, waiting with nothing to do is bad at the best of times, and we all had a feeling that we ought to be up and at something, and it was just here that Bill the carpenter came in. First he stood and gazed at the cliff for a bit. Then he made off to his locker and returned with a tool in his hand. It was a handspike. Then he seized a rope and began knotting it firmly to the handspike.

'Bill always did know what to do,' I explained.

'Wait till he has done it,' growled a voice at my side. 'He will be a 'cute chap if he can get us out of this.'

Oh, how the scene of the village sports came before my mind, and Bill throwing the hammer, as I saw him standing there and with the handspike aim at a certain huge crevice in the cliff! We watched breathless as the thing went through the air with its long tail of rope behind. The men were all agaze, and they raised a cheer when the handspike struck the rock-side — but, alas! too much to the left of the crevice — and fell into the water below. Soon it was hauled in, but the rope was now too heavy with water to carry sufficiently far. Another was ready in an instant; but this time the handspike fell far short of its aim, and my heart stood still with distress when a groan from the crew greeted the effort of my friend.

'Another try!' he shouted.

It seemed as if he had made himself into one huge spring to shoot his weapon. And then the handspike rose in the air with a purposeful look as if it knew its intention, flew like a bird to the exact spot Bill had selected, caught fast in the rock, and the rope was taut.

We gave a sort of gasp, and then there was a great silence. We were now connected with the land, but what was the next step to be?

Well, of course that was plainly my job. I was only a slip of a lad, and there was a fair chance of my getting along that rope safely; but a heavier chap might have spoiled the whole thing by pulling away the handspike from its hold.

The captain did not want me to go, but there was no choice, so all he said was, 'Go it, young 'un. Fetch the leg of mutton this time too.'

That put a new idea into my mind. I would pretend it was our village sports, and we were all at play. They bound a rope firmly round my body, and I swung myself off the ship, murmuring to myself, 'Three cheers for Biddeston.'

It was easy enough working along the rope as long as my weight made it slope downwards. It dipped until I touched the waves, and then the real struggle began. My clothes were soaked with water which increased their weight. My hands were perished with cold.

'After all, it's only play,' I made myself think. 'Play at Biddeston sports. I must stick — stick — stick to it and win. No, I can't; my hands are just done. I can't — yes, I can — I'm going to get that leg of mutton.'

And so my mind went on, 'can't — can't — can't — can — Biddeston sports — three cheers for Biddeston.' And meanwhile, I slowly worked my way along until — 'three cheers for Biddeston!' — I set foot on the ridge of rock.

Oh, how I throbbed and trembled from head to foot. For a few moments I could do nothing. Then I must set to work to fasten the rope I had brought over in order to help the next comer.

A few minutes more brought him, and with his help we further secured the ropes. Then came another and another, until at last we were all clustered on the rock-ledge like so many sea-gulls. It was from that point that we saw the end of our poor Kestrel. Scarcely had the captain joined us than she split and sank before our eyes.

We still had a nasty bit of rock-climbing to do, and then a long walk before we found any shelter. But at the last we had a fine welcome from the Newfoundlanders, and I can tell you our arms, and legs, and appetites did full justice to the good meals and good beds that were provided for us. Bill and I slept together, feeling very happy in our heart of hearts that Biddeston had not come off badly in our first wreck.

E. C. Matravers.

I swung myself off the ship."

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"The four thieves were overcome."

AN ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE ENGLISH CROWN.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty years ago, in the reign of Charles II., a desperate attempt was made to carry off the Crown of England and other regalia from the Tower of London. The man who planned this deed was named Colonel Blood, and the way he set to work to gain possession of the crown was as follows.

The regalia were then, as they now are, shown to visitors of the Tower, and Colonel Blood, disguised as a clergyman, in company with a lady, desired to be shown the jewels. While the keeper was showing them his treasures, the lady pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and the keeper's wife conducted her to her private room and treated her with great kindness.

A few days afterwards the Colonel called with a present for the woman in acknowledgment of this kindness, and by this means became on constant visiting terms with Mr. Edwards, the keeper.

Mr. Edwards and his wife had a very pretty daughter, for whom his new friend professed to have great admiration, and he promised to bring his nephew with him to see her when next he paid them a visit. A date was fixed, and one morning the 'clergyman' presented himself at the jewel-house with a young man and two others about his own age, who, he said, were friends of his, who were just about to start for the country, but were anxious to see the Crown jewels before they departed.

They immediately went up to the room in which the regalia were kept, the keeper meanwhile having sent his wife and daughter notice to be presently in readiness to receive their expected guests. One of Blood's party was, on some pretence, left at the door to give an alarm to the rest if occasion required.

As soon as the keeper, with his visitors, had entered the jewel-room, he was seized and gagged, and his life threatened if he made the least noise. In spite of these threats, he did try to shout out, but was beaten about the head with a mallet until he was frightened into silence.

Colonel Blood secured the crown and hid it under his coat; one of his accomplices took the orb and another the sceptre, which he found rather large to hide under his coat, so he tried to file it in two, and was doing so when the man at the door gave the alarm that some one was coming. The whole party hastened away with their booty. The keeper, however, managed to shout, and soon brought some of his family to his assistance.

The thieves, meanwhile, had reached the drawbridge before any one could stop them. A warder tried to arrest the Colonel, but was knocked down, and the party managed to get as far as Tower Hill, when some of the keeper's party overtook them, and one, Captain Beckman, grappled with Blood, and snatched the crown from his hands. Several of the jewels fell out; the principal gem — a splendid ruby valued at ten thousand pounds, which had been given to Edward the Black Prince by the King of Castile — was not found for several days, when it was picked up by an old woman who was sweeping a crossing.

The four thieves were overcome, relieved of their booty, and lodged in the Tower; but, strange to say, when King Charles heard of the crime, he sent for Blood, and, being greatly impressed with his boldness and plausible address, he not only pardoned him, but gave him an allowance until the end of his days; and so this unworthy miscreant enjoyed the royal favour.

F. Waddington.

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Continued from page 362.)

IV.

JOHN felt afraid. What if wild beasts or wild men should be lurking in those thickets? At first he did not dare to stir from the spot, and the least sound alarmed him. But presently his intense thirst obliged him to seek for some fresh water. Fortunately he soon found a beautiful, clear spring. He did not at present feel hungry, he only longed for rest.

Where could he safely spend the night? If he slept on the ground he might be attacked by savages or wild beasts. He decided to climb into a tree, and so doing, found amidst the thick branches a convenient perch, upon which he could, not uncomfortably, recline. After praying for protection, he fell asleep. But his slumbers were disturbed by dreams, in which he again went through the distressing experiences of the previous day. Then he thought he saw his parents, and in rushing to embrace them, gave such a start that he fell from the tree.

It was a good thing that he had not climbed very high. Falling on the soft grass, he was unhurt save for a bruise or two. He again climbed into the tree, and remained there until the sun rose.

It was time that John began to think about food. How was he to obtain it? No fruit was anywhere visible; there was nothing but Indian willow and logwood trees, grass and sand.

John was now so hungry that he wept aloud. He went down to the shore, but at first could find nothing there. By-and-by he saw some oyster-shells lying on the beach. To his great joy there were oysters inside them; they had been carried ashore and left there by the tide. John broke open the shells with a big stone and thankfully ate the fish.

He was determined to find, if possible, a better sleeping-place than that of the previous night. Perhaps, he thought, there might somewhere be a suitable cave. He did not, of course, know where he was — whether on an island or on the American continent. But in the distance he saw a mountain, towards which he made his way. With some difficulty he climbed it, and from its summit saw that he was on an island. As far as eye could reach, no other land was visible with the exception of some tiny islets a few miles distant.

John threw himself on his knees and prayed earnestly for strength to bear this awful solitude. Then, sad at heart, he descended the mountain, looking about carefully for any sign of a cave. At last he came upon one in the side of a hill which was perpendicular on the other side.

'I wish I had a pickaxe and other tools!' thought John. 'Then how easy it would be to enlarge this rocky opening, and make it into a dwelling! But I know what I can do. The willows hereabouts seem to be of the same kind as those of my own country,

which can easily be transplanted. I will pull up a number of these young trees with my hands, and plant them thickly in front of this cave. When they take root and grow, they will be like a protecting wall.'

Delighted with this idea, John carried it out at once, pausing only to refresh himself with a draught of water from a spring which gushed out of the mountain-side. Pulling up and replanting the young trees was hard work. Evening came before John had planted more than five or six. Hunger then drove him to the beach for more oysters, but, alas! the tide was high, and there were none to be found. He had to go supperless to bed.

Again he slept in a tree, but took the precaution of fastening himself to a branch. That night, notwithstanding his hunger, John slept peacefully.

V.

At dawn John rose, and went down to the beach to see if he could find some oysters for breakfast. This time he went by a different way, and came across a cocoa-nut tree. John did not know what it was, for he had never seen or heard of such a thing; but he knocked down some of the nuts, and soon discovered how good they were to eat. What useful bowls, too, he thought, the shells would make!

'I'm in luck's way to-day,' he said to himself, as, after eating some oysters, he picked up on the beach an immense mussel-shell; 'this will serve me as a spade.' He found also that morning a plant with a fibrous or stringy stalk. There is no teacher like necessity, and John was already growing very observant. Thinking that this plant might be used like hemp, he gathered a large quantity of it, then tied it up in bundles, and laid it in the water, which, in a short time, softened the loose outer rind. He now took the bundles out of the water and dried the softened stems in the sunshine. When they were dry he beat them out with a large stick, then twisted the flax thus produced into small cords. These, of course, were not so strong as those made by our rope makers (because John had no turning-wheel and no assistant), but they were strong enough to fasten his mussel-shell to a stick, thus providing a handle for his spade.

John now went on bravely with his work, planting tree after tree, until he had completely enclosed the space in front of his chosen dwelling. As he did not consider a single row of trees a sufficient protection, he planted a second row near the first. After that he interwove both rows with green twigs, constructing thus such a thick hedge that it would require very great force to break through it. Each morning and evening John watered his little plantation with water from the neighbouring spring, using cocoa-nut shells as watering-pots. All went well with his young trees; they soon began to put forth fresh leaves. When the enclosure was almost completed John spent one whole day in making a rope-ladder. He thought that, as he could not very well make a door, he would use this rope-ladder for going in and out of his cave-house. The rock behind was twelve feet high; a tree stood on the top of it. To this tree John fastened his ladder.

The next thing to be attended to was the enlargement of the cave. For this a tool of some sort was absolutely necessary. John went to a spot where he had observed some big green stones — talc stones they were, and very hard. Amongst them, to his delight, was one shaped roughly like an axe, with a sharpish edge, and even a natural hole, to which, after it had been somewhat enlarged, a handle could be attached. Of this stone John formed a splendid axe, strong enough to hew down young trees. Two other stones he found, which he thought might be useful. One resembled a stone-mason's mallet; the other was something like a short, thick cudgel, with one end pointed like a wedge.

These tools proved of great service. By placing the wedge-shaped stone on the rock, and striking it with the mallet, John loosened piece after piece, and thus widened his cave. In a few days' time he had made the hollow big enough to serve as a bedroom. Then he carried grass (which he had already dried) into the cave, to make his bed. And he found lying on soft hay far pleasanter than sitting on a hard branch.

(Continued on page 379.)

THE ABBOT OF HENNECOURT.

(Adapted from Froissart.)

IN the year 1346 King Edward III. landed in Flanders with a great army, and after marching across that country invaded France. Then, with his own soldiers and those of his allies, he marched towards Paris, destroying as he went every town whose inhabitants opposed him. The Abbot at the Monastery at Hennecourt, however, was unwilling to surrender while it was still possible to resist, and calling the townspeople to his aid, he ordered them to collect arms and provisions and to build round the town, by way of a rampart, a stout fence of long wooden poles planted about six inches apart and set deeply in the earth.

Soon after these preparations were finished, Sir Henry of Flanders reached Hennecourt with a part of King Edward's army, and upon seeing the weak defences of the town, sent heralds to demand its surrender.

'Not so,' replied the Abbot, when he heard the message. 'But rather, return and tell your leader that it will go ill with him if he attacks this town, for its defences have great strength — they lie in the courage of the citizens.'

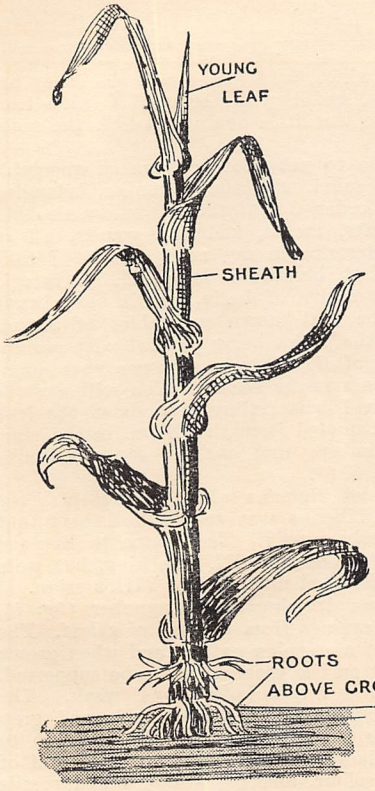
Enraged by this reply and expecting an easy victory, the knight led his soldiers to attack the town. But the wooden stockade was so strongly built that it resisted the pressure of the fight, and from behind it the townsmen bravely defended themselves.

During the fight the Flemish knight came to that part of the fence which was defended by the Abbot himself, and recognising him as the French leader, he thrust his arm between the stakes of the fence and struck at him with his sword. The Abbot, however, was as valiant a man as the knight, and leaning forward beneath the blade he grasped the sword by its hilt and held it so that the knight could not withdrawn his arm. Seeing their leader's distress, the soldiers caught him by the body and tried to pull him free; but at the same moment some monks came to the help of the Abbot. Upon both sides of the fence many men linked their arms round the bodies of those in front of them and joined in the struggle, and since it was considered dishonourable

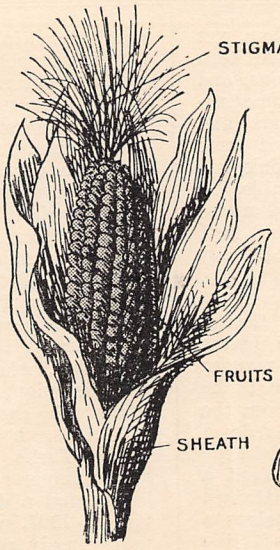
"The soldiers tried to pull him free."

for a knight's sword to be taken from him in battle, Sir Henry and his men struggled violently. But the Abbot and his followers were equally vigorous, so that if the distance between the stakes of the fence had been greater the knight would certainly have been pulled into the town. At last, however, the greater strength of the townsmen prevailed and the knight was made to give up his sword, since by sheer force it was dragged from his grasp.

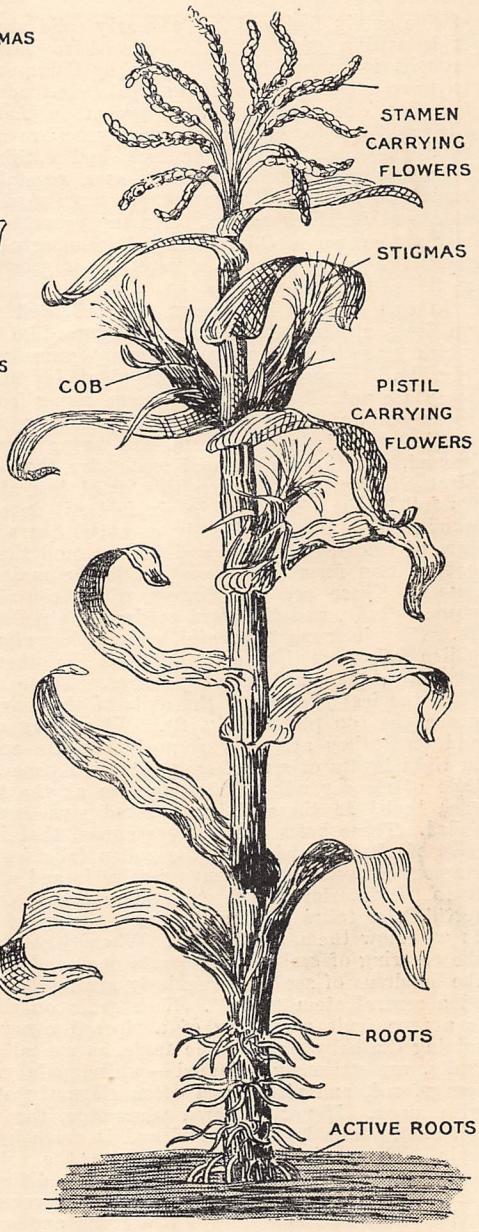
G. Belton Cobb.



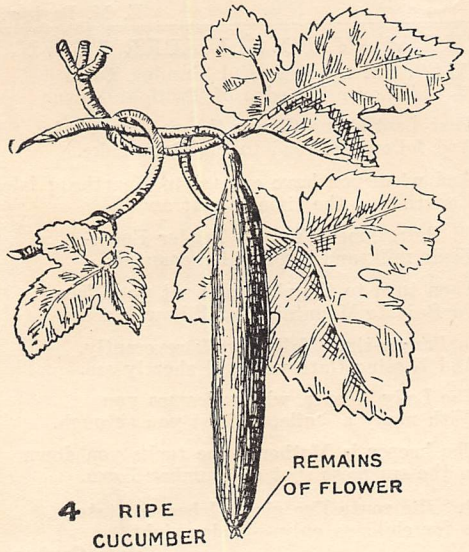
1 YOUNG MAIZE PLANT



3 MAIZE FRUIT



2 FULL GROWN: MAIZE PLANT



4 RIPE CUCUMBER

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

X. — MAIZE AND CUCUMBER.

I COME now to rather a curious vegetable which some of you may not know, but I feel bound to put it in my set, because it is a vegetable which is rapidly gaining popularity and is each year being more grown in this country. I refer to Maize or Indian Corn (Zea Mays, to give it its proper name). This is quite a different form of plant from any we have yet studied and I think you will find it interesting. It belongs to the natural order Gramineae, the grass order, and although it grows to a height

of five or six feet and has a nearly solid stem, yet it is still a grass! It is believed to have been brought to Europe from America by Columbus, and to have been grown first in Spain, but some authorities claim that it was grown in Asia and Africa long before that. I certainly believe it came to us in England from America, and I think has been chiefly introduced, anyway as a vegetable, by American visitors. Of course, we have used maize as a food for chickens, &c., for many years, but that was not grown in this country, but imported. But the maize we now use as a vegetable is grown here, as it has to be used fresh.

In this country it is sown in April, and throws up long slender stems carrying grass-like leaves which clasp the stem in the usual grass manner (fig. 1). A peculiarity of the plant is, that the roots are not all underground, some rising from the cover joints of the stem and making their way down to the ground; others form, but never reach the ground, and these additional roots give the plant a strange appearance. When this plant has attained its full height (four feet to six feet), it develops a number of plume-like loosely arranged 'ears' (like ears of wheat, but looser and longer), and these are one of two forms of flower which the maize possesses. These are the flowers which contain the stamens only, and therefore produce the pollen (fig. 2). They look most graceful, and as they ripen the pollen falls from them and alights on the other form of flower, the pistil-carrying flower. These appear from the leaf sheaths in the avils of the leaves beneath the top plumes (fig. 2). When they appear and until they are fully formed they are enclosed in tight layers of scale leaves. After a time a cascade of slender silken hairs appears at the top of each 'cob,' as these tightly packed structures are called. These hairs are really stigmas, that is, the ends of pistils; and when the pollen falls from the stamens above, these stigmas receive it and conduct it to the interior of the cob, where the process of fertilisation takes place, and quickly the maize seeds, as we know them, are formed. When they are ripe the covering of scale leaves bursts open and you see the hundreds of seeds all regularly arranged in rows on a central stem (fig. 3). Each grain on the cob is a true fruit consisting of a ripened ovary containing the baby plant. The seeds, as we call these fruits, are variously coloured — white, pale yellow, orange, red, and violet, and often elegantly striped with black. If not gathered when ripe, the whole cob finally falls to the ground and is eaten by animals. The seeds do not drop from the cob but remain firmly fixed, so that dispersion is difficult.

In America maize is quite a common vegetable, and is cooked in many ways and much appreciated. They boil the ripe, whole cobs (that is, with all the seeds attached), and then they eat the seeds from the cob, very much as asparagus is eaten — pick them up and bite the seeds off. The young cobs are sometimes pickled, just as we pickle young cucumbers.

During the past eight or ten years fields of Indian corn have become quite a common sight in our country, and I believe the plants are an easy crop to grow provided the season is fairly wet, for they want much water. In the case of this maize or Indian corn, you see we eat the fruit. Before I pass on, I must just mention that pipes are made of the dried stems in which the fruits are fixed. They are called corn-cobs, and if you see one at some time you can observe the little dents in which the seeds grew.

Next we come to yet another form of vegetable chiefly used in salad, viz., the cucumber, belonging to the natural order Cucurbitaceae, as do also the vegetable marrow, melon, and the gourds, all of which I shall describe in my next article. I take the cucumber first, because it is so old. It is said to have been a native of India, but it has always been one of the best-known vegetables of Egypt, great tracts of the plains being planted with cucumbers; the poor of Egypt even now use vast quantities during the summer season. You will perhaps remember, when I was telling you about the leek and the onion, I quoted from the Bible: in the same paragraph cucumbers and melons are mentioned (Numbers, xi. 4, 5, 6).

The Turks and Romans also used them; the great Emperor Tiberius was so fond of them that he ordered a daily supply. They came to England first in 1327, when Edward III. was king, but were not properly cultivated until Henry VIII.'s reign.

I just give one drawing of a cucumber (fig. 4), showing that it springs from the axil of a leaf. The whole plant is of a creeping nature, and when grown anywhere except on the ground, has to be supported, as the stems are all succulent and weak. The leaves are dark green on the upper side and grey beneath, and the stems and leaves are all rough to the touch with hairs. The flowers are small and of a green-yellow colour, and the stamens and pistils are carried in different flowers. I do not propose to describe this plant further, as its life-history is practically the same as the vegetable marrow.

E. M. Barlow.

THE WAY TO SLUMBER TOWN.

YES, Sir, the beautiful Slumber Town
Lies over the edge of Twilight Down.

Past Last Game Corner the path you take,
And follow the road to Big Bath Lake.

And when you have crossed to Hearthrug Isle,
Just then is the time to rest awhile

At Refreshment Inn by Fender End —
Their milk and biscuits I recommend.

Then turn to the right and set your face
To Bedside Mountain and Pillow Place.

In Prayer-time Valley walk reverently,
And Kissing Gate you will shortly see.

The Lady Keeper, who welcomes you
With many a smile, will let you through.

The keeper is Mother — she tucks you down
In the snuggest spot of Slumber Town.

But the route I've given, I beg to state,
Is for children only — under eight.

Eileen Carfrae.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

'GWEN! Gwen! where are you? There's something frightfully exciting to tell you!'

A distant cry of 'Here!' came from the room above, and Phil scrambled up the stairs and flung open the playroom door.

'Isn't it simply ripping!' he exclaimed. 'Uncle Fred has just gone, and he's given me five shillings to spend on anything I like! I do call it splendid of him. Think of the hundreds of things we can buy.'

'Oh Phil, how lovely!' she cried. 'I was just wishing we could have some fireworks on Guy Fawkes' Day, as we used to have when Daddy was rich, and now you'll be able to buy some, won't you?'

'Splendid idea!' cried Phil. 'We will have a party and let them be a surprise: it will be fun; we won't even tell Mother and Father; and then when everybody's here after tea, we will let off the fireworks! Think how pleased they'll all be.'

'Yes, and we won't ask the rich people who've seen lots of fireworks before, and are always going to parties and things; let's have a party for all our poor friends — I mean the little cripple flower-boy, and old Miss Searles from the post-office, and poor old Mr. Baker. I know lots we could ask, and they will enjoy it so much.'

'Yes, and we mustn't forget the policeman who was so decent about my bicycle smash,' added Phil. 'Come on, Gwen, and let's ask Mother if we can invite them at once, then we'll go into the village and order the fireworks. Oh, what a brick Uncle Fred is!'

The village shop did not 'stock' fireworks, old Mr. Green told the children across the counter later that afternoon. He would send for them to the nearest town, and they would have them in a day or two — five shillings' worth. He wrote the order down, and Phil handed him the heavy crown piece, feeling very important in spite of the disappointment at not having the fireworks to take home with him.

Fortunately the fifth of November fell on an afternoon when the shops closed early, so that nearly all the children's 'poor friends' were able to accept the invitation.

Gwen and Phil returned home in high spirits. Mr. Green had told them that the fireworks would probably reach them the next day, and they were eagerly wondering what they would be like, and how many they would get for the money.

'Five shillings' worth must be an enormous lot,' Phil said. 'We ought to have dozens of Roman candles, and heaps of rockets and Catherine-wheels as well; they might even give us a set piece.'

'I expect it will be a huge boxful,' replied Gwen. 'It will probably take hours to let them all off.'

* * * * *

A note came from the village shop next day. There had been some difficulty about getting the fireworks, and they would not arrive till Thursday.

Gwen looked up anxiously as Phil read this to her. 'That's the day of the party. I hope they'll come in time,' she said.

'Sure to,' returned Phil; 'but what a nuisance that they won't be here before.'

* * * * *

On Thursday morning a small box arrived, addressed to Phil.

'The fireworks haven't come!' gasped Gwen, as she saw the boy from the village shop disappear down the road. 'What shall we do? What is your parcel, Phil?'

Phil suddenly stopped tearing paper and string aside.

'Why — it's a mistake!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, Gwen, our party is all spoilt.'

He held up the contents of the parcel for his sister to see. There were two or three short sticks that looked like Roman candles, some curly things that might have been Catherine-wheels, and two bundles of squibs and crackers.

Gwen seized a paper that lay at the bottom of the box. 'Fireworks to order, five shillings,' she read. 'It can't be right. It must be a mistake, Phil.'

But Phil was looking closely at one of the sticks. 'It isn't a mistake, though,' he said gloomily. 'Look at this thing. There's "one shilling" marked on it, and the bigger one is one-and-six. Oh, how silly of us not to have asked the prices of them. I thought we should get heaps for five shillings! I had no idea they cost so much.'

'Never mind,' said Gwen, bravely trying to hide her disappointment. 'We will let them off just the same, and explain to them all what's happened. I don't believe they'll mind, somehow, when they understand that we meant to give them the treat.'

* * * * *

When Mrs. Fairfax looked in at the dining-room door that afternoon, she saw a very happy party gathered round the table for tea.

Gwen was pouring from the heavy metal teapot at one end of the table, and Phil and his burly policeman friend were cutting bread at the other. All the guests had smiling faces, and seemed to be enjoying the party.

'Gwen dear, old Mrs. Day has called to see you,' Mrs. Fairfax said. 'She says she won't keep you long, so you had better come now.'

Gwen poured out the last cup of tea, then ran out of the room to see her visitor.

Five minutes later she returned, her face radiant with happiness.

'Phil!' she said in an excited whisper, drawing her brother aside, 'Mrs. Day has given us an enormous case of fireworks — hundreds and hundreds — and she's sent her gardener round to let them off as soon as we have finished tea. She was in the shop that day we ordered them, and she knew we'd only get a few for the money, so she got these from London for us. I wonder who told her about the party, because no one knew about it but ourselves and Mr. Green. Oh, isn't it lovely?'

No one who was at Gwen and Phil's party ever forgot that evening. The fireworks seemed each more beautiful than the last, and shot up into the sky so quickly, one after the other, that the darkness was changed into a glory of coloured light. And the children's crowning happiness was the sight of the faces of the 'poor friends' as they watched the wonderful display. They saw the sad look in the little cripple boy's eyes give place to an expression of delight

'Please to remember the fifth of November! Well, none of us'll ever forget it,' he said; 'and we'll have three cheers for Miss Gwen and Master Phil, and the lady who gave us the lights.'

The cheers rang out, and echoed through the house; and Gwen and Phil felt that they were the happiest children in the world. V. M. Smith.

"'It's a mistake!' he exclaimed."

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"Arthur's whole body ached with the burden."

TWO HEROES.

'ARTHUR, I mean to be a hero!' Dick flung the book he had been reading on to the chair beside him, and faced his younger brother across the school-room table.

Arthur looked up inquiringly. 'Do you? How?' he asked.

'That's just the difficulty,' Dick replied. 'Of course, you must first of all find an opportunity — then it's easy enough. I have just been reading about a chap who was a fine hero — but then he had such chances. He always seemed to be coming across people drowning, or left in burning houses, and once he chased a burglar in the middle of the night!'

'Yes, but that sort of thing only happens in books,' put in Arthur, rather contemptuously.

'Not always; they must happen in real life sometimes too,' retorted Dick, 'only we don't try to come across them. Now, I believe if we went out determined to have an adventure, and come home heroes, we would succeed. And I'm going to try to-morrow — you may come too, if you like.'

Arthur's face lit up with excitement. 'Oh, Dick! How ripping!' he said. 'What shall we do?'

Dick thought for a minute. 'We will walk straight along from here to Shornsbay, by the cliff,' he said. 'That will take us through Townley Copse and over the headland. Woods and cliffs are just the places for adventures. And of course, you know, if there's only a chance for one of us to be a hero — well, I'm the eldest, and I thought of the idea.'

Arthur agreed readily. 'But perhaps by to-morrow, at this time, we shall both be heroes,' he added hopefully.

Early after breakfast, next morning, the two boys started off on their expedition. Their mother had readily agreed to the plan of their spending a day in the open air, and packed some sandwiches into Dick's school satchel, so they need not return till tea-time if they were enjoying themselves. Dick and Arthur were in the highest spirits.

For the first mile they followed the path along the top of the cliff, then their way turned off and led through fields and pasture-land. When this was left behind them, the wood known as Townley Copse came in view.

'Let's eat our lunch now, before we go through the wood,' Dick suggested suddenly. 'I'm fearfully hungry, and it will save us carrying it.'

'All right,' agreed Arthur. 'It is nearly twelve o'clock, and I'm starving too.'

In another minute both boys were seated on the grass by the side of the pathway, doing ample justice to the sandwiches and cake that their mother had provided for them.

So busy were they with their meal that they did not notice the bent figure of an old woman coming along the path towards them. A bulky sack was slung over her shoulder, and when she was almost in front of the boys she dropped it on the pathway, and turned towards them.

'I'm dead beat,' she said, more to herself than to the two in front of her.

Arthur looked up at the worn, wrinkled old face, and nudged Dick, pointing to the packet of sandwiches. Dick jumped to his feet, and collecting the remains of the feast, handed them to the old woman. She thanked him gratefully, and ate as though she were starving. The boys finished their repast, and Dick slung the empty satchel over his shoulder, and was preparing to start off again, when Arthur laid a hand on his arm.

'We can't let her carry that sack all the way to the village,' he whispered. 'If we go and help her it won't be very much out of our way — we shall only get to Shornsbay about a quarter of an hour later.'

'Nonsense!' Dick replied sharply. 'We can't possibly do it. We should miss the walk through the wood, and that's where we shall most likely have an adventure. You'll never be a hero if you shirk the best chances like that.'

Arthur winced. He wanted very much to go with Dick, and the possibility of an adventure was so exciting! Then he looked at the forlorn old woman with her heavy burden in the path beside him, and his mind was made up. He turned again to his brother. 'All right! You can go without me. I will look out for you on Shornsbay cliff,' he said.

It was a long walk, and when the village was at length reached, Arthur's whole body ached with the burden he had carried; and his sensitive feelings were smarting still from the sting of his brother's words.

He left the heavy sack on the doorstep of the old woman's cottage, and there were tears of gratitude in her eyes as she poured out her thanks.

'I shall never forget it,' the feeble voice quavered. 'Bless you, little gentleman, for your kindness to a poor old woman.'

Arthur lifted his cap hurriedly, and was soon running down the village street in the direction of Shornsbay. It was a long way by the road, and he was so tired by the time he reached the foot of the hill leading to the cliff that he could hardly drag his aching limbs up the long slope.

Long before he reached the top, he saw a flying figure racing down the hill towards him. His heart beat quickly with delight. It was Dick! Surely, then, he had changed his mind, and was sorry for what he had said.

Arthur quickened his steps, and, as he neared his brother, he saw that Dick's face was white and scared.

'Oh, Arthur, I'm so glad you weren't any longer!' he gasped as he flung himself down on the grassy slope. 'I've had such an awful time. Oh, I did wish I'd come with you! There were some gipsies in the wood, and they said they'd tell my fortune, and I thought it would be rather an adventure, so I let them try, and then — and then' — (he paused for breath) — 'they said I'd got to pay them, and, of course, I hadn't any money, so they took my watch and chain — my new one that Father gave me on my birthday. It's gone completely.' His voice broke off suddenly.

'Oh, Dick, I'm so sorry!' Arthur said, full of sympathy at the sight of his brother's downcast face. 'We must go to the police at once. We will run all the way to the village. We may be in time to have them caught.'

It was a very dejected, weary pair that confronted the policeman in the village street late that afternoon. He looked curiously at the boys' tired, anxious faces as they told him about the theft.

'I'll see what I can do,' he said, gruffly, at the

end of the story. 'But I don't think you'll ever see the watch again. They've had time to get a long way off by now. I'll take down your address.'

He copied it into his note-book, and the boys turned their steps homewards.

That night, when Arthur had just got into bed, Dick burst into the room.

'I've told Mother all about it,' he announced, 'and she said something I hadn't thought of before. You've been the hero to-day, Arthur!'

'Oh, no! you had the adventure,' came a sleepy voice from the bed.

'That was nothing. I — I was mean to you. I'm sorry,' Dick added, confusedly. 'But to make up for it, I was thinking on the way home I might give that one and twopence I've saved in my money-box to the old woman — to buy food and things with I mean.'

Arthur's sleepy eyes were full of admiration. 'How ripping of you, Dick! Then we shall both be heroes after all, he said.

And in another minute he was asleep.

Viola Vivian.

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Continued from page 371.)

VI.

JOHN contrived for himself a sort of calendar, by which he might keep account of the days. As he possessed no writing materials, he selected four smooth-barked trees. On one of them he cut a notch every evening; this was to mark off the days. On another he cut a notch at the end of each week. At the end of four weeks, or a few days over (according to the moon), he made a notch on the third tree, thus marking the month. The fourth tree he reserved for the years — should he be doomed to spend years in this solitary place! (Happily, he was not, and this tree never got marked.) Every Sunday he spent in rest, saying over all the dear old prayers of his childhood. He would have given much to possess a single book, but he had none!

Again John felt some anxiety about his food. As yet he had discovered only one cocoa-nut tree, and he had now eaten nearly all the nuts. Very few oysters were cast up on the shore; he could not live upon them alone. He saw that he must put aside his fear of encountering wild beasts or wild men, and make a further exploration of his island home.

But first — as the heat was very great — he would make an umbrella for himself. The frame he formed of willow twigs, and fixed, by means of twine, a stick in the middle. He then covered the frame with broad cocoa-nut leaves, which he fastened on with fish-bones taken from the dead fishes sometimes cast up on the shore. The result was quite satisfactory. If the umbrella had not a particularly elegant appearance, it at any rate served its purpose in shielding its owner from the sun.

John (whose present industry was a remarkable contrast to his former idleness) made also, with some of his very useful twine, a string bag in which to carry any provisions which he might be fortunate enough to discover. This he could sling round his neck.

Early in the morning John started on his expedition, with his bag round his neck, his umbrella in his hand, and about his body a cord, to which he had fastened his axe. In his dread of possible savages, he avoided as far as possible the woods and thickets, choosing such places as had an open prospect on all sides. These, however, were the most unfruitful parts of the island, and John walked a long way before he found anything that could be of use to him. At length he saw some curious plants (growing in a little clump), which looked as if they might be worth examination. Some had red, others blue, others white blossoms; others had no flowers, but small green apples, about the size of large cherries. These plants were potato-plants, but John did not recognise them in their wild state. When he tasted one of the apples, he did not like it. He then tore up the plant, and found hanging to its roots lumps both large and small. These he rightly supposed to be the proper fruit. Though they were hard and tasteless, he put some of them into his bag, then proceeded cautiously on his way. The least sound made him tremble; there was really, however, no cause for fear.

By-and-by, John came to a brook. Here, in the shade of a tree, he sat down to eat his dinner — for he had brought the few remaining cocoa-nuts with him in his bag.

Presently he was alarmed by a rustling sound, and, upon looking round, saw a herd of wild animals, which resembled deer, except that they had much longer necks and were shaggier.

John did not like killing animals; but his need of food was so great that, as the llamas approached, he stationed himself behind the tree with his axe in his hand, intending to strike at one as it passed. He did so, and fortunately killed it outright.

VII.

Now that John had his meat, how was he to cook it? To say nothing of other requisites, he had not even a fire. However, he carried the dead animal on his shoulders to his cave-dwelling, and on his way thither made another happy discovery. He came across a group of lemon-trees (there were seven or eight of them), with some of their ripe fruit lying on the ground. Thankfully John gathered up the lemons, carefully marking the spot.

Upon reaching home, the first thing he did was to skin the llama which he had killed, using a sharp stone instead of a knife. The skin was valuable; perhaps, he thought, it might provide him with clothes in the colder weather; so he took care of it, and spread it in the sunshine to dry.

After skinning the animal, he cut off a hind-quarter to roast. He contrived to manufacture a fairly good spit from one of his invaluable young trees, and, of course, he had plenty of wood for the fire. But how was he to get fire — the essential thing?

John tried to get it by rubbing together two sticks, but did not succeed. By the time the wood became hot enough to smoke he was so tired that he was forced to pause and rest for a few moments, and then, of course, the wood cooled. If only he had a companion, he said to himself, two would have succeeded where one was bound to fail.

He felt greatly depressed as at last he threw away his sticks in despair. How tantalising it was to have this meat in his possession, and to be unable

to cook it! And what was he to do in the winter? Wisely, however, John did not long sit moping. He rose, and went to the spring for some water, with which, thanks to his recent discovery, he was now able to mix some lemon-juice. As he drank from his cocoa-nut bowl, an idea, suggested by something he had once read, came into his mind. Taking two broad, smooth stones, he laid between them a piece of the llama's flesh, then hammered on the upper stone with his mallet. After ten minutes of this process the meat became warm, and in half an hour's time was tender enough to eat, although, of course, it was not so nice as it would have been had it been properly cooked. The taste of John's dinner, however, was improved by the juice which he squeezed out of his lemons upon it.

John was well satisfied with his day's work. His next task, he thought, must be to provide himself with clothing for the coming winter. For this purpose he would have to get more llama-skins. But to-day he had done enough; he went to bed, and enjoyed a good night's rest.

And it was not for a long time that he was able to make clothes! We shall see how he was hindered, and how many other things he made first.

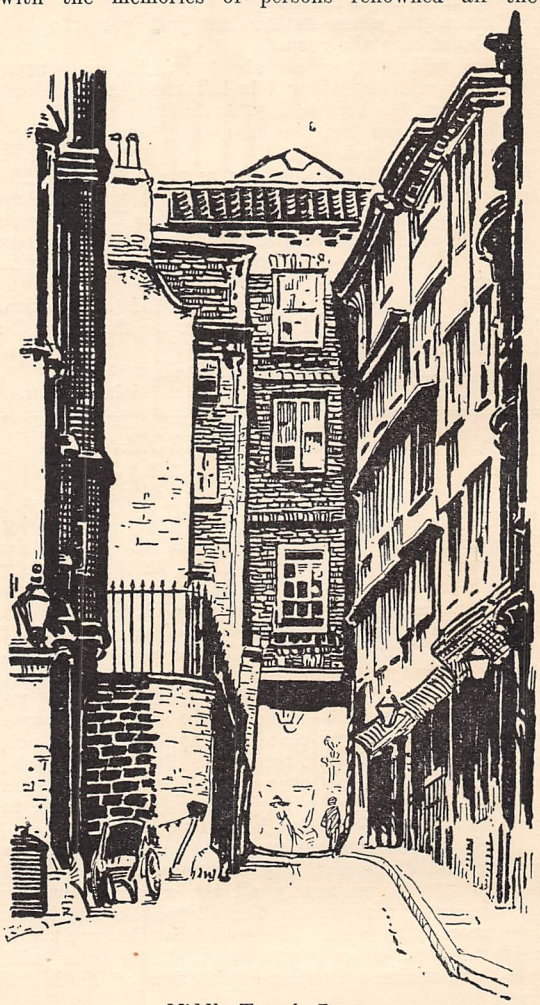
(Continued on page 391.)

OLD ENGLAND.

V. — THE TEMPLE.

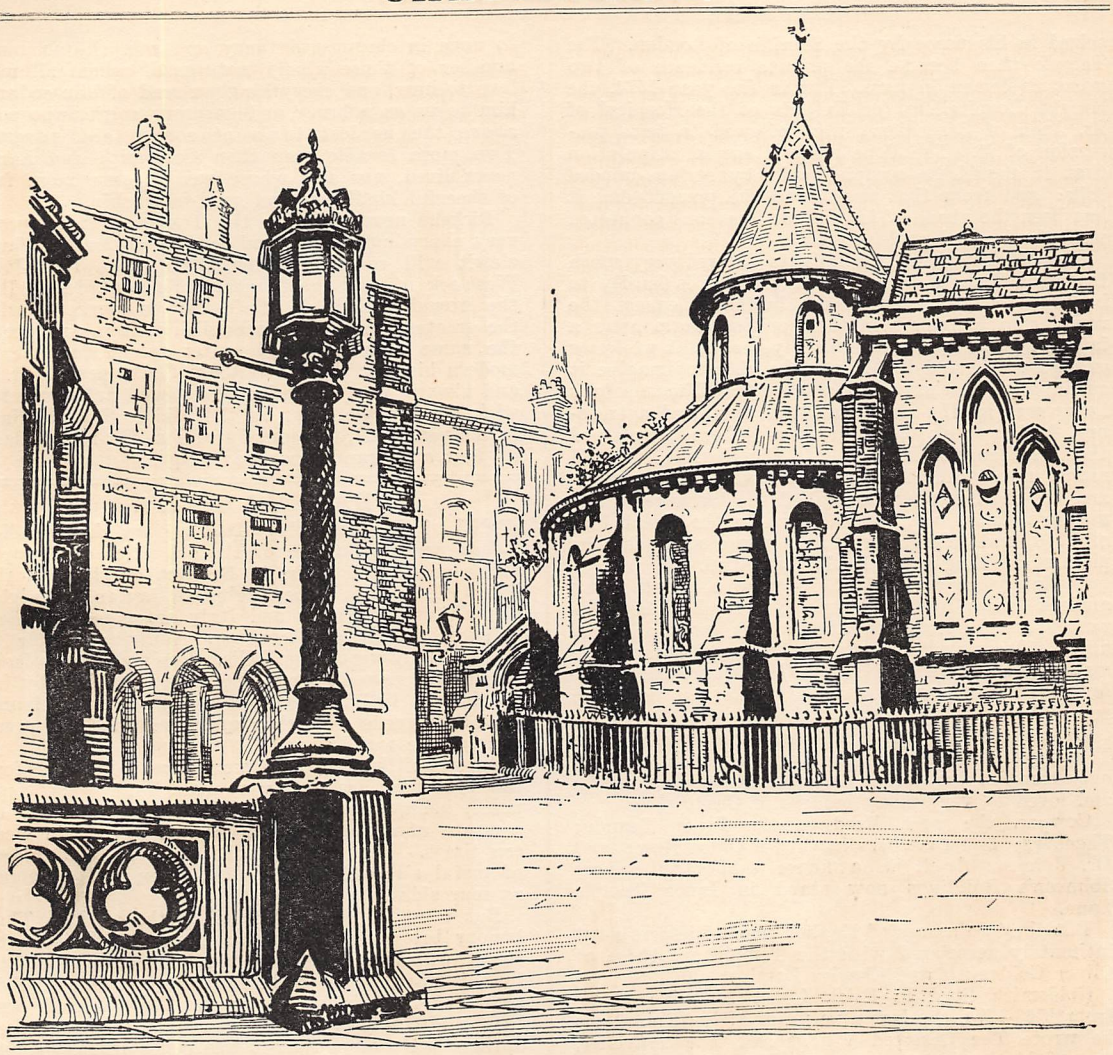
LONDON'S peculiar charm is that of memory. Visitors come to London yearly, by thousands, from all over the earth, drawn by the magnet of her intimate connection with the mightiest names in the world's history. Many of her buildings, public and private, of her streets, and of her quays are closely associated, in the minds of educated people, with the memories of persons renowned all the world over. Among her most famous buildings there is none of deeper and more enduring interest than the Temple. Here, it seems to the stranger, memory herself meets him at the gates and speaks to him in hushed and reverent tones of the great ones who have lived and died within its courts.

King's Bench Walk, the Temple.



Middle Temple Lane.

The Temple as we know it to-day is divided into two parts, or Inns as they are called, the Middle Temple and the Inner Temple. It has been, since the fourteenth century, the abode of men of law and letters. How many of these are world-famed, how many remembered and beloved wherever the English tongue is spoken! But the history of the Temple does not begin with its connection with lawyers and the writers of books. It was built in the twelfth century, and its name dates from the year 1184, when it became the headquarters of the



The Temple Church.

English branch of the great religious military society known as the Knights Templars. These knights, whose proper title was 'The Poor Knights of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon,' were one of three great Brotherhoods founded in the twelfth century, whose vows were to protect Christians and the Christian religion against all its foes. The Knights Templars made it their special duty to protect Christian pilgrims in Jerusalem. Their first official residence was in the Holy City itself, where King Baldwin II. of Jerusalem granted them a part of his palace. For more than a hundred and seventy years the Knights Templars waged war in the Holy Land upon the enemies of Christendom, and even after the fall of Jerusalem and the final overthrow of the Christian power in Palestine, they found sacred places and shrines to protect from the infidels. The Crusades, or Holy Wars of the Cross, are numbered among the most marvellous adventures in history. Thousands and thousands of Christian soldiers were slain in them, and they gave rise to unnumbered songs and legends. The tombs of Crusaders are not uncommonly found in churches all over England, and most people who have visited historic churches have seen one or more of those stone figures of mailed and armed men, with crossed legs and the Cross as their banner carved upon their shields. The crossing of the legs in these effigies is said to show that the knight had been to Palestine.

Though the Templars became rich in the course of years, they began in extreme poverty. They lived upon the alms that were given to them, and the first Master of the Temple, as the chief of the Order was called, was so poor that he had to share a horse with his friend. The seal of the Order shows these two poor knights, Hugues de Paganes and Geoffroi de St. Omer, mounted, one behind the other, upon a single steed.

In 1307, the Templars in England fell under the displeasure of Edward II., and their property was

seized in his name by the Sheriffs of London. The Temple then became the private residence of two great noblemen in turn. But in the year 1324, the Knight Hospitallers (or Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem) were allowed to take possession of it. The Pope made a special stipulation that it should be occupied only by serious-minded folk; and from that time until the present day it has been the abode of lawyers and persons connected with the learned professions.

The old Temple of the knights differed very much from the Temple we know. Indeed, it is hardly to be supposed that any of the buildings, except the round church, remain in their original form after a lapse of more than six hundred years. But we know enough of the old building to be able to imagine it as it was in those long-ago days. The master's house was by the church as it is now, and a treasury, hall, and cloister still stand where they stood then. When the knights left the Temple, the old names remained. The chaplain became the master, and the chief lawyer was called the treasurer. The master's house was burned down in the Great Fire of 1666, and rebuilt by Wren, whose most famous piece of building is St. Paul's Cathedral.

So lately as in 1824 there were a great many ancient traces in the Temple Church, but tasteless renovators then and in 1830 swept most of them away. They levelled the worn floor, and covered the walls with stucco, and removed or concealed many brasses and monuments whose value can never be restored.

Of all the learned men who have lived in the Temple since it became the home of such, we will only mention five, but those five are probably known and loved by very many readers of Chatterbox.

Cowper, the poet, lived in the Inner Temple; Thackeray had chambers in Crown Office Row; and Dr. Johnson dwelt in a house that stood where Johnson's Buildings now stand in Inner Temple Lane.

But the two names of English men of letters most intimately associated with the Temple are those of Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb.

Goldsmith lived in Brick Court for nine years, from 1765-1774, the last nine years of his life. Here he wrote The Deserted Village and The Traveller, two of his best-known poems. Here, too, he wrote that most famous play, She Stoops to Conquer, a work that is as fresh and living to-day as when it was first conceived within his wise and kindly mind.

Many are the stories told of Oliver Goldsmith; none are more touching than the last of all. On the day of his death, his biographers tell us, his doorstep in Brick Court was crowded with the poorest of the poor, weeping for a friend whose secret goodness and charity were thus for the first time made known to the world. Goldsmith lived and died in poverty. He might have lived in comfort and left a fortune behind him, if he had cared more for money and less for mankind.

Charles Lamb's is another name beloved by all who know his works and read of his life. To readers of Chatterbox he is no doubt known best as part author, with his sister Mary, of Tales from Shakespeare. But it is as an essayist and letter-writer that he has won his undying fame. His famous Essays of Elia are among the most graceful and exquisite in our language, and his letters are second to none in charm and fancy and wit. Lamb's was another of those kindly natures of whom all men love to hear, and everything we read of him endears him to us as a brave and generous spirit, who rose above the hardest trials of sorrow and poverty. Two more lovable men than Goldsmith and Lamb never lived, nor any whose writings are more full of cheerful kindliness and good-fellowship.

Dickens never lived in the Temple, but he wrote very charmingly of it, and readers of Martin Chuzzlewit will remember how Ruth Pinch and John Westlock met by the fountain in the gardens. But the crowning glory of the Temple is connected with the greatest name among English writers and poets, the name of a poet and writer second to none in modern history, that of William Shakespeare. It is, and always was, the pride of all who are connected with the Temple, that, in the Middle Temple Hall, in the year 1602, the comedy of Twelfth Night made its first appearance upon any stage.

FAMOUS BELLS.

ONE of the first things that strikes the traveller on arriving at one of the old cities of Europe, and especially if he be in Belgium or Italy, is the bells. They seem to be ringing all day and all night. Yet although Belgium and Italy are noted for their belfries, neither of these two countries is able to boast of any very large bells. England too, is lacking in this respect, for 'Great Paul,' which is by far the largest bell in this country, is almost insignificant as regards size when compared with the great bells of the world.

As is well known, bells were invented long before the Christian Era and were used for various purposes, being attached to war chariots, and also as a means of announcing the hour of day, as in modern times. The earliest bells were made of pieces of metal riveted together, and often had as many as four sides.

But what is the largest bell in the world? That honour belongs to Moscow. There a bell is to be found which weighs over one hundred and eighty tons, is twenty feet high, and two feet thick. This monster, which is known as the Tsar Kolokol, was cast in 1733, but was unfortunately so badly cracked during that process that it was never actually hung. For one hundred and three years it remained in the earth, and it was not until 1836 that it was raised by the order of the Emperor Nicholas. A few years later it was mounted on a platform and placed in one of the principal squares, and is now used as a place of worship, the crack in the side forming the entrance. But Moscow holds still another record. The largest bell in actual use is also to be found there. This melodious monster weighs a little over one hundred and twenty-eight tons, and its voice may be heard many miles from the city.

One of the most interesting and perhaps finest-toned bells to be found in Europe is the 'Kaiserglocke,' which is hung in Cologne Cathedral. It is comparatively small as regards size, being only a little over twenty-seven tons in weight. The curious fact about the 'Kaiserglocke,' however, is that it became so badly cracked in 1875 that it had to be recast, and for this purpose the metal of a number of French cannons captured during the War of 1870-1, was used.

The largest bell in Paris is that of Notre Dame,

which weighs about seventeen tons, but this is not the largest bell in France, one at Boulogne, which is struck by a man to denote the hours of the day and night, being much larger. But there are other large bells besides those to be found in Europe. A bell exists in a pagoda in Burma which weighs over fifty tons, and at Peking there is one of fifty-three tons.

The largest bell in England is 'Great Paul,' which is hung at St. Paul's Cathedral. This bell is about ten feet in diameter and weighs sixteen and three-quarter tons, and the clapper with which the bell is struck weighs nearly five hundredweight. 'Great Paul' was first hung in 1882 and cost about three thousand five hundred pounds. There are two other large bells at St. Paul's, 'Great Tom of Westminster,' and 'Edward of Westminster,' the former of which is only tolled at the death of a member of the Royal Family or that of the Lord Mayor of London himself.

'Big Ben,' which hangs in the Clock Tower at the Palace of Westminster, is undoubtedly the best-known bell in England, if not in the world. 'Big Ben' is only thirteen and a half tons in weight, and was cast in 1856, but since then it has become so badly cracked on several occasions that it has had to be recast.

'Great Peter' at York Minster ranks third as regards size in England, weighing twelve and a half tons. This bell was hung in 1845 and cost over two thousand pounds. 'Great Tom' of Oxford also ranks as one of the world's famous bells. It is seven and a half tons in weight, and is still struck nightly at nine o'clock — the time at which the colleges close their gates.

These enormous bells are seldom or never moved, being suspended from beams and struck by a clapper which is regulated by clockwork.

The making of one of these great bells is a comparatively simple matter. After the design has been carefully planned on paper the model is made, which consists of a core of brickwork, over which a mixture of clay and calf's hair is spread of the exact shape and form of the inside of the bell. Over this — allowing sufficient space for the thickness of the bell, of course — is fitted the cope, the inside of which is of the exact shape of the outside of the bell, and in which the inscriptions are cut which are to appear on the bell itself. All that remains to be done now is for the molten bell-metal, which is generally composed of four parts of copper to one of tin, to be poured into the mould. After this has been done the whole is allowed to cool, an operation which often extends over several weeks. A. E. D.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

EVERY one has noticed at one time or another striking instances of the devotion and self-sacrifice which many animals show in regard to their young. Very often, too, animals which are used to living together in flocks, or colonies, will help each other to ward off the attacks of a common enemy, or to rescue one of their number whose life is threatened by a bird or beast of prey. Such instances reveal to us the higher feelings which many animals possess, though we must not overlook the fact that these higher feelings are mixed up, in a round-about way, with a certain amount of self-defence, which is of vast importance to the race. The animal which fights for its young, and for its companions in the flock, helps to keep them alive and so does something to increase the numbers of the race, and to hold its enemies at bay.

While there are many instances of animals helping one another to beat off an enemy, there are not nearly so many instances of animals giving what we may call friendly help to others in cases where no enemy is concerned. As a rule, animals are rather indifferent to each other's pain, hunger, or misfortune. It rarely happens that one animal will give up part of its food for another, unless they are pets living in a household where there is abundance for both.

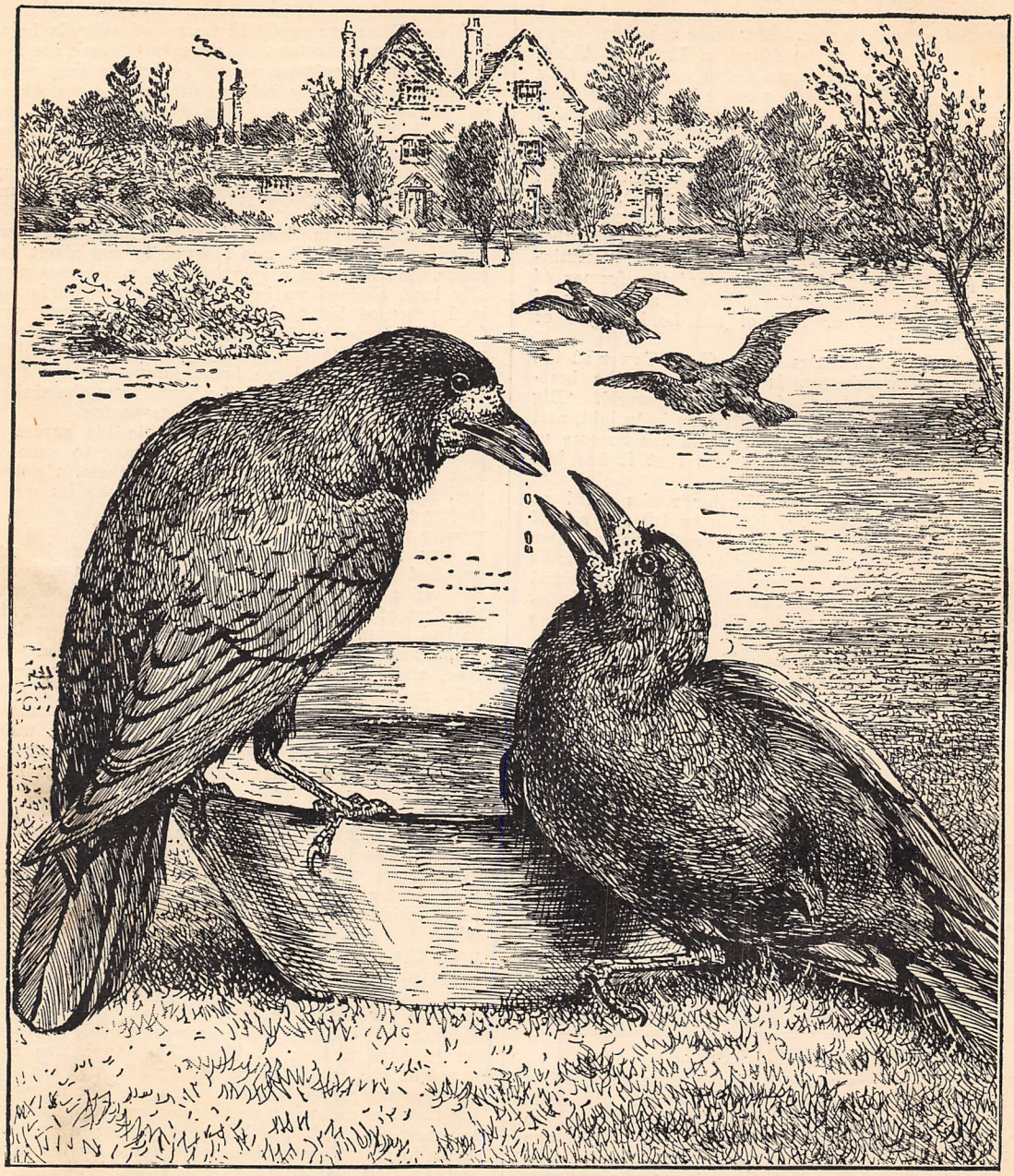
A clergyman in Scotland had a favourite Newfoundland dog, which was allowed to run about the house. He had also a sporting dog, which was usually kept chained up in a stable. The Newfoundland procured his food in the house and was well fed. He seemed to think that the dog in the stable was not quite so fortunately placed, and he would frequently take a large bone, jump over the gate which divided the yard of the house from the stable-yard, and carry the bone to his companion.

A gentleman living abroad had in his garden a number of apes, which were accustomed to come to him when called to be fed. One of them, a young one, fell from a tree one day, and broke its wrist. Owing to this accident it was not able to come so readily for its food; but an old ape, which was not in any way related to it, took pity upon it, and supplied it with food. As soon as this old ape received a supply of plantains, she hurried off with the first of them to the little cripple, and not until he had begun to eat did she take any for herself.

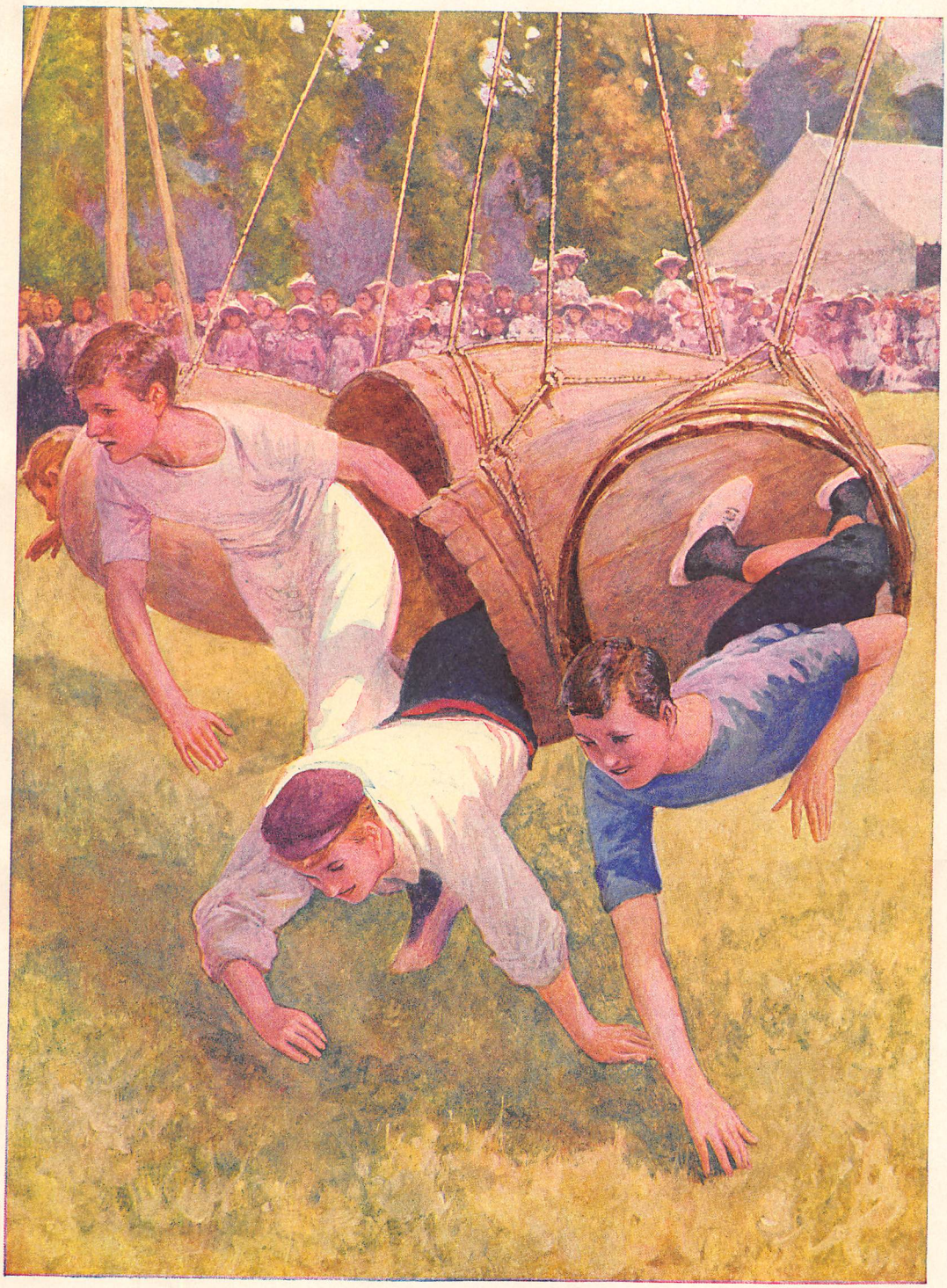
In these instances the anmials were supplied with food, and had probably abundance of it. But even wild animals, which have to find their own food, have been known to feed their helpless companions. A traveller in America once found a pelican which was old and quite blind. It was, however, very fat, and as it could not seek its own food, it must have been regularly fed by its companions.

A very remarkable instance of the sympathetic kindness of one bird to another is given by a lady, who witnessed the incident in her garden. Upon the lawn there was a basin which was kept supplied with water for the birds to drink. Among the birds which came to the garden was a crippled rook, which had lost one leg altogether, and had no foot upon the other, so that it was very helpless when it rested on the ground. One day, when this cripple was upon the lawn, three other rooks came and drank. Two of them flew away at once; but the third, seeing the cripple, became interested, and went up to have a look at him. The inquisitive rook gazed at the cripple for a little while, put his head down to the ground several times, as if he were trying to make out what was wrong, and walked round the helpless bird, puzzled perhaps for a moment what to do. Then suddenly he made up his mind, and putting his wing under the cripple's wing, he partly dragged and partly supported him to the water, giving him an extra tug to lift his head to the edge of the basin. Then his friend in need was seen to fill his beak with water, and drop some of it into the cripple's mouth. After being shown in this kindly way where the water was, the maimed rook was able to help himself to it.

W. A. Atkinson.



"His friend was seen to drop water into the cripple's mouth."



THE OBSTACLE RACE

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Captain Marryat. From a Picture by Joseph Simpson, R.I.

ON EVERY BOY'S BOOKSHELF.

IV. — CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

FREDERICK MARRYAT, the author of Midshipman Easy and Peter Simple, was born on July 10th, 1792, in Westminster, and was one of a family of fifteen children. His father was Joseph Marryat, of Wimbledon House, Member of Parliament, Chairman of the Committee of Lloyd's, and Colonial Agent for the Island of Grenada. His mother, whose maiden name was Charlotte Geyer, was of foreign extraction. As a boy, Frederick is said to have been precocious and passionate, and to have given much trouble to his parents and teachers. He disliked schooling of any kind, and on several occasions ran away from school. He always ran to one place — the sea; and, though he was recaptured and brought back to school again, the sea became his ruling passion. He used to excuse himself for these escapades by saying that he did not run away to avoid books or hard work, but because he had to wear his elder brother's cast-off clothes. As a matter of fact, he learnt very easily; but as he forgot as easily, he was always getting into hot water for not knowing his lessons. He was a slightly-built boy, and his head seemed too big for his body. One day his schoolmaster discovered him trying to read a book whilst standing on his head, and, when asked to explain his reason for adopting this position, he said, 'Well, I've been trying for three hours to learn it on my feet, but I couldn't, so I thought I would try whether it would be easier to learn it on my head.'

One of his schoolfellows was Babbage (later on famous as the inventor of a calculating machine), a studious boy, who planned with another of similar disposition to get up at three o'clock in the morning and work at their books in the schoolroom. Knowing that this was against the rules of the school, Marryat at once expressed a desire to join the party. But his motives were suspected, and the conspirators adopted the simple plan of not waking him. Marryat placed his bed across the door, but Babbage pushed it away. Then Marryat tied a string from his wrist to the door-handle, and Babbage untied it. A thicker string was cut, and a chain was unlinked by means of a pair of pliers. Then the future sailor procured a chain that baffled the skill of the future mathematician, and for one night Babbage was obliged to take his full share of rest. The next night, however, he had his revenge. Waiting until Marryat was asleep, he tied a piece of packthread to the chain, and, carrying the other end of it to his bed, he gave it a sudden jerk. Marryat started up, but, finding his chain all right, he went to sleep again; whereupon his tormentor gave the thread another jerk, and woke him up once more. In the end Marryat was allowed to prevail, with the consequences Babbage had foreseen. Others joined them, play took the place of work, fireworks were let off, and the delinquents were discovered.

On leaving the school at Ponder's End, Marryat was placed under a tutor; but the sea was drawing him, and he ran away once more. As he was now old enough to hold a commission, his father wisely resolved to let him have his way, and made the necessary arrangements for his entering the Navy. On September 23rd, 1806, Marryat started on his first voyage on board H. M. S. Imperieuse, Captain Lord Cochrane, for the Mediterranean. Marryat kept a private log of the voyage, and from this we may extract the account of his first experiences at sea: —

'The Imperieuse sailed; the Admiral of the port was one who would be obeyed, but would not listen always to reason or common sense. The signal for sailing was enforced by gun after gun; the anchor was hove up, and, with all her stores on deck, her guns not even mounted, in a state of confusion unparalleled from her being obliged to hoist in faster than it was possible she could stow away, she was driven out of harbour to encounter a heavy gale. A few hours more would have enabled her to proceed to sea with security, but they were denied; the consequences were appalling, they might have been fatal. In the general confusion some iron too near the binnacles had attracted the needle of the compasses; the ship was steered out of her course. At midnight, in a heavy gale at the close of November, so dark that you could not distinguish any object, however close, the Imperieuse dashed upon the rocks between Ushant and the Main. The cry of terror which ran through the lower decks, the grating of the keel as she was forced in, the violence of the shocks which convulsed the frame of the vessel, the hurrying up of the ship's company without their clothes, and then the enormous wave which again bore her up and carried her clean over the reef, will never be effaced from my memory.'

The three years during which Marryat served on board the Imperieuse were full of exciting incidents. Hardly a day passed without a shot being fired at ship or fort of the enemy; the boats were hardly secured on the booms than they were cast loose and out again; expeditions were rapidly planned and rapidly carried out, and officers and men were constantly awakened by the report of the guns. Altogether, Marryat in those three years witnessed over fifty engagements, in which he took as active and prominent a part as a lad of his age could be expected to do.

Marryat began to write about the year 1829, when he had attained the rank of captain. His first novel, Frank Mildmay, was published in 1829, and is a record of his own experiences; though we must be careful to remember that the character of Marryat in no way resembled that of his hero. For this book he received the handsome sum of four hundred pounds. His delightful stories for the young, Poor Jack, Masterman Ready, The Settlers in Canada, The Children of the New Forest, were written later. Masterman Ready was originally intended to be a continuation of the adventures of The Swiss Family Robinson, but Marryat gave up the idea, and wrote a separate story.

Few readers will have easily forgiven the author for killing Ready. Forster (the biographer of Dickens) wrote of this book to Marryat: 'I know no book of its kind so popular as Masterman Ready. Children don't read it once, but dozens of times: and this is the true test.' It was quickly translated into both French and German, as indeed were many of his books; some even found their way into the Spanish and Swedish languages.

Marryat made a considerable fortune by his books, but much of it was lost through extravagance. He lived first at Hammersmith, but exchanged his house there for a small estate at Langham, in Norfolk,

where, after much wandering, he settled down in 1843. He loved company, and was very reckless with regard to spending his money and in the giving of presents to his friends. At Langham he lived the life of a gentleman-farmer, was a good master, fond of arranging festivities for his servants, and very lenient to poachers. He had a lazy pony named Dumpling, who was noted for standing still, so the captain used to ride him out shooting, because 'he would allow any number of shots to be fired between his ears without having his serenity disturbed.' Marryat was short-sighted, and to overcome this defect he used an eyeglass of his own invention, consisting of a piece of plain crystal surrounded by a strip of whalebone, which was suspended in front of his right eye from the brim of his 'shocking bad hat.' He was very careless about his dress and personal appearance, but scrupulously clean, and very neat in his arrangement of everything about him.

Marryat was hot-tempered and impulsive, but generous to a fault. To his children he was 'a most indulgent father and friend.' He never locked anything away from them, or banished them from the room in which he happened to be writing; he cared little what mischief they did, but he was severe on falsehood and cowardice. He had rather an original method with regard to punishment and reward. 'He kept a quantity of small articles for presents; and at the end of each week the children and governess, armed with a report of their general behaviour, were ushered solemnly into the library to render up an account. Those who had behaved well during the preceding seven days received a prize, because they had been so good; and those who had behaved ill also received one, in hopes that they would never be naughty again: the governess was also presented with a gift, that her criticism on the justice of this plan might be disarmed.' From this it will be seen that Marryat was not a strict disciplinarian. It is told that one of his little daughters, having made a large rent in a new frock, for which she expected to be punished by the governess, ran to her father for advice; whereupon he 'took hold of the rest and tore off the lower part of the skirt,' saying, 'Tell her I did it.'

His hatred of falsehood and contempt for cowardice are well borne out by his frank, fearless spirit and his personal bravery. His daughter has recorded that during the time he served in the navy he was presented with twenty-seven certificates, recommendations and votes of thanks for saving the lives of others at the risk of his own, beside receiving a gold medal from the Humane Society — a proud record!

'Wise, English-hearted Captain Marryat,' as Charles Kingsley called him, died at Langham, on August 9th, 1848, after a lingering illness, the chief solace of which had been the bouquets of fresh flowers brought each morning to his side.

F. J. Rowbotham.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Answers to Square Words on Page 355.

16. — 1. ARAB 2. BANE 3. ROPE 4. COME
RACE ALOE OVAL OMEN
ACME NOEL PASS MEND
BEER EELS ELSE ENDS

THE INVADERS.

An army has come under cover of night,
You can look on their armour all glittering and white.
They have taken possession of field and of hill,
So silent their movements, so stealthy and still.
Their sentries are posted on hill and on tower,
They stand there all motionless hour after hour.
No eye saw them coming, no ear heard their tramp
As they came marching onward and soon pitched their camp.

We cannot escape them at front or at rear,
They barricade doorways, they stretch far and near.
They're outside each window, the roof holds a lot.
If you pop out your head you'll be sure to get shot.
Their banners are flying, they wave in the breeze.
They have fastened one on to each branch in the trees.
It's no use to shoot them with rifle or gun;
I think we will call in the aid of the sun.

Ah! see, he is shining; how bright is his beam!
He's gilding the hill, and the field, and the stream.
The enemy tremble; just look how they run!
They sink in the earth, or are drawn to the sun.
Now the skies are all blue and the foe are all gone,
Let us rush through the door and away o'er the lawn.
The snow was the army: it's melted away,
So we'll put up our books and all run out to play.

FROM OUR READERS.

VI. — A LETTER IN RHYME.

Dear Sir,

I am so glad to hear that I have gained a prize. Alas! it was by luck, I fear, and not through being wise. I have not very much to say, because I'm busy all the day.

I go to school at nine o'clock, and stay till half-past one; and then sometimes I take a walk and dine and have some fun. Some days we have to stay in school from half-past two till four. Now don't you think that is a rule that ought to be no more? When I come home I go to play, to garden, or to read; we go long walks on Saturday (I have not got a steed). It takes two hours at night to put my lessons in my head, and after that I eat some fruit. At nine I go to bed.

Now I shall tell you of my cat. His kind is very rare. He does not sit upon the mat, but occupies a chair. His eyes are like to golden balls. His coat is velvet brown. He gives more fun than all the dolls that could be bought in town.

Now I must really finish up as fast as e'er I can. I very soon shall go to sup.

With kind regards from Nan.

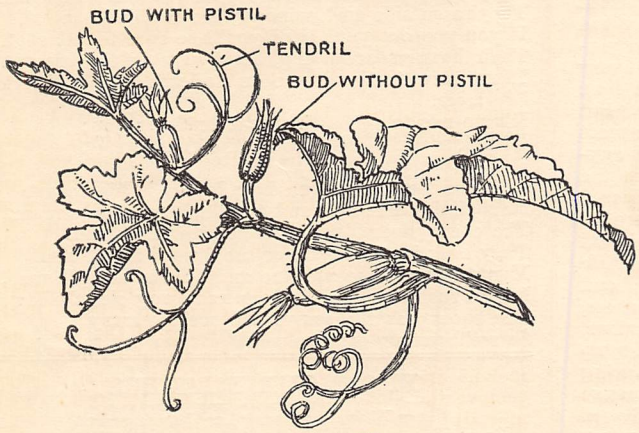
(Annie Burness Reith, aged 15.)

OUR COMMON VEGETABLES: WHAT IT IS WE EAT.

XI. — MARROWS AND GOURDS.

Let us now investigate thoroughly the history, and examine the growth of the vegetable marrow. As I have said, it belongs to the natural order Cucurbitaceae, other members of the family being the cucumber, the gourd, and the melon. The marrow is not a very ancient vegetable, only being known in

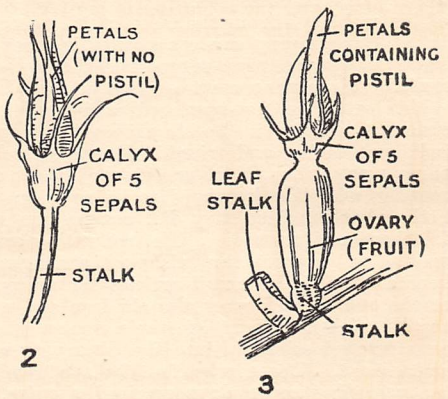
England since about 1810. The first seeds arrived in a ship from the East Indies, very likely having been brought from Persia. I have no doubt you have most of you seen marrows growing at some time. They are very easy to produce, their chief requirements being water and space. They grow from seeds, and the plants increase in size so rapidly that you can almost see them grow. In fig. 1 you have a sketch of a young shoot; here you see the young leaves, the tendrils and the flowers. The leaves, which are roughly divided into five parts at their edges, are very graceful in shape, somewhat like vine-leaves, only they are rough to the touch, being covered with stiff hairs. The tendrils spring from



1. VEGETABLE MARROW SHOOT

the same spot of the stem as a leaf and a flower, and they consist of three 'arms,' so to speak, all very active twiners. The plant produces a vast number of flowers; in fact even in this young shoot you will observe that there is a flower-bud in the axil of each leaf. But what I want you particularly to note is the fact that the flower-buds are not all alike. This is because there are two forms of flowers on the same plant in the case of this family: one form has a calyx of five sepals rising directly from the flower-stem (which in this form of flower is long), five petals and inside stamens only, but no pistil (see figs. 1 and 2, enlarged buds). The other form has a calyx of five sepals on the top of quite a large ovary (afterwards the fruit), with only a short, thick stem; five petals and inside stigmas sitting on the top of the ovary (fig. 3). It is the lot of the plant to have its pollen carried from the flowers with stamens to the flowers with pistils by insects, but to make quite sure that the pollen has reached the stigmas of the pistil-bearing flowers, gardeners sometimes gather the blooms containing stamens, and push them, head first, into the flowers containing stigmas (fig. 4), so as to help Nature in spreading the precious pollen.

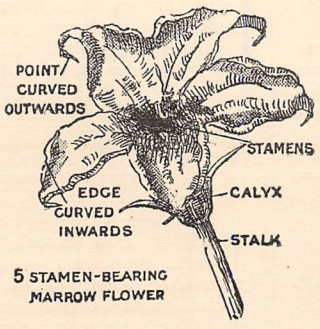
In the case of cucumbers and melons, as the insects which would carry the pollen do not live in this country, gardeners collect the pollen on fine camel-hair brushes and gently dust it on the pistils

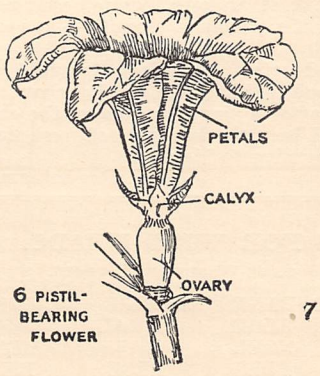


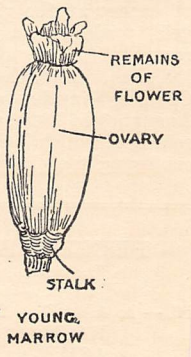
THE TWO KINDS OF MARROW BUD

of other flowers. All this seems odd, but is simply necessary because these plants are not natives of England.

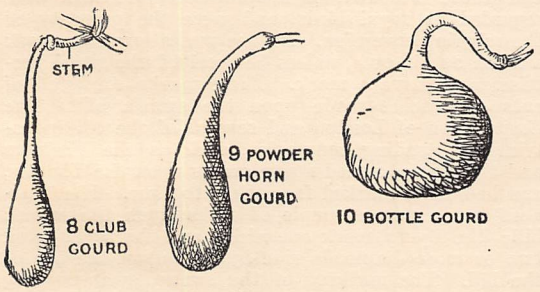
The petals are of a bright orange colour; their edges are always slightly turned inwards (fig. 5), and there is a short point at the top of each petal, which turns outward. Fig. 5, you will note, is a stamen-carrying flower, and fig. 6 is a pistil-carrying flower. As soon as the stamens are ripe and have shed their pollen, they shut up and give the tips of the petals a little twist, just as one screws up the top of a paper bag containing, say, sweets. The petals of the pistil-bearing flower shrivel up quickly after pollen has been carried to them, but they persit and keep their yellow colour while the ovary







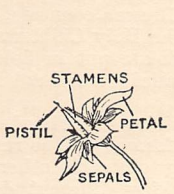
(or seed-case) swells and swells! In fig. 7 I show you a small marrow, which you now know is the full-grown ovary. The flower-stem, such as it is, has become very tough, because it has to carry a marrow perhaps weighing eighteen or twenty pounds (when ripe), so that it needs to be strong. It is true marrows generally lie on the ground, but they are sometimes trained over arches, and then the strength is very much needed. This little marrow I show in fig. 7 is only a baby one, and you see the flower is still attached. The marrow is generally gathered for table before it is fully grown or ripe, but if left on the plant it gradually turns a beautiful golden colour, and when there are stripes, as there often are, the colouring is most glorious. The fleshy part of the marrow (which we eat) becomes,



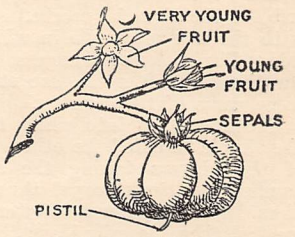
when ripe, woody, and the seeds inside also are quite hard. Of course, this would be the state to which you would bring a marrow if you wished to use its seeds for growing purposes.

Just a few words about gourds and pumpkins. Here again are plants in all respects like the marrow, but they produce the most strange-shaped fruits, gourds in particular. I give a few sketches showing some. Fig. 8 is a club gourd, being shaped like an Indian club. Fig. 9 is a powder-horn gourd, and fig. 10 a bottle gourd. In the south of France they dry the ripe fruits, empty them, polish them, and paint on them, making quaint ornaments.

Lastly I come to the tomato, or 'love apple,' as it is sometimes called. Here is a plant which belongs to the same family as the potato, and is so like it in appearance that I shall only give a sketch of the flower and the fruit. The flowers (fig. 11) are yellow-green in colour, the petals not being nearly so showy as in the potato. The stamens stand up close



11 TOMATO FLOWER



12 TOMATO FRUITS

round the pistil. The ovary (the future fruit) is a berry, sometimes round, sometimes decidedly ribbed. The ovary rapidly grows after the petals and stamens have fallen, being first green, then yellow, and finally the glorious rich red which we all know so well. In fig. 12 you have a fully-formed fruit; the sepals persist, and you can also see the style of the pistil still in position.

In all of these vegetables I have here treated, the whole fruit and its covering comes to table. Of the marrow, we eat the fleshy covering of the seeds and leave the seeds; and the same thing happens with melons and pumpkins; but with the tomato, people remove the skin sometimes, but eat the rest — seeds and all!

This completes my subject, and as a finish we will just tabulate all the results of our investigations. The table gives you the names of all the vegetables of which we have talked and the parts which we eat in each case: —

Roots.	Stems.	Leaf Buds.	Leaves.	Flower.	Seeds Only.	Seeds and Covering	Seed Covering and not Seeds.
Artichokes	Asparagus*	Lettuce	Spinach	Cauliflower	Peas	Scarlet Runners	Vegetable Marrow
Beet-root	Celery	Cabbage	Parsley	Broccoli	Broad Beans	French Beans	Pumpkin
Carrot	Leek *	Brussels Sprouts			Indian Corn	Tomato	
Horse Radish	Onion *					Cucumber	
Parsnip	Seakale						
Potato	Rhubarb						
Radish							
Turnip	Grown underground.						

I hope that you have found my subject of interest, and that when these vegetables come to your table, each in its season, you will remember some of the information I have had the pleasure of putting before you; and perhaps you will have more respect for some of them, when you realise their great age.

E. M. Barlow.

CAT'S CRADLE.

LITTLE people in almost every land play at games with pieces of string, calling the pastime by various names, instead of our term 'cat's cradle.' Some writers say that the proper name is 'cratch-cradle,' from the old word, 'cratch,' a manger or crib, or the French 'creche.' Dr. Brewer connects it with the manger-cradle in which the Holy Child was laid. The racks or mangers, which are put in fields for the food of cattle, are still called 'cratches' in some parts of the country.

The first form into which the string is twisted is the simple 'cradle,' the others are formed by the rest of the players taking the string off each other's hands in various ways, thus making different devices. In Mrs. Gomme's interesting book on Games, we find these described as 'the cradle,' 'the soldier's bed,' 'the cradle inversed or manger,' 'soldier's bed' again, or 'diamonds or cat's eyes,' 'fish in a dish,' and finally 'cat's cradle' as at first. In Suffolk, children call some of the most popular designs 'cat's cradle,' 'barn-doors,' 'bowling-green,' 'hour-glass,' 'pound,' 'net,' 'fiddle,' 'fish-pond,' and 'diamonds,' from their supposed resemblance to these objects.

In Essex and in many London schools, the game is called 'scratch-cradle,' and 'scratch-scratch.' In every case it is essential that the different arrangements should be taken from the hands of one player to another without loosening the string.

Not only is the game popular with children in most parts of Europe, but in the Far East the youthful Japanese, Chinese, and Coreans play at 'cat's cradle' under other names. In Japan it is 'aya ito tori' ('woof-pattern-taking'). One figure is supposed to be a mountain cat, into which a tame puss has transformed herself. Others represent musical instruments.

Even the little Maori boys and girls in far New Zealand have a very curious and complicated kind of cat's cradle, which they call 'Maui.' The designs were supposed to represent scenes in Maori mythology. In one, Maui, who in the New Zealand legend answers to the Biblical Adam, is supposed to be seen fishing up the land. In many heathen countries, cat's cradle seems originally to have been a sort of magical rite. Negroes are often very clever in weaving all sorts of designs and making puzzles with pieces of string.

OWNERSHIP MARKS.

AS we walk along the high roads near country towns, we frequently meet flocks of sheep which are being driven to or from a market or a cattle-fair in the district. Every sheep is marked in some way or other, and as a rule one kind of mark suffices for all of them. Perhaps it is a red patch on the forehead, put on with reddle; or it may be a blue line drawn down the back with powder-blue, such as a laundress uses. We have no difficulty in guessing the purpose of these marks. All sheep are very much alike in appearance, and in order to distinguish them, each farmer marks his sheep in a special way before they leave the farm.

This custom of marking animals, in order to show to whom they belong, is very widespread and ancient. In Scandinavia, for instance, every owner of reindeer has his mark, which he brands upon the ears of his deer. No other person is allowed to use the same mark, and there can, therefore, be no confusion. It is said that no one may invent a new mark for himself, and if he wishes to obtain one, he must buy the old mark of some owner who has lost his reindeer by disease or from some other cause: and in order that there may be no possibility of mistake, the sale and purchase of any mark has to be made known in a public meeting or court, and duly recorded. We know also that marks for cattle, sheep, and eider-ducks have been used in Iceland, Norway, and Sweden for seven hundred years or more, and there are many ancient laws and regulations respecting them.

In England swans were very often marked according to an ancient custom. The birds are highly prized at the present time for their beauty; but in ancient times they were still more highly valued, and those which were not specially marked were regarded as royal birds, and were the property of the reigning sovereign. No one was allowed to mark a swan as his own, unless he received the royal permission to have a mark. These marks consisted of cuts or notches made upon the swan's bill. The Corporation of London and several of the old industrial and trading companies, such as the Vintners and the Dyers, owned many swans upon the Thames, and had them marked from time to time. The Vintners' mark was a couple of nicks upon the swan's bill; the Dyers' mark one nick; and the royal mark two or more diamonds side by side upon the top of the bill. The marking of the swans, swan-hopping as it was called, was formerly performed by swan-herds, who were appointed by the king, and kept a list of the various marks in use. In later times the swan-hopping — which means swan-upping, or taking the birds up to mark them — became a mere form, and in London it was made the occassion of an annual festivity, when the members of the Corporation went up the river in decorated barges to Barn Elms, where they held a sort of picnic.

It would be interesting to show how the use of marks to indicate the ownership of animals led to employment of similar marks to prove the ownership of other things. The Norwegian who owned a reindeer mark, which no one was allowed to copy, could easily place it upon his house and his implements to show that they also belonged to him. We know that he did do this, as did also the natives of other countries, including our own; and though we cannot here go fully into this subject, an instance will show how useful a custom it was.

Occasionally a whale will find its way into one of the narrow, land-locked fiords or sea inlets of Norway. When this occurs, the whale has often a difficulty in finding the entrance to the fiord again, and making its escape. The villagers on the steep cliffs avail themselves of this chance to attack the whale in a peculiar way. They take a heavy, iron-pointed arrow, or harpoon, and shoot it high in the air, aiming it so that it may descend upon the animal's back. When this is affected, they leave the whale to its fate. It swims about hither and thither, seeking an outlet to the open sea, until the iron point sinks by its weight deep into the flesh and kills it. A loose wooden shaft, attached to the iron point by cords or thongs, has upon it the shooter's personal mark; and wherever the carcass may be found, this mark is proof that he shot the arrow, and entitles him to a special share of the prize.

W. A. Atkinson.

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Continued from page 380.)

VIII.

WHEN John awoke, late on the following morning, a heavy rain-storm was in progress. It soon became a thunder-storm. Never before had John seen such vivid lightning, or heard such awful crashes of thunder.

In the afternoon, thinking that the storm had abated, he was just setting out, with bag and axe, to procure more llamas, when suddenly he was thrown to the ground. The large tree to which he had fastened his rope-ladder had been struck by lightning, and immediately in front of the entrance to the cave a mighty branch had fallen, shaking the earth with its crash. John had narrowly escaped death. He was stunned by the shock, and when he recovered, and realised what had happened, he feared at first that the whole tree had fallen. Then, to his great joy, he saw that the trunk was ablaze.

He gave up all thought of hunting for that day, and set himself to take full advantage of this bit of good fortune. He cooked his meat; then, as he had no salt to eat with it, he ran down to the beach with a cocoa-nut bowl for some salt water, with which he sprinkled his food.

When he had finished his meal, John sat pondering as to what means he could keep his fire alight. While thinking over this matter, he chanced to observe a very large stone which projected from the hill about three feet above the level ground.

'That,' said John to himself, 'would be a safe hearth for my fire. I could keep hot ashes and touch-wood always smouldering. I believe that I could make it into a regular kitchen, with a fireplace and a chimney.'

He resolved to set to work at once. After digging out the earth under the stone about three feet deep, he would enclose the two sides with a wall equal in height to the projecting stone. Necessity had made John very observant, and in a certain spot he had noticed a kind of clay, which doubtless could be made into bricks.

In a short time he had made quite a lot of bricks, which he then placed in the sunshine to bake.

But though John had much to be thankful for, he could not help feeling lonely, and longing for the companionship of some living being. If only he had a dog or a cat! In his great loneliness he was even glad to see that a spider was spinning a web in a corner of his cave.

The thunder-storm had not cooled the air; on the contrary, the heat increased to such an extent that John thought it well to do most of his work very early in the morning and in the evenings. Two days after his expedition, he rose before the sun, took up his hunting-pouch, and in it found the roots which he had brought home with him. Taking them out, he laid them by the fire, to see whether they would prove good to eat when roasted; then he again set to work at his brick-making, labouring so diligently that before noon he had made sufficient bricks for his wall.

To find his dinner (as his remaining meat, owing to the heat, was unfit to eat), he went down to the shore to look for oysters, but found there something better — a big turtle! Here was a find indeed! Having killed the turtle with his axe, and broken the under-part of the shell, John cut off a piece of the flesh for roasting. As he was considering how he should preserve the remainder, which should provide him with food for a fortnight, it occurred to him that he might use the shell as a basin, fill it with sea-water, and in it pickle the flesh.

IX.

After his arduous labours of the morning, John was glad to lie down and rest during the hot hours of the afternoon. But his brain was busy. Another bright idea came into his head. Why should he not catch some llamas alive, and make companions of them? As, however, he did not know whether they came down to the water in the evenings (he had seen them at noon), he postponed the attempt until the next day, and employed the greater part of that evening in planning and preparing.

John said to himself that he would make a noose of cord, hide behind a tree, and fling the noose over the head of the first llama which came near him. He soon had the noose ready, and began to practise throwing it. After this, he went to the spot where he had found the useful roots, and helped himself to a fresh supply. Some of them he roasted, the remainder he stored in a corner of his cave. He next cut off a rather large slice of turtle for the next day's use, and poured freshly-brought sea-water over what was left. By digging a hole in the earth, he made a little cellar, wherein he stored his salted turtle in the shell basin; then he covered up the hole with branches. The remainder of the evening John spent in a ramble on the sea-shore, during which he thought much of his parents and home. With his stone knife he engraved upon a tree-trunk the names of his father and mother, and scratched beneath them these words: 'Forgive your penitent son.' (He afterwards wrote the same words on several trees in different parts of the island.)

Besides doing this, John took a bath and swam across to a little promontory. Here he made the welcome discovery that on this spot, at ebb of the tide, numerous mussels, oysters, and turtles were left behind, while the water itself so swarmed with fish that John could almost catch them with his hands. He told himself that by-and-by he would make a fishing-net.

The next morning John started, duly provided with his axe, pouch, and cord. As it was still very early, he determined to go by a roundabout way to the place where he hoped to find the llamas, in order that he might see some parts of the island hitherto unexplored by him. He was by now fast losing his nervousness, having come to the conclusion that the island was uninhabited. On the trees were many beautiful parrots; John would have liked one of these for a companion, but could not catch one.

He discovered something else, however, which he could get at. In the crevice of a rock he found some salt. He was glad of this. The salt would be far nicer to season his food with than sea-water was! Much better also for preserving his meat, because sea-water does not really preserve eatables for any length of time, but like fresh water becomes foul when stagnant. John thankfully filled his pockets with this new treasure.

(Continued on page 394.)

"He engraved on a tree-trunk the names of his father and mother."

"Dragging the struggling llama, he took the shortest way back."

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Continued from page 391.)

X.

WHEN John arrived at his destination, there were as yet no llamas to be seen; so he lay down to rest under a tree, and had something to eat, flavoured with some of the newly-acquired salt. He was still resting when he saw the animals approaching. Up he jumped, grasped his noose, and after several failures, succeeded in catching a llama. The poor, frightened creature bleated pitifully, and John, tightening the noose, drew her as quickly as possible into the thicket, out of the herd's sight. Two young llamas followed her, to John's great joy. How lucky he had been to have captured a mother! Now he would have three companions to enliven his solitude. The young ones showed no fear of him; when he stroked them they licked his hand, and looked at him wistfully, as if begging him to let their mother go.

Dragging the struggling llama, he took the shortest way back. When he reached home, he tied the mother llama to a tree, while he constructed a temporary stable for the animals. This he did by cutting down a number of young trees, and placing them so closely together that they formed a sufficiently strong fence. How pleased John felt when he saw the three llamas already 'making themselves at home,' and lying quietly together! He often paused in his work to look at them. When he had finished making the 'stable,' he led them into it, then barred the opening with thick branches. How many advantages, he reflected, he would gain by the possession of these animals, in addition to the pleasure of their company! He might be able in time to make clothes from their wool; he could use their milk, perhaps even make butter and cheese from it; in other ways, too, they might be of service to him.

Yet John was not content. He wished to have the llamas nearer to him — within his enclosure. At first this was impossible, but he determined to pull down part of his own tree-fence, and to plant one of larger circumference. This task occupied him for some weeks; then how happy was John to have three house-mates!

The llamas soon became accustomed to his company. Whenever he returned home they sprang to meet him, smelling him to see whether he had brought them something, and when he gave them anything they licked his hand. He milked the mother regularly morning and evening. What with cocoa-nut shells and the larger turtle shells, he had no lack of basins!

John's bricks were now ready for use. He found a loamy kind of earth which formed a substitute for lime. Of a flat stone he made a trowel, and then employed the adult llama as a beast of burden to convey the bricks to the place where he was building his kitchen.

XI.

John did not forget that winter was approaching, but prepared for it to the best of his ability. He provided dried grass as fodder for the llamas, and wood as fuel for himself. He dug up potatoes, and stored them in a convenient place.

With his hay he had some trouble, owing to his ignorance of the fact that if hay is not thoroughly dry when packed it will grow hot, and at last take fire. John was greatly astonished when he saw smoke issuing from his hay. He felt it; it was quite hot! At first he thought that there must be fire inside, although how this should be the case he could not imagine. He then began to unpack the hay, and found nothing but heat and damp. It now occurred to him that damp might be the cause of this heating. He therefore re-dried the hay (thoroughly, this time), and piled it up in a fresh stack, which he roofed with reeds.

It was late in October, and not cold, but there was incessant rain. John had spent a very dull fortnight, going out no more than was absolutely necessary. He recalled the days of his idle school-life, when he had thought reading and writing so tiresome. What would not he now have given for a single book, however 'dry,' or for paper, pens, and ink! He was driven to invent some employment for himself. He had often wished for a lamp and a kettle; now he would try to make those articles! With some moistened clay he set to work, and, after repeated failures, actually succeeded in producing two objects which distinctly resembled a kettle and a lamp. He placed them near the fire, that they might dry gradually. Encouraged by this success, John made other things — pots, pans, and pipkins — his skill, of course, increasing with practice.

Then, as the rain continued, John remembered his intention of making a fishing-net. With some of his twine he patiently practised the art of tying knots, until he became expert in netting. One day, too, he took it into his head to make a bow and arrows. Braving wind and rain, he ran out to procure materials fitted for his purpose — wood hard and strong, yet flexible and springy. He found what he required, but when he came to cut it he sadly felt the lack of a proper knife, with which he could have worked twenty times as quickly. However, he had plenty of time to spare, and within nine days the bow was made, and needed only a string and arrows. For the string John twisted some string as tightly as possible, and, as he had no iron with which to make tips to his arrows, he used for that purpose (as some savages use) large fish-bones and pointed stones. At the other end, the arrows were provided with feathers to assist their flight. He also made a spear.

(Continued on page 402.)

LOOKING-GLASS LAND.

I SOMETIMES travel to a land
Without the aid of ship or train;
I only need to turn my head —
And I am there and back again.

I only go there when 'tis light,
And always know what I shall find;
For, until now, I've always found
The very things I leave behind.

I always meet a little boy,
And he stays with me all the while;
He's just my age, and just as tall,
And always greets me with a smile.

He sometimes makes me rather cross;
He always wants to play my game;
And if I have my newest toy —
He always has the very same.

I cannot read the books he reads:
I wonder how this comes to pass?
Perhaps you've guessed by now — this land
Is called the land of Looking-glass!

Stephen Southwold.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

True Tales of the Year 1812.

VIII. — THE BOYHOOD OF ROBERT BROWNING.

THE year 1912 is the Centenary year of a great poet, one who has done much to mould the thoughts of men, as a great poet always does. Robert Browning was born on May 7th, 1812. Perhaps, to many readers of Chatterbox, he is only a name, just as, for instance, some star which shines in the midnight sky is only a name or a mere point of light to all but the astronomer, who turns his telescope upon it to find that it is a great sun shining in its strength. But when the astronomer tells us that it is a sun, we believe him, because we also believe that he knows.

In the same way, men have called Robert Browning one of the great poets, and such works as 'Sordello,' 'The Ring and the Book,' 'Pippa Passes,' and many others, are spoken of as magnificent works of imagination and deep thought.

But these poems are for older people. Has Browning written anything which young people can comprehend? Yes. Have you not galloped with him 'From Ghent to Aix' to bear the 'Good News'? Cannot you hear the pounding of the good horses' hoofs upon the hard road, and see one and another drop exhausted in his tracks until only a single horse and his rider are left to bear the tidings? I think every boy who reads at all has read that poem.

Then there is the famous 'Pied Piper of Hamelin,' which you will find in so many school reading-books, and that other stirring ballad of heroism, 'Herve Riel.' Surely these are sufficient to prove that the great poet, who is often so difficult to understand, could be splendidly vigorous and simple, and could tell a fine story in a way which even young people can appreciate and enjoy. Indeed, 'The Pied Piper' was actually written for a boy, and a sick boy too. His name was Willie Macready, and he had a talent for drawing, and, as he was confined to the house by illness, the poet wrote for him 'The Pied Piper,' and set him to illustrate it.

Probably Browning remembered his own boyhood, when he, too, loved to draw, for his father only just missed being an artist by profession, and his gift was inherited by his son. But Robert had a greater gift still, which he probably derived from his beautiful mother — he was a boy-poet, and would make rhymes almost as soon as he could walk and talk.

Unfortunately, he took great pains when he reached manhood to destroy all his juvenile attempts, and thus, to our great loss, as I think, we are not able to judge of the boy-poet's early genius, as we are able to judge of the wonderful promise of his great contemporary, Tennyson. But I have no doubt that his early poems were very remarkable, because as soon as he approached manhood he determined, with his father's full consent, to make literature his life-work.

He owed much to his father, who was a kindly and cultured man; but, like most great men, he owed more to his mother. Never did a boy love a mother more dearly and never did a mother more deserve that love and devotion. She was a very good woman, and, from his earliest infancy, she read the Bible to him, and to Browning's intimate knowledge of that Book we are, in our turn, indebted for some of his finest thoughts and images.

He was very fond of animals. It is told of him that, when a very little boy, he would refuse to take his medicine unless he were bribed by the gift of a speckled frog from the strawberry-bed in the garden, and his mother — dear soul! — would go out and search until she found one. But Robert Browning would never hurt any living thing. He did not want the frog in order to torment it. He just wanted to look at its lovely markings and note its webbed feet and its brilliant eyes, and see its little heart beating under its half-transparent skin.

He was so tender-hearted that he could not bear to read of any animal being killed. He had a sister who was two years younger than he, and their dear mother, among many other things, used to read fables to them. One was about the ass which kicked the wicked lion to death, but so sorry was Robert for the poor lion that he hid the book, so that his mother should not read it to them again. There was a story in another book which related the adventures of a parrot which escaped from its cage, and, after enjoying its unaccustomed freedom for a short time, died of hunger and cold. Robert and his sister cried so bitterly over the hard fate of poor Poll that his mother had to invent a happy ending, and tell how the parrot's little mistress coaxed it back to its cage, and fed it with sugar and good things.

Whenever Robert went for a walk he brought home in his pocket — if it were small enough for such narrow quarters — some live creature, and he had quite a little menagerie, which included, from time to time, owls and monkeys, magpies and hedgehogs, an eagle, and even a couple of large snakes! He once discovered a poor cat caught in a trap. He brought the creature home, and his tender mother took the poor thing in her lap, and not only washed its wounds, but actually sewed them up, and nursed puss back to life.

As Tennyson says, 'Happy he with such a mother!' No wonder this tender-hearted boy grew up to be a great and good and large-hearted man, who had a message of splendid courage, and high devotion, and simple goodness to deliver to his fellow-men.

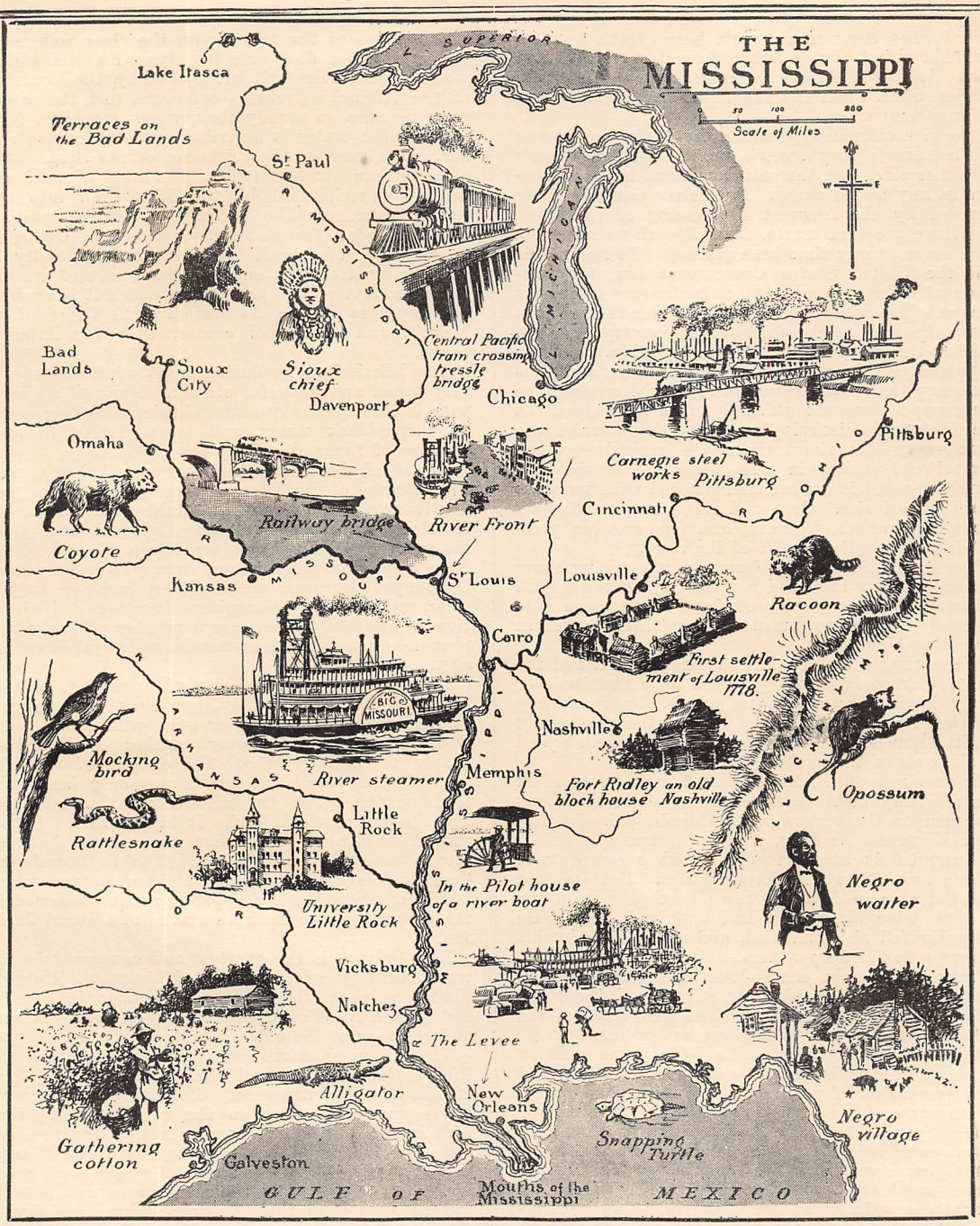
When first he began to understand poetry, Byron was his hero, as Byron was also Tennyson's hero. But a little later he saw a second-hand book of a single poem by Shelley, and he asked his mother to buy it. Not content with this, he asked her to get all the other poems which this great poet had written. But, although Mrs. Browning asked all the booksellers in Camberwell — the London suburb in which the Brownings lived — none of them had even heard Shelley's name! So Mrs. Browning went to the City, and not only got Shelley's works, but also the works of Keats, who was equally little known at that time. In these two poets the boy found constant delight. He read Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale," and that very night, he says, two nightingales sang to him as he lay in bed!

Thus was this boy's great gift fostered and encouraged. We all know that, when he became a man, he married another great poet, Elizabeth Bar-

rett, and their marriage was one of wonderful happiness. Miss Barrett was an invalid, and when Robert was away from her she wrote to him some of the loveliest sonnets in the language.

We have no room to tell of his later life. It was a long time before he made a name for himself outside a small circle, but when he died, at a good old age, all the nation mourned for him, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey among the good and great. When you visit the Abbey be sure that you go to Poets' Corner to see where Tennyson and Browning lie side by side.

A. B. Cooper.



FAMOUS RIVERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

IV. — THE MISSISSIPPI.

IN North America, between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies, run the Mississippi or Great River, and its principal affluent — almost part and parcel of itself — the Missouri or Big Muddy River. When the length of these streams is measured, they are regarded as one after their confluence, and the entire course is reckoned as four thousand two hundred miles.

The Mississippi rises in Lake Itasca, in the State of Minnesota — a lake which has numerous feeders

—and when the infant stream issues forth from its source it is but twelve feet wide and about two feet deep. It soon, however, enlarges, and receives tributaries which swell it, even in its earlier stages, to an important river.

The rich alluvial land along the banks are known as 'bottoms'; they stretch for a good many miles on either side, and the soft black soil is as productive as any in the world. But cultivation is greatly impeded by the frequent overflowing of the river, and there are vast tracts, covered with wood, which have never at any time been planted. To lessen this evil the United States Government has, for hundreds of miles, erected high embankments known as 'levees.' The river and the embankments are often above the level of the surrounding country.

After the Mississippi becomes navigable its course is frequently hindered by rapids and falls, and it is necessary that experienced pilots should conduct the numerous steamboats which ply upon its waters. In the States of Mississippi and Louisiana, which are bounded by the river, there are extensive cotton plantations, whilst in the latter State the wet marshy ground is drained and planted with immense quantities of rice. Corn and fruit, too, are largely produced, oranges, bananas, and figs growing plentifully towards the mouth of the river.

The cotton-fields were formerly worked by slave labour, but now the freed negroes have taken up the industry, and some coloured farmers are even able to employ white workmen to help them to get in their abundant crops.

When the pods of the cotton plants burst, and the soft downy contents are gathered by a multitude of ready hands, the cotton is pressed by machinery into large bales, and sent by boat to the great ports of St. Louis and New Orleans, there to be shipped to all parts of the world.

It was not until 1542—almost fifty years after the discovery of America—that a white man first looked upon the waters of the Mississippi. In that year Hernando de Soto, a Spanish traveller, made his way to its banks, together with a company of priests and others who followed him. But De Soto was not able to do much more than gaze upon the strange, wide stream he had happened upon. He presently fell sick and died, and was buried by his followers in the deep waters of the Mississippi.

Long afterwards came Joliet, a merchant, and Marquette, a priest, who not only found the river, but entered into friendly relations with some of the Indians living in the wilds upon its borders.

Later still a Frenchman, Le Salle, came cruising in search of new lands along the broad stream, and took possession of much of the territory he found, in the name of his master, the King of France.

The Spanish and the French, with varying fortunes, colonised the banks of the Mississippi for many years: and their descendants, particularly the French-speaking Creoles, remain in St. Louis and New Orleans to this day. But in 1803 the Emperor Napoleon sold the territory of Louisiana to the American Government, and the States of Missouri, Mississippi, and Louisiana are now in the United States.

The principal tributaries of the Mississippi, besides the Missouri, are the Ohio, the Red River, and the Arkansas. The Missouri, as its name implies, is a thick and muddy stream. For a good way after the junction of the two rivers, the clear waters of the Mississippi flow side by side with the turbid waves of the Missouri, but by-and-by the clearness of the original current is overcome, and the whole river becomes so muddy that, when it reaches New Orleans, the water is described as being of the colour, and almost of the thickness, of pea-soup.

More than six hundred million tons of mud are annually precipitated by the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. The result is, that the coast is being extended, though very, very slowly. Owing to the quantity of deposit the river has a difficulty in discharging itself, but engineers have created a number of outlets called 'passes,' by which it is enabled at length to mingle its waters with the Gulf of Mexico, and thence, of course, with the Atlantic Ocean.

The Mississippi is, during most of its course, a very broad and powerful stream. Much of its later path is through heavy swamp-lands, with deep pools of purple-black water, and trees clothed in long wreaths of funereal-looking moss.

The chief cities upon the river are St. Louis, near the entrance of the Missouri; and New Orleans, not far from the mouth in the Gulf. St. Louis was founded by a French fur-trader, who named it after his sovereign, King Louis the Ninth of France. It is a very large trading and manufacturing centre, built upon terraces, with a long frontage to the river, and with many considerable public and educational buildings. There are a number of parks and pleasure-grounds, and numerous railways enter the city.

New Orleans, the chief city of Louisiana, used to be called the Crescent City, because of its crescent-like bending round the river upon which it is built. Now it has extended over another bend, and is shaped like the letter S. The climate of New Orleans is damp and hot; it is not only below the level of the river, but also below that of Lake Pontchartrain, which flanks it in the rear. Levees protect the inhabitants from the waters, but the low situation is not healthy. The Cathedral and Court-houses are fronted by Jackson Square, which is laid out with trees and paths, and ornamented in the centre by an equestrian statue of General Jackson.

New Orleans is the greatest cotton market in the world, with the one exception of Liverpool. Its population is very mixed: negroes, Spaniards, French, and French-speaking Creoles occupying whole streets and quarters of the older portion of the town.

There is much mirth and colour and gaiety in the life of New Orleans, and the people are very fond of show and amusement. The markets are very interesting here owing to the varied nationalities. Fish is excellent and of great variety; and the best coffee in the world is to be had in New Orleans, while fruit is everywhere plentiful and of good quality. Orange groves in their fragrance and beauty, and bananas with their sweeping leaves and heavy clusters of fruit, adorn the public parks.

A very beautiful description of the scenery upon the Upper Mississippi is to be found in Longfellow's well-known poem, 'Evangeline.' Allowing something for the glamour cast by the poet's imagination, there still remains a great deal that is true to the observation of other travellers. The islands and magnolia groves of the swiftly-rushing stream do

actually exist just as when the exiled maiden and her companions sailed from their Arcadian home into the untried regions beyond.

There is a great future before the Mississippi River; more and more the lands on its banks are being drained and brought under cultivation, and the inexhaustible resources of nature, as they come gradually under the control of man, cannot fail to add to the well-being of not only the American people, but the whole world.

'HOME, SWEET HOME!'

CATS, as we know them, are averse to water, but their love of home is very strong. When, a short time ago, the Pacific liner, Ortega, reached Liverpool, its crew had a story to tell about the pet pussy. While the ship was at Valparaiso, discharging her cargo into barges, the cat availed herself of the opportunity to make a short excursion. She left the ship that was her home, and for a time sat in the sunshine on one of the barges. Perhaps she fell asleep; anyhow, the ship cast off without her. When the cat found that she was left behind, her love of home proved stronger than her fear of the water, for, uttering a shrill cry, she jumped off the barge, and swam to the liner. Her friends promptly let down a rope, but poor pussy could not get a proper hold, and was forced to swim back towards the barge. Then a boat was lowered, and the pet was rescued and brought safely home. E. D.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

COUNTRY children in Germany have a pretty custom, which some of our little ones in this country might like to imitate. They give the birds a Christmas-tree as a treat. The gardener, or some other grown-up person, selects a strong young fir-tree, cuts off the lower branches, and plants the tree firmly in the lawn or flower-bed near the house, where the children can watch it from the windows.

Then comes the children's task, that of decorating the tree. Small cases of coloured paper are attached to the branches securely with string, and filled with seed, crumbs, and bits of fruit and potato. Here and there a piece of stale bread is hung by a string, elsewhere a head of lettuce or some other green vegetable, and small glass jars, such as empty honey or vaseline jars, are filled with water. The little feathered guests soon find out the feast, and it is pretty to see their delight, especially if there is snow on the ground and food is scarce. The space round the trees should be swept clean, so that any crumbs or seed which are scattered can be easily picked up by the birds. Of course the food and water are to be renewed as fast as they are cleared off. A. G. Cuthbert.

PRINCE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

HE was not a prince amongst men, nor yet in appearance amongst dogs, for he was a mongrel, a yellow, rough-coated mongrel. This sorry fact, however, did not worry Prince, for, although he was not born great, nor yet had greatness thrust upon him, he aspired to greatness, and that was a noble thing for a mongrel to do in a neighbourhood full of well-bred and highly-pedigreed dogs.

Prince had lived with his master ever since he was a puppy; he was bought as an Irish terrier, and, though he terribly disappointed the hopes of the family as regards his looks, he had many good qualities, and was for many years considered as quite one of the family.

Every morning Prince went with his master's daughter to the station, some ten minutes' walk, with such regularity that his bark was almost the signal for various householders to rise and for maids to set their clocks.

On the way he would call for a few chosen friends, and these aristocratic dogs forgot their high degrees, and humbly followed Prince and his companion, not daring to walk before or in the same line.

About half-way Prince would invariably turn round and send the dogs back one by one, so that when the station was reached Prince was alone with his young mistress, and waited until she was safely in the train before retracing his steps.

Occasionally a fresh arrival was foolish enough to contest the point with him, and tried to proceed the whole way; then there would be a fight, and that dog was called for no more.

One foggy morning Prince accompanied his mistress as usual to the station, but, instead of waiting with her on the platform, he seemed in a restless frame of mind, and wandered off a short distance on the lines. In a few moments he came back barking furiously; the station-master and the porter got quite annoyed, and his mistress ordered him to return home at once, but it was of no avail — Prince only barked the more, and kept running to the edge of the platform and back.

This behaviour at last aroused the porter's suspicions, and, though the train was almost due, he decided to go and see for himself what was the cause of the dog's excitement.

Accordingly Prince led the way, his mistress and the porter following.

The fog was very dense, and they could see but a little way in front of them; but, on reaching Prince, they found him standing by a little girl, who lay right across a line over which the coming train would run; a basket lay near, the contents all scattered.

The little girl was lifted up, and found to be quite dazed; there was a deep bruise right across her forehead. They carried her to the warm fire of the waiting-room and tended her wound, and presently she was able to tell her rescuers how, when crossing the line, she stumbled and fell owing to the fog, and remembered nothing more.

The child was taking breakfast to her father, who was working some distance up the line, and she was greatly distressed when she realised she had not reached him.

The story, of course, soon got abroad, and won many friends for the little girl, who had had such a narrow escape of her life; and as for Prince, who was the means of saving her, well, one has only to look at him to know that he is fully conscious that he is a hero, and has nobly earned the proud title of 'Prince.' E. J. Skeaping.

"They found him standing by a little girl."

"She flung the watch out of the window."

SCARED BY A WATCH.

IN the days of Mr. Allen, a reputed sorcerer (who died in 1630), watches were not so common as they are now. At Home Lacy, in Herefordshire, lived a maid who had never seen one. While Mr. Allen was staying in the house, it was this maid's duty to make his bed and tidy his room. One day, when, as usual, she came in to do her work, she heard something saying 'tick, tick, tick.' Whatever could it be?

Of course it was the watch belonging to the old gentleman, who had left it lying about near the window. The maid was dreadfully frightened, thinking that it must contain an evil spirit. Catching hold of the string with a pair of tongs, she flung the watch out of the window, intending to drown the demon in the moat below. Fortunately, however, the string caught on a sprig of elder which grew out of the moat; so Mr. Allen was able to recover his watch.

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Continued from page 394.)

AS soon as the lamp and kettle were dry, John naturally desired to make use of them; but now he suffered a disappointment. He put some fat, taken from a llama which he had killed (not, of course, one of his own three pets), into a pipkin to melt, thinking that it might serve instead of oil for the lamp. But the melted grease, penetrating the clay vessel, was wasted.

'How is it,' John asked himself, 'that the clay utensils made in Europe do not thus absorb their contents? Oh, I know! Of course it is because they are glazed. Now, how can I glaze my vessels?'

For some time he pondered. 'I remember to have heard that other substances than sand can be changed into glass by means of a strong fire. The pans and things must be put into a glowing oven; then, when the clay begins to melt, before it actually turns into glass, it must be taken out. Anyhow, I will try.'

So John made a tremendous fire and put into the midst of it one of his pipkins, which soon burst. 'How is this?' he thought. 'Ah! I remember that if in the winter we set a glass of hot water on the stove to warm, it would burst; but if we placed it there before the stove was hot, or put a sheet of paper beneath it, so as not to expose it too suddenly to the heat, it would not break.'

He made a second trial. This time the pipkin did not burst, but neither did it become glazed. 'How is this?' said John again. 'The fire seemed hot enough; what can be the reason of my failure? Perhaps the fire ought to be enclosed in an oven instead of burning in the open air. I will try to construct a melting-furnace.' But for this he had to await more suitable weather.

It was still very wet, and not until after two months did the rain abate. John thought then that the winter would set in, but the winter was already past. In that tropical climate it is never really cold, and such winter as there is is marked by nothinng worse than heavy rains.

John's delight equalled his surprise when he saw so soon the signs of returninng spring.

XII.

By now, as we have seen, most of John's needs had been supplied. He had fish, meat, potatoes, salt, fire, the means of making butter and cheese, a fairly comfortable dwelling, a bow and arrows. With respect to one requisite, however, he was very badly off. His clothes were falling into tatters. The climate, indeed, was a mild one, but the mosquitoes, with which the island swarmed, made clothes indispensable. John's face and hands suffered severely from mosquito-stings.

More and more, too, he suffered from home-sickness, which was far worse to bear than the physical discomfort caused by the troublesome insects. How he wished for a ship to bear him back to Europe! Often he lingered on the shore, scanning the distant horizon, in the hope of catching some glimpse of a sail. Sometimes he would be deceived by a small cloud, imagining it to be a ship; and when he discovered his mistake, he shed tears of bitter disappointment.

In case a vessel should pass the island at a time when he was out of the way, John erected a signal on the little promontory. This signal consisted of a pole, from which fluttered a flag, which John had made from one of his shirts.

His greatest need now was shoes and stockings. Since the rain had ceased, the mosquitoes had been much worse than before, and John's face, hands, and feet were frightfully swollen. Unless he had further protection, he could neither work by day nor sleep at night. He could think of no other available material than llama-skin. From this he cut out with his stone knife some shoes and stockings, in which he drilled small holes, so that he could lace them together on his feet and legs with twine. They were not very comfortable, for the hard leather chafed his skin, but this discomfort was preferable to the mosquito stings. For his face John made a sort of leather mask, and it then occurred to him to make himself a complete suit of skin. Having no needle, he was obliged to make the garments in separate pieces, which, like the shoes and stockings, were laced together with twine.

John now presented such a comical appearance that he could not help laughing when he first saw his own reflection in the brook. From head to foot he was clothed in llama-skin; at his side was a rude stone axe, in his right hand a spear as tall again as himself, in his left hand an umbrella of plaited cocoa-nut leaves. At his back were bow and arrows and a hunting-pouch; on his head was a basket covered with rough skin.

(Concluded on page 411.)

JUMPING BEANS.

YOU may have noticed among articles offered for sale at a bazaar some curious little three-cornered objects that keep hopping about as if alive. They are called Jumping Beans, though really they are not beans at all, as you can tell by their shape. They are the fruit of a tree growing in Mexico, four of the so-called 'beans' forming one fruit, which splits open and divides as it dries. While the fruit is still young and soft, a tiny caterpillar eats its way through the skin to the inside and takes possession. It gradually eats out the whole of the inside of the fruit, and of course grows larger. Meanwhile the skin has hardened into a thin but strong shell, and

the fruit having divided has fallen to the ground. The caterpillar is thus shut into a strong prison of its own food.

Mexico being a very hot country, it will make a difference to the temperature of the shell whether it falls into a shady nook or is left out in the open, exposed to the sun. Now, though the caterpillar cannot see through the walls of its little house, instinct leads it to try to get into some sheltered spot where it will not be trodden on or disturbed. The only way it can do this is by knocking its head against the top of the shell and falling forward whenever it feels the warmth of the sun. It takes a long while to get over the ground in this way, at the rate of a quarter of an inch each 'jump,' but by dint of perseverance a safe retreat will generally be found: the seed will eventually burst and grow. The caterpillar then turns into a chrysalis, which develops into a pretty little brown moth that lays its eggs on the leaves of the same tree.

THE BEASTS OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN.

VII. — THE STORY OF THE STONE LILIES.

OUR interest in fossil animals is twofold: in the first place they throw unexpected light on the animals and plants of the world countless ages ago, and in the second because of the no less unexpected light they shed on the underlying facts regarding the plants and animals of to-day. The more ancient the rocks we examine, the more lowly become the types of life they reveal. That is to say, if we examine the fossil-bearing rocks in order from the latest to the oldest formations, we meet more and more unfamiliar types of living things, though, curiously enough, the whole way down the series, right to the very earliest known fossil-bearing rocks, we are constantly coming across remains which differ rather in degree than in kind from creatures now living. This is more especially true of the lowlier forms of life, as we have seen already in the case of the molluscs and the crabs and their kindred. In the present chapter we propose to give a brief survey of the ancestors of the star-fishes and sea-urchins, with which most readers of Chatterbox have made a first-hand acquaintance when spending the summer holidays at the seaside.

Of the fossil star-fish and sea-urchins we need say but little, for though remains of these creatures are found in rocks of immense age, they differ, strange to say, in degree rather than in kind from species still living. Of the ancestral types we can give no more than a very brief outline, since any attempt to describe them fully would be long, difficult, and very technical. One of the most interesting of these very old types is that known as Edrioaster, which, as will be seen in the illustration, looks something like a very lean star-fish sprawling over a ball of stone. However, the sprawling 'legs' and the stony sphere they grasp are all parts of one and the same animal. The 'legs' were peculiarly grooved and modified to serve as food-channels, for these curious creatures could not eat solid food like their descendants, but fed on minute particles of animal matter, which were brought to the grooves and transferred to the mouth by the action of tiny, rapidly-moving, bristle-like structures known as 'cilia,' whose movements set up currents of water bearing the necessary food-particles. The ball which these legs appear to grasp represents the body-wall, and was pierced by small holes to take in water for breathing purposes.

Nearly related to this strange animal were the cystids and the blastoids. The last-named were creatures very like, in a general way, to the crinoids or sea-lilies. The cystids, or crystal apples, as they have been called, had a wider range of form than the blastoids. Some were globe-shaped or globular, some pear-shaped, while in others the globular body bore a number of short arms, and was supported on a long stalk.

That the beautiful and flower-like sea-lilies, or crinoids, are directly descended either from the blastoids, or cystids, is more than we can positively say. Most probably all these are descended from one common stock. How it is that the blastoids and cystids became extinct long ages ago, while the sea-lilies have survived to the present day — though few in species and small in size — we cannot even guess. Time was when they must have covered great areas of sea-bottom, like corn in a cornfield, for the immense masses of their remains formed, in course of time, solid rocks of tremendous thickness, which provide us to-day with some of our most beautiful marbles. How immensely ancient these creatures are may be gathered from the fact that they swarmed throughout the Cambrian, the Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous ages — that is to say, throughout long ages, whose duration in years is beyond human calculation. Then they dwindled in numbers, but a remnant, nevertheless, as we know, has survived to the present day; and the period of these less glorious days is probably as immense as that during which they were in their prime.

The discovery during the eighteenth century that the sea-lilies had survived to our own times made an immense stir in the scientific world. The first specimens obtained were from the deep water off Martinique, in the West Indies, and since then specimens have been obtained from various distant parts of the world, and always from very deep water. But curiously enough, while we were searching the oceans of the world for further specimens of these wonderful 'living fossils,' an English naturalist, Vaughan Thompson, so long ago as 1836, found in the sea at Queenstown, Ireland, at our very gates, a living Enerinite of a very remarkable kind. To begin with, it was the smallest member of its kind, not exceeding a quarter of an inch in length.

This was a sufficiently astonishing discovery, but more was yet to come. Vaughan Thompson found that as the body of his little 'Pentacrinus,' as he named it, grew larger, its stalk grew smaller and finally vanished, so that at last the body was free to swim away propelled by the long arms — and lo! that body was at once recognised as that of the well-known 'Feather Star-fish!'

When Vaughan Thompson first told his story, no one would believe it. The Royal Society refused to publish it. But the unbelievers were speedily convinced when they made the experiment of breeding little Pentacrini in glass jars from the eggs of the Feather-star. As soon as they came to look closely into the matter, they found — what a little observation of the curiously 'feathered' arms and finger-like roots at the base of the under surface of the body, should have shown them long before — that the feather star-fish was not a star-fish at all, but

a free-swimming sea-lily. And all the time, as Sir Ray Lankester in recounting this most interesting story remarks, that the naturalists of two hundred and fifty years ago were disputing as to the real nature of the dead star-lilies found in the rocks, little stone-lilies a quarter of an inch long were being abundantly produced every year, close to hand, in the sea on the rocky shores of England and France, and in the Mediterranean!

W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S.

THE TABLES TURNED.

THE TABLES TURNED.

EVERY morning Mr. Turkey
Strutted proudly round about —
Vain was he and very perky,
There is not the smallest doubt.

'Gobble, gobble!' was his greeting;
Freddie Jones the sound could hear —
Pit-a-pat his heart was beating,
Blanched his rosy cheeks with fear.

Fluffy showed her strong objection;
Very ruffled cat was she;
Freddie fled in one direction,
Pussy scrambled up a tree.

Mr. Turkey, void of pity,
Dearly loved to cause affright;
'Gobble, gobble!' haunted Kitty,
Even in her dreams that night.

Came a day when Mr. Turkey
In the larder hung his head;
Puss and Freddie now were perky,
For their fears of him had fled.

Such a feast next day had Freddie,
When 'twas cooked by Mrs. Jones,
Pussy too was more than ready
To enjoy the turkey bones!

Marian Isabel Hurrell.

A LESSON IN UNSELFISHNESS.

'WELL, of all the greedy boys —' began Elsie.

'Oh, Jack always does that,' put in Frank, in a very disgusted tone.

'Of course he does,' said Mary.

It was tea-time in the schoolroom, and there had been an extra piece of cake which Jack claimed because he was the eldest; this was always his excuse when taking any unfair advantage, and they were all in the midst of an angry discussion when the door opened and Uncle Will quietly entered the room.

'What is the matter now?' asked Uncle, observing the angry faces and signs of recent disturbance.

'Oh, it is the same old trouble,' answered Frank. 'Jack thinks he has a right to anything that is left over instead of dividing as we others would do. It isn't a bit fair.'

'Now, Uncle, it is just this way,' began Jack; but Uncle shook his head and declined to hear anything further.

'If you have all finished tea,' Uncle said, 'I want to tell you a story, but first of all I must tell you how very grieved and sorry I am to know that four of the most fortunate and happy children I know should so far forget themselves as to quarrel, and say unkind things to each other; the root of the whole trouble is really this — that self is put first. Now listen!

'As I was passing through town on my way here, I stepped inside a well-lit confectioner's shop to make a few purchases; I was glad of the brief shelter from the cold and rain, for outside the air was bitterly cold. The attendant in the shop was busy tying up my parcel, when I happened to glance towards the shop-window, and there, with white pinched faces pressed to the glass, stood two little ragged boys, their eyes glistening at the sight of the good things which they might not taste.

'My parcel was handed to me,' continued Uncle, 'and I said "Please make me up two separate parcels of buns and plain cakes, the same quantity in each bag." This was done, but one bag appeared much larger than the other, though they were of equal value.

'I went outside and found the boys in the same position, heeding nothing, but still feasting in imagination; I called to them and them came in a listless, dazed kind of way, shivering with cold and hunger.

'"Now, my boys," I said, as cheerily as I could, "I have two parcels for you from the shop you have been looking at, but one bag is bigger than the other; to whom shall I give the bigger bag?" The poor little chaps looked at one another, and then at me, as though they could hardly believe their own ears; then the one that I took to be the elder said, with a sob in his throat, "Please, sir, give it Bill, 'cos he's lame."'

Uncle's voice was very husky as he spoke the last few words, and he felt two arms thrown round his neck, and Jack's voice brokenly cried, 'Oh, Uncle, I will never be greedy again, and because I am the eldest I will try my hardest to put self last.'

E. J. Skeaping.

THE LAW OF FINDING.

THERE is little or no truth in the popular idea that finding is keeping; it is the duty of any person who finds money, or an article of jewellery, or anything else that is valuable, to discover if he can the person who has lost it. If you keep something that you have found or picked up in the street and you know who the owner of it is you are a thief, and are guilty of theft unless you restore it to that person. Supposing you find (as one does occasionally) some money in coins, and you do not now who has lost the money, then you are perfectly justified in keeping it, because no one has a greater right to it than you have. But supposing you have found a purse and there is a person just in front of you who has probably lost it, then it is your duty to ask that person if he has lost anything; and if the reply is that he has lost his purse, you can then ask him to describe it, and if what he says corresponds to the description of the purse and its contents, you must restore it to him. If you find money in coins it is of course nearly impossible for the owner to identify it. Supposing you find a gold sovereign lying on the ground, and in front of you is a man who may have dropped it, do not ask him if he has lost a sovereign, but ask him if he has lost any money; if he answers yes, but cannot tell you the amount, you will be quite justified in keeping the money, because he is probably not telling the truth. If you find a jewel or a bank-note, you should tell the police or advertise the discovery; then if they are not claimed you are entitled to keep them.

A man in a small town once found a sovereign, and let it be known that he would return it to the owner; half-a-dozen people came forward to claim the lost coin, and to all of them he put the question, 'What was the colour of the paper it was wrapped up in?' One answered blue, another red, another white, another black, another green, another brown, another yellow, until at last one claimant replied, 'The coin I lost wasn't wrapped up in paper at

all.' Then said the finder, 'The money is yours, for you are the true owner.'

Many years ago a little chimney-sweeper was lucky enough to find a very valuable jewel. He took it to a jeweller's to have it valued. The jeweller, who was a wicked and dishonest man, tried to take advantage of the boy's youth and inexperience, and offered him three-halfpence for it, which the chimney-sweeper, who was a smart lad, declined, and demanded his prize back. The jeweller, finding himself baulked in getting the jewel for nothing, refused to return it to the boy, who nothing daunted went to law with him and won his case, the judge saying, 'You have fairly found this jewel, and nobody except the real owner has a better title to it than yourself; till he shall appear you may keep it against all the world.' G. D. Lynch.

GILLIAN'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

'MOTHER, can't we have a Christmas-tree?' asked Gillian Derwent, one December day, standing by the table, where her widowed mother sat painting Christmas cards, in a shabby sitting-room at Seacombe, a small South-coast watering-place, where they were spending the winter, for the sake of Mrs. Derwent's health. The town was famed for its mild climate and sunny aspect, but since the Derwents came, a month ago, the weather had been most inclement. The house where they lodged overlooked a strip of garden — bare and flowerless now — and the muddy road that skirted the beach. It was a pretty enough spot in summer, when the sunshine danced on blue waves and silver sands, and the rows of brick villas along the front were crowded with visitors; but it was very bleak and dreary now: the clouds hung low over the hills that formed a semi-circle behind the bay, and leaden foam-crested waves broke on the shore.

Mrs. Derwent raised her pretty pale face from her work, and put her arm round Gillian, as she replied: 'I am afraid not, Jill; we have very little money, and there are so many things that must be paid for — food and fire and warm clothes and the rent. I do not see how I can possibly afford a Christmas-tree. You have the sea to amuse you instead this year.'

Jill looked rather discontentedly at the grey tumbling waves, and said: 'But, Mother, the sea has nothing to do with Christmas, and it is not so nice in winter when one can't bathe or go in a boat, or even play on the sands. Could we have a tiny tree? I will make paper ornaments for it, and if anybody should send us presents, we could hang them on it.'

Tears filled her mother's blue eyes. It was the first Christmas that she had been obliged to deny her children at least a few simple pleasures, and she felt a pang of regret for their North-country home among the pines.

A kind friend there always sent the little Derwents a Christmas-tree. Their father had been a doctor at Woodfell, a large village, and though they were far from rich, they had been very happy in their pretty home till the previous January, when Dr. Derwent was killed by a fall from his horse, one stormy night. Mrs. Derwent had been brought up by a wealthy aunt, as she was an orphan from babyhood; and this Mrs. Mortimer was her only near relative, and had been so angry when her niece insisted on marrying the young doctor, instead of a rich suitor chosen by the elder lady, that she never wrote or spoke to her after her marriage. Now the young widow was left with three children to bring up on very small means: twelve-year-old Gillian, Bertie, who was nine, and Baby Phyllis, who was only three.

'Christmas-trees are expensive here,' Mrs. Derwent said gently. 'I looked at some yesterday, hoping I might be able to buy one, though we never dreamt of doing so at Woodfell, where Mr. Saile always sent us a nice young fir.'

'Oh, I wish we were back there!' cried Jill. 'I don't though — I forgot that Seacombe is to make you well. I won't say another word about a tree.'

'That's my brave Jill! We must find something nice to do on Christmas Eve instead of it, and now suppose you and Bertie put on your things and go for a walk. It will do you good, and as Baby is asleep, you had better not wake her, especially as it is rather cold for her to go out.'

Gillian got her well-worn fur cap and winter coat and helped chubby Bertie to put on his outdoor garments. Then the pair set out. Mother said they had better go inland, as it was so damp near the sea, so they climbed the hill behind their house, and soon reached a handsome place, shut in by iron gates, through which Jill's quick eyes caught a glimpse of a shrubbery full of firs.

'Oh, Bertie, look! Lovely trees just like those Mr. Saile used to send us. I wish we could have one. There are such a number, I'm sure a wee tree would not be missed!' and Jill looked wistful.

'Suppose we go and ask for one,' suggested Bertie, boldly.

'Oh, we couldn't! It is rude to ask for things, and Mother would be so vexed,' replied Jill, but she drew close to the gate, and peeped in, just as a richly-dressed old lady, leaning on a golden-headed stick, and surrounded by several white dogs, came down the avenue. Bertie loved animals, and was so charmed with the little creatures that he pushed open the gate and ran in, but the old lady exclaimed sharply: 'Now then, be off! How dare you come in? I don't allow children here.'

Jill flushed hotly, as she drew Bertie away, and the small boy remarked audibly: 'What a cross old woman! I don't like her.'

'Hush, Bertie. We ought not to have peeped in at her gate; but every one was pleased if we ran in to see them at Woodfell, and I forgot it was different here. Oh, I do wish we could go back.'

On their return, Jill told her mother of their adventure, asking if she did not think the old lady was very unkind.

'Hardly that, dear; she was not very civil, certainly; but many people dislike children, and we are strangers here. You must never go inside any one's gates unless you are specially invited.'

'Very well, Mother,' said Jill, and just then Phyllis woke from her afternoon nap, and as it was getting dusk, Mother put by her painting and got their tea.

For the next week the children walked daily past the big house on the hill — either the dogs or the fir-trees had an attraction for them — but they never ventured near the gates, though they saw the old lady and her pets on the road several times, and she always stared sharply at them.

(Concluded on page 410.)

"'I don't allow children here!'"

"'It is one of the cross lady's dogs.'"

GILLIAN'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

(Concluded from page 407.)

ON Christmas Eve, Mrs. Derwent told the children to go and gather some ivy to eke out the pennyworth of holly she had bought for Christmas decorations. Jill remembered that beyond the 'Cross Lady's House' there was a copse where plenty of ivy grew, and she took Bertie there. It was a mild, sunny day, very unlike the Christmas weather of the North,

As they were busy getting the ivy, they heard piteous cries, and running in the direction of the sound they found a white dog lying whining on the ground, one paw badly crushed and torn, its fluffy coat matted and dirty.

'It is one of the Cross Lady's dogs. Poor little thing! we must take it home,' said Jill, kneeling beside the animal, and shuddering at the sight of its wounded paw.

'I'm afraid to go to her house. She will be angry,' said Bertie.

'We can't leave the poor dog here to die. It can't walk, and it's very weak. I must carry it.' said Jill, lifting the animal tenderly. Then, bidding her brother carry the basket of ivy, she went back to the great gates, and rang the bell very timidly.

A pleasant-faced woman came out of the lodge. 'Dear me, if that isn't Snowball! Where did you find him?' she exclaimed. 'Mistress will be glad. He was lost for two days. You found him in the wood? He must have got caught in a trap, and managed to pull his leg out. Come up to the house and tell the lady all about it.'

'I — I'd rather not, please. Will you take the dog and tell the lady we found him in the wood, and as his paw was so bad, I carried him home. I knew he belonged to this house — — '

'Because we saw him with the old lady the day she turned us from the gate,' interrupted Bertie, to Jill's dismay. 'I'm not going to see her — she scolded me.'

'She won't scold you now, little man. She will be pleased to get the dog. Come, I will go up too, and explain to Mistress,' said the kind woman, taking the child's hand, and leading him up the long avenue, while Jill walked beside her with the dog in her arms. They were shown into a beautiful room where the old lady sat by the fire with two other dogs at her feet, and there was a chorus of exclamations and barks, when the lodge-woman entered with the children and Snowball.

'You are a kind little girl to bring the dog home,' the old lady said, looking sharply at Jill. 'He would have died if he had been another night out in the wood. I suppose he went to hunt rabbits and got hurt. I think you are the children I sent away from the gate the other day. I dare say you meant no harm, but I don't like people hanging about the place. What were you looking at?'

'Please, the Christmas-trees (I — I mean the fir-trees), they remind me of the ones we used to have at home. We can't have one this year, because we are very poor now, but I just wanted to look at the trees.'

'As you were so kind to Snowball, I shall tell the gardener to take up a nice young fir for you. Where do you live. You are strangers here, I know. Tell me your name? You are so like a little girl I used to be very fond of!' said the old lady with a faint sigh.

'I am Gillian Derwent, but every one calls me Jill, because Mother is Gillian too. We used to live in Fellshire, but Father died and Mother was ill, so we came here for the winter.'

'Did your mother ever mention her Aunt Phyllis?' asked the old lady in great agitation.

'Oh, yes. Baby is called after her, and Mother often cries because Aunt Phyllis never, never writes to her — not even when Father died! Oh, please, what is the matter?' as the old lady rose to her feet, white and trembling.

'I am your Great-aunt Phyllis,' she said. 'Take me to your mother, child. I must order the carriage,' and a few minutes later the children were rolling by the 'Cross Lady's' side along the sea-road, and soon drew up at 'Myrtle Cottage,' where Mrs. Derwent could hardly believe her eyes when she saw who her visitor was.

'I have found you at last, Gillian, and I hope you will forgive me,' the old woman said. 'I have been sorry I was so harsh with you for many years, but I was too proud to take the first step towards making friends, and as I was abroad last year I did not hear of your husband's death. I left London long ago, and took a place here, but I am a lonely old woman, and I hope you and the children will make your home with me. You have some affection for me still, I think, as I hear the youngest is called Phyllis. Will you forgive me and come?'

'Oh, Aunt, how thankful I shall be to do so!' Mrs. Derwent said, bursting into tears.

'Come, dry your eyes, and get ready. We must get back at once, if Jill is to have her Christmas-tree this evening!' said Aunt Phyllis hastily.

And so it happened that Gillian had her wish and they spent a happy Christmas with the 'Cross Lady' and the little white dogs.

Maud G. Sargent.

THE ORIGIN OF CANADIAN WHEAT.

CANADIAN wheat (which makes a much larger and lighter loaf than English wheat does) had what we may call an accidental origin. An early settler, named Fife, sowed on his land a patch of wheat from Danzig, and tended it carefully. At the harvesting there were only a few stray heads among the crop of straw. These the farmer gathered and sowed again, and from them has sprung the wealth of Canada. For a long time these heads were thought to be merely 'sports,' or freaks of Nature, but this was not the case. A few grains of Galician wheat had been amongst that first sown, and those few grains proved to be the ancestors of Canada's now magnificent harvest. The Canadian wheat crop in the year 1911 was the largest in the history of the country.

BIRDS AND MONTHS.

XII. — DECEMBER.

IF a winter walk we take
By the river or the lake,
Geese and ducks of many a kind,
Winter migrants, we shall find.

Pintail, widgeon, shoveller too,
We, if fortunate, may view;
Many other ones with these,
Birds who breed in Artic seas.

Though we may not hear a song,
Let us not the reason wrong —
'Tis the only time when we
Many of these birds may see.

E. M. Haines.

SOME FAMOUS STRATAGEMS.

DURING the American War of Independence, a certain Colonel White, with an army of four men, while resting on the bank of the Ogechee River in Georgia, decided on the capture of a squardron of five armed ships lying in the river, under the command of a Captain French, supported by one hundred marines. With this object in view he 'extended his front' over a considerable distance, and as the shades of night began to fall, caused camp-fires to be lighted, and tents erected at various points along the line of battle. His gallant force of four men worked 'very diligently' to keep these widely-distributed fires well replenished, and before the morning could throw any light on the matter, Colonel White sent a message to Captain French, suggesting that in the face of such an overwhelming force, he might surrender his ships, his men, and himself with honour. Captain French thought so too, and signed away his freedom before action could be taken against him!

During the celebrated siege of Londonderry, Walker, the Governor, on one occasion decided to send a messenger to England to explain the dire necessity of speedy relief. The chances of such a messenger making his way safely through the enemy's lines were extremely small, however dark the night might be or whatever stealth he might practise. It was therefore determined that he should go openly, in daytime, but in the character of a deserter from the garrison. Waiting, therefore, for the best moment, when the attention of the besiegers was upon the gate through which it was arranged for him to 'escape,' he stole softly out with all the air of a fugitive. A moment more and the sentries on the town walls opened fire on him with blank cartridges. He fled under a shower of imaginary bullets, into the enemy's camp, to be received with sympathy, and plied with questions.

In due course, when prudence allowed, he withdrew from the scene of action, and pursued his journey to London. In consequence of the news he bore, Colonel Kirke was dispatched with a squadron to Loch Foyle, finally to raise the siege.

While defending Khartoum, in his last tragic stand against the Mahdi, General Gordon was forced to a strange device in the hope of delaying assault. The throwing up of earthworks was a lengthy undertaking, and before they could have been completed an attack by a small force would have sufficed to capture the town. The General, therefore, stretched around his defences a large quantity of cotton cloth, dyed to resemble the colour of freshly raised embankments, and as these were, fortunately, only viewed from a distance, they saved him for a time.

John Lea.

A GERMAN CRUSOE.

(Concluded from page 402.)

THUS equipped, John resumed his pottery-manufacture. He made his oven, and had another try at glazing. The pots and pipkins were put in, and the oven thoroughly heated by a fire which was kept up until evening, and then allowed to die out gradually. When John examined his things he found them all in the same condition as when he put them in, with the exception of one pipkin which was glazed at the bottom.

'This is strange,' reflected John. 'All were made of the same clay, all subjected to the same degree of heat, yet only one is glazed.' Then he remembered that there had been a few grains of salt in this particular pipkin when he had placed it in the oven. Now, he thought, he had at last discovered the secret, and the next day, by using salt, he hoped to glaze all his pottery.

But the next day John was very ill. When he felt the fever coming on, he pulled himself together, and managed to carry to the side of his couch some water in turtle-shells, and as many lemons as he had by him.

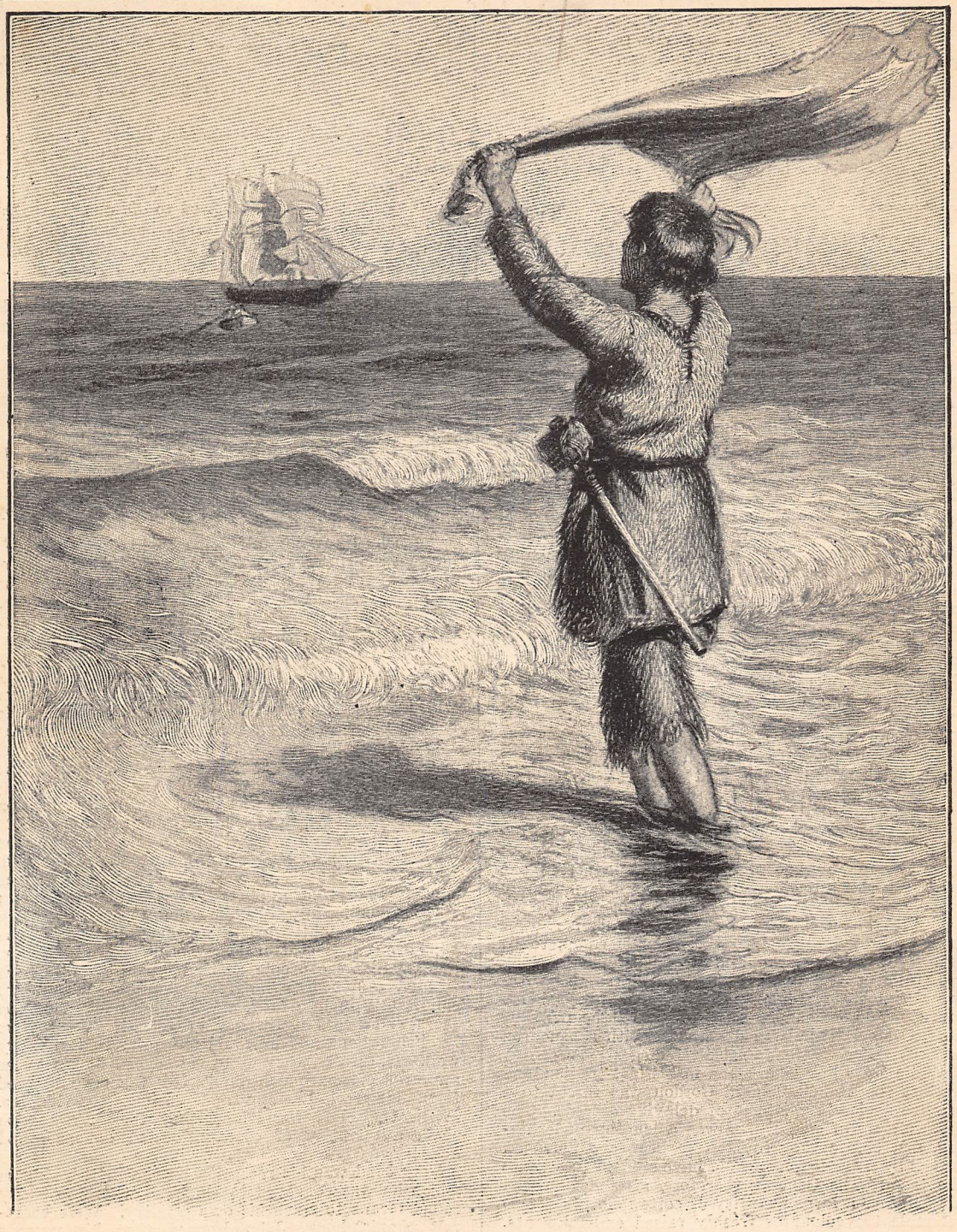
Then he threw himself down on his bed, and soon lost consciousness. Exactly how long he lay thus, he never knew. When he came to himself, he was thankful for the water and the lemon-juce; and, after drinking, fell asleep. After two more days, the fever entirely left him; then, although very weak, he was just able to crawl out of bed and fetch a fresh supply of water.

The stores which he had laid in, for the winter which did not come, proved very useful to John while he was recovering from the fever. For some time he was not strong enough to exert himself much, and went out only for an occasional quiet stroll along the beach.

One day when John was there, he fancied he saw a speck on the surface of the sea. 'Can it be a sail?' he cried aloud, in great excitement. He hurried to the projecting strip of land where his signal was hoisted, whence he anxiously watched the speck. Yes, it was a sail! It grew larger, because it was coming nearer; it was coming towards the island! John, shouting with all his might, waved his arms frantically in the hope of attracting attention. To his unspeakable joy, he saw that the people on board were signally back to him. As soon as the vessel was near enough, two sailors put off in a boat, and John saw again human faces and heard again human voices. They were English sailors, and he could understand them fairly well. Naturally, they were astonished at his queer appearance, and much interested when he showed them his rock-dwelling and various contrivances. When they left the island they took away with them a quantity of cocoa-nuts and lemons — and John!

Very kind was his reception on the British ship in which he was conveyed to England, where he easily found means to reach his own country. With heartfelt thankfulness, John learned that his parents were still alive, and hastened to them. Then there was joy in the house of the Treiers.

Translated by E. Dyke.



"As soon as the vessel was near enough, two sailors put off in a boat."